Accessions Shelf No.
G.4030.2
Barton Library.
V.7

Thomas Pennant Barton.
Boston Public Library.
Received May, 1873.
Not to be taken from the Library.

The Works

OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

EXTENT OF THE IMPRESSION.

I hereby certify that the impression of the present edition of Shakespeare has been strictly limited to One Hundred and Fifty copies, and that I am also under an engagement to furnish the Editor with an exact account of the number of the waste sheets.

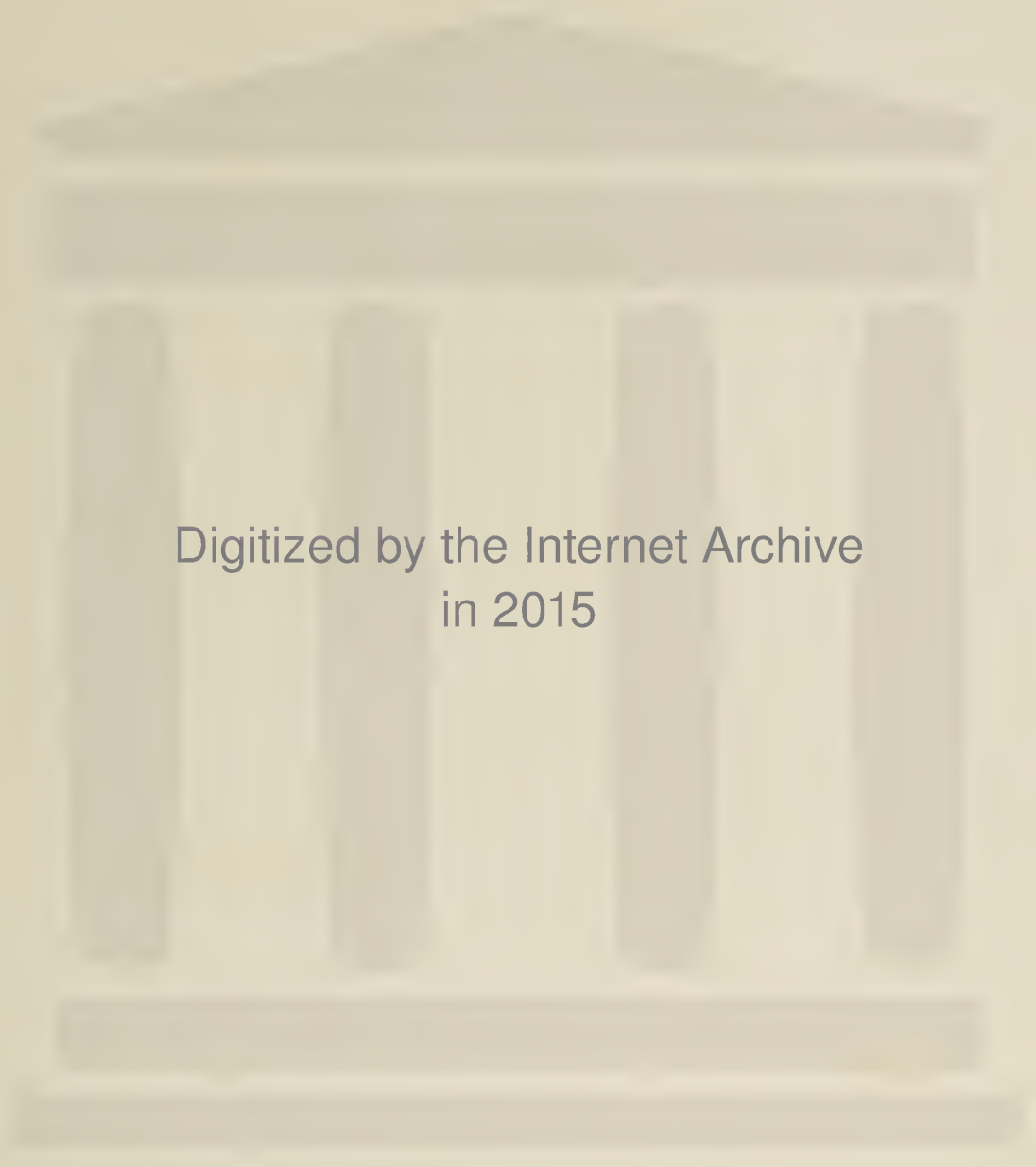
J. E. Adlard

In addition to the above certificate of Mr. J. E. Adlard, it may be well to observe that it being my desire that the limitation of the impression should be literally adhered to, I intend to number every copy of each volume, and to take great care that not a single perfect copy of the work shall be made up out of the waste sheets, which are the very few printed in excess to take the place of any that may be soiled or damaged. My only object in adhering so strictly to the limit is to protect, to their fullest extent, the interests of the original subscribers to the work, not from any views of exclusiveness.

J. O. Halliwell

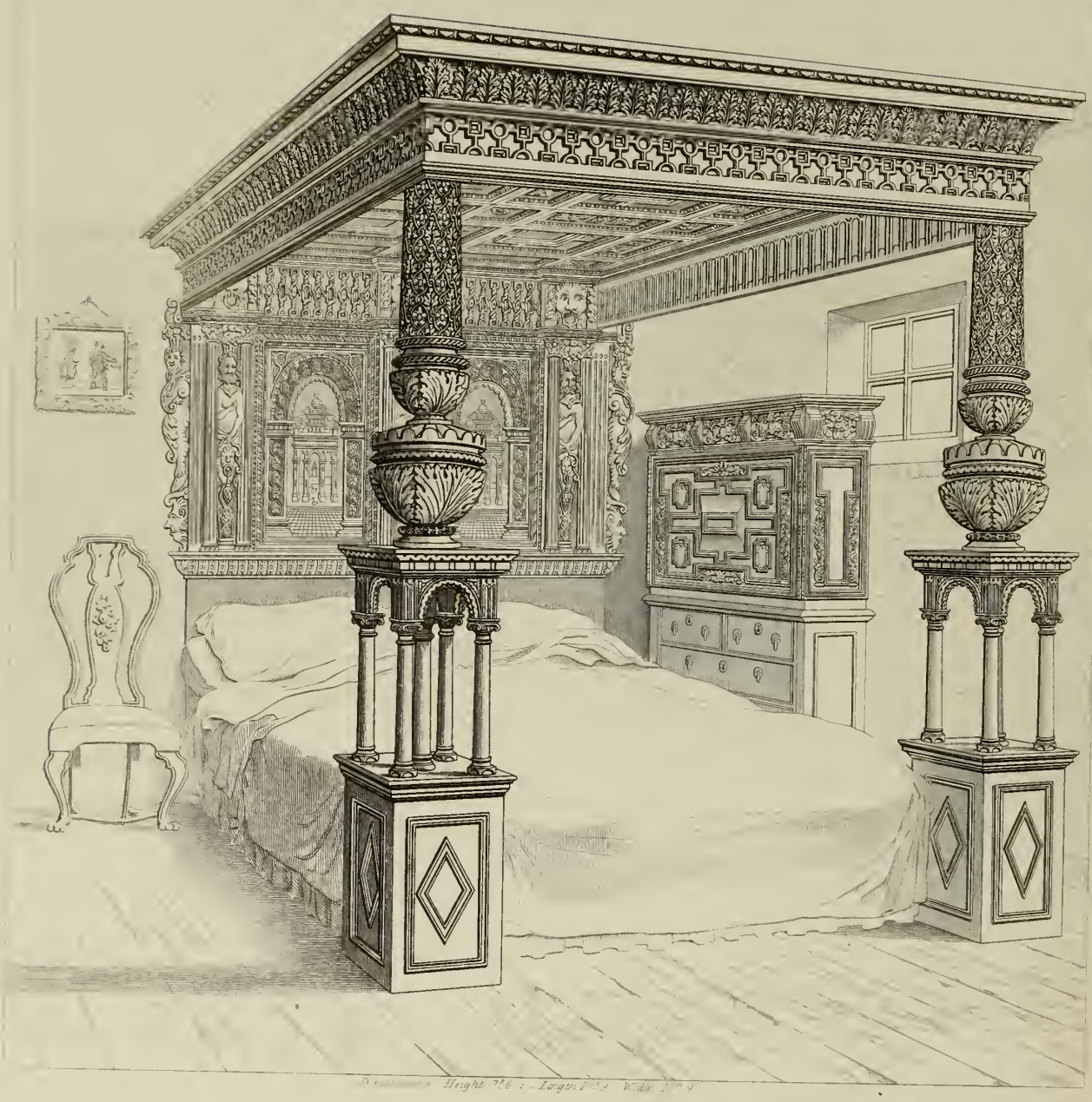
N°. 110.

The paper on which this work is printed is of the best and most durable quality manufactured by Messrs. Dickinson and Co.



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2015

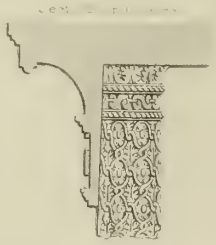
https://archive.org/details/worksofwilliamsh07shak_0



Dimensions Height 7 ft 6 in Length 1 ft 9 Width 1 ft 9

THE GREAT BED

AT WARE



[illegible] Bridge of Queen Elizabeth

Drawn and engraved by [illegible]

THE WORKS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE,

THE TEXT FORMED FROM

A new Collation of the early Editions:

TO WHICH ARE ADDED ALL

THE ORIGINAL NOVELS AND TALES ON WHICH THE PLAYS ARE FOUNDED;
COPIOUS ARCHÆOLOGICAL ANNOTATIONS ON EACH PLAY;
AN ESSAY ON THE FORMATION OF THE TEXT;
AND A LIFE OF THE POET:

BY

JAMES O. HALLIWELL, ESQ., F.R.S.

HONORARY MEMBER OF THE ROYAL IRISH ACADEMY; THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE; THE NEWCASTLE ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY; THE ASHMOLEAN SOCIETY, AND THE SOCIETY FOR THE STUDY OF GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE; FELLOW OF THE SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES; AND CORRESPONDING MEMBER OF THE ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETIES OF SCOTLAND, POICTIERS, PICARDIE, AND CAEN (ACADEMIE DES SCIENCES), AND OF THE COMITE DES ARTS ET MONUMENTS.

VOLUME VII.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.
TWELFTH NIGHT, OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS AND WOOD-ENGRAVINGS

BY

FREDERICK WILLIAM FAIRHOLT, ESQ., F.S.A.

AUTHOR OF 'COSTUME IN ENGLAND,' ETC.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THE EDITOR, BY J. E. ADLARD, BARTHOLOMEW CLOSE.

1857.

149,904
Dec, 1873

Distribution of Copies.

HIS MAJESTY THE KING OF PRUSSIA.
S. A. R. LE DUC D'AUMALE, Orleans House, Twickenham.
HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH AND QUEENSBURY, K.G.
HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE.
THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF BURLINGTON.
THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF FALMOUTH.
THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF WARWICK.
THE RIGHT HON. LORD FARNHAM, K.P.
THE RIGHT HON. LORD LONDESBOROUGH, K.C.H., F.R.S.
HIS EXCELLENCY M. SILVAIN VAN DE WEYER.
SIR JOHN T. L. BETHUNE, Bart., Kilconquhar, Fife.
SIR HARFORD JONES BRYDGES, Bart., F.L.S.
SIR WILLIAM JARDINE, Bart., F.R.S.E., F.L.S.
SIR FITZROY KELLY, M.P., The Chauntry, Suffolk.
THE HON. EDWARD CECIL CURZON, Whitehall.
R. S. HOLFORD, Esq., M.P.
RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES, Esq., M.P.
A. SMOLLETT, Esq., M.P., Cameron House, Dunbartonshire.
JAMES PILKINGTON, Esq., M.P., Park Place, Blackburn.
WILLIAM ATKINSON, Esq., Ashton Hayes, Cheshire.
THE LIBRARY OF THE ATHENÆUM CLUB, London.
THE SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES of London.
THE LIBRARY OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.
THE LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF GLASGOW.
THE REV. B. BANDINEL, D.D., Oxford.
M. OCTAVE DELEPIERRE, Secrétaire de Légation de S. M. le Roi des Belges.
THE PUBLIC LIBRARY, Plymouth.
MRS. BAZLEY, Chaseley, Manchester.
ROBERT BALMANNO, Esq., New York.
THE REV. J. W. HEWETT, M.A., Bloxham, Banbury.
HENRY STEVENS, Esq., F.S.A., Morley's Hotel, London.
CLEMENT TUDWAY SWANSTON, Esq., Q.C., F.R.S., F.S.A.
F. R. ATKINSON, Esq., Oak House, Manchester.
THE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY, Cambridge.
JOHN C. NICHOLL, Esq., 33, Belgrave Square.
DR. COGSWELL, for the Astor Library, New York.
ARCHIBALD WEIR, Esq., Jun., 22, Beaufoy Terrace, Edgware Road.
ROBERT LANG, Esq., Bristol.
H. T. D. BATHURST, Esq., Audit Office, Somerset House.
FREDERIC OUVRY, Esq., F.S.A., 29, Upper Gower Street.
HENRY HUCKS GIBBS, Esq., St. Dunstan's, Regent's Park.
THE REV. DR. HAWTREY, Provost of Eton College.
J. G. WOODHOUSE, Esq., 47, Henry Street, Liverpool.
D. D. HOPKYNS, Esq., Weycliffe, St. Catharine's, Guildford.
EDWIN JOHN PICKSLAY, Esq., Wakefield.
CHARLES WALTON, Esq., Manor House, East Acton.
THE REV. THOMAS HALLIWELL, M.A., Wrington, near Bristol.
GEORGE LIVERMORE, Esq., Boston, U.S.
JOSEPH ARDEN, Esq., F.S.A., 27, Cavendish Square, London.
CHARLES COBDEN, Esq., George Street, Manchester.
JOHN DURDIN, Esq., 6, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden.
SAMUEL EDWARD BAKER, Esq., Sutton House, Weston-super-Mare.
WILLIAM JAMES CLEMENT, Esq., The Council House, Shrewsbury.
THE REV. WILLIAM BORLASE, M.A., Vicar of Zennor, near St. Ives, Cornwall.
THOMAS TURPIN, Esq., Lavendar Terrace, Wandsworth Road.

DISTRIBUTION OF COPIES.

MORTIMER HARRIS, Esq., Dublin.
JAMES MACKENZIE, Esq., Doune Terrace, Edinburgh.
T. CHAPMAN BROWNE, Bookseller, Bible and Crown, Leicester.
DR. BUCHANAN WASHBOURN, Gloucester.
THOMAS FARMER COOKE, Esq., Belgrave, Leicester.
THE LONDON INSTITUTION, Finsbury Circus.
WILLIAM BALFOUR BAIKIE, M.D., Gosport.
THE HULL SUBSCRIPTION LIBRARY.
GEORGE GILL MOUNSEY, Esq., Castletown, near Carlisle.
DAVID WILLIAMS WIRE, Esq., Alderman, M.R.S.L.
ALFRED GEORGE, Esq., 15, Arlington Street, Piccadilly.
THOMAS SHEDDEN, Esq., Glasgow.
DR. BELL FLETCHER, Birmingham.
JAMES PARKER, Esq., Great Baddow House, near Chelmsford.
WILLIAM HENRY BROWN, Esq., Chester.
JOSEPH BARNARD DAVIS, Esq., M.R.C.S. Engl., F.S.A., Shelton, Staffordshire.
THE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY, St. Andrews, N.B.
PLOWDEN C. J. WESTON, Esq., Hagley House, South Carolina, U.S.
JOHN LINGARD ROSS, Esq., Manchester.
THE FREE PUBLIC LIBRARY, Liverpool.
THE REV. C. J. CRAWFORD, D.D., Woodmansterne, Surrey.
W. P. HUNT, Esq., Ipswich.
JOHN WESTON, Esq., Northwich.
ROBERT M'CONNELL, Esq., Aigburth, near Liverpool.
JOHN KELSO REID, Esq., New Orleans.
MESSRS. RICH, BROTHERS, Tavistock Row, Covent Garden.
ANTHONY HEATH, Esq., Sheffield.
F. W. FAIRHOLT, Esq., F.S.A., 11, Montpelier Square, Brompton.
THE OWNER OF GETLEY'S HOUSE, Shakespeare's copyhold.
ROBERT P. RAYNE, Esq., New Orleans, U.S.
THE NEWARK STOCK LIBRARY, Newark-on-Trent.
THE LIBRARY OF THE HON. SOC. OF LINCOLN'S INN.
PROFESSOR PYPER, LL.D., University of St. Andrews.
CHARLES GIBBS, Esq., 2nd Queen's Royal Regiment.
BENJAMIN GODFREY WINDUS, Esq., Tottenham Green.
JOHN MATHER, Esq., Mount Pleasant, Liverpool.
WILLIAM ALEXANDER PARK, Esq., Manchester.
MRS. BAILEY, Easton Court, Tenbury.
WILLIAM M. MACDONALD, Esq., Rossie Castle, Montrose.
SAMUEL A. PHILBRICK, Esq., Colchester.
WILLIAM ALLEN, Esq., Shiffnal.
SIR THOMAS TOBIN, D.L., F.S.A., F.R.S.N.A., Ballincollig, near Cork.
HENRY WILLIAM PEEK, Esq., Clapham Park.
ZELOTES HOSMER, Esq., Boston, U.S.
JOHN STAUNTON, Esq., Longbridge House, near Warwick.
WILLIAM EUING, Esq., Glasgow.
WILLIAM HARRISON, Esq., F.G.S., Galligreaves House, Blackburn.
THOMAS COOMBS, Esq., South Street, Dorchester.
THE LIBRARY OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM.
HARMAN GRISEWOOD, Esq., Daylesford House, co. Worcester.
THE CITY OF LONDON LIBRARY, Guildhall.
THE LIBRARY OF THE ROYAL DUBLIN SOCIETY, Dublin.
MRS. ALLSOPP, Willington, near Burton-on-Trent.
JOHN B. JELL, Esq., Bank of England, Liverpool.
SAMUEL TIMMINS, Esq., Birmingham.
WILLIAM LEAF, Esq., Park Hill, Streatham, Surrey.
DR. RALPH FLETCHER, Gloucester.
THOMAS BYRON, Esq., Coulsdon, near Croydon.
T. S. GODFREY, Junior, Esq., Balderton Hall, Notts.
THE IMPERIAL LIBRARY, Paris.
GEORGE WASHINGTON RIGGS, Esq., Washington, U.S.
ROBERT LENOX KENNEDY, Esq., New York.
THOMAS P. BARTON, Esq., Duchess County, New York.
WILLIAM D. GRIFFITHS, Esq., 15, St. Mary Axe.
WILLIAM HENRY ELKINS, Esq., 47, Lombard Street.
WILLIAM B. ASTOR, Esq., New York.
JOHN HAES, Esq., Park Road, Stockwell.

List of Plates.

PAGE.

1. The Great Bed of Ware, drawn and engraved by Henry Shaw, Esq., F.S.A., from the Original still preserved at Ware *Frontispiece.*

2. The Entry of the First Folio Edition of Shakespeare's Plays, 1623, &c., from the Registers of the Stationers' Company . . 11

3. Extracts from a Manuscript of the Seventeenth Century, exhibiting corrupted alterations of passages in All's Well that Ends Well, and in Twelfth Night 128

4. Entries of Assignments of Shakespeare's Plays, from the original Manuscripts preserved at Stationers' Hall 227

5. Notices of the "Wits Treasury" of Meres, 1598, and other Works, from the original Registers of the Stationers' Company . . 242

6. The original Tune to the Song, "O mistress mine, where are you roaming," from Queen Elizabeth's Virginal Book preserved in the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge 325

7. Facsimile of the first Portion of the ancient English Ballad, the Constancy of Susanna, from an early Edition preserved in the Roxburghe Collection 330

8. The Entry of the Ballad of "Please one and please all," 1591, and other Notices, from the original manuscript Registers of the Stationers' Company 365

9. The ancient Ballad of, "Please one and please all," from the unique Original preserved in the Library of George Daniel, Esq. . 384

10. The Music to the Passy-Measures Pavin, from the Manuscript Music-Book of Lady Nevill, dated 1591, now in the possession of the Earl of Abergavenny 422

11. The Dances, Passo-e-mezo and Pavana, from an Engraving in an early Italian Work on Dancing, dated 1581 . . . 435

All's Well that Ends Well.

EARLY EDITIONS.

1. In the First Folio Edition of 1623.
2. In the Second Folio Edition of 1632.
3. In the Third Folio Edition of 1663.
4. In the Fourth Folio Edition of 1685.

INTRODUCTION.

The main incidents of the serious portion of the present comedy were originally related in the Decameron of Boccaccio, in the ninth novel of the third day, a story which was known to Shakespeare through the medium of an English translation, first published in William Painter's Palace of Pleasure, in the year 1566; reprinted in 1575. The outline of the novel is thus described in the title of the translation in the latter work,—"Giletta, a phisician's doughter of Narbon, healed the Frenche Kyng of a fistula, for reward wherof she demaunded Beltramo, counte of Rossiglione, to husbande; the counte, beyng maried againste his will, for despite fled to Florence, and loved another; Giletta, his wife, by pollicie founde meanes to lye with her husbande in place of his lover, and was begotten with child of twoo sonnes, whiche knowen to her husbande, he received her againe, and afterwardes she lived in greate honor and felicitie." This brief notice of the contents of the tale sufficiently indicates the outline of so much of the story as was adopted by the great dramatist, who has followed the preliminary circumstances with much fidelity, but has deviated considerably from the concluding incidents, which are exhibited in the play at greater length than they are presented to us in the novel, while the comic portion of the former is entirely new. In Boccaccio, the prototype of Helena, instead of being prostrated with grief at the absence of her husband, and unceasingly pursuing her love-labours, governs a province with wisdom, and gains the esteem of the people,

before she takes the recovery of her husband's affections into consideration, thus involving a calmness of action inconsistent with the character as pourtrayed by Shakespeare. The supposed death of the heroine, the scenes in which her husband's mother is introduced, and the report of her murder, are also peculiar to the comedy. Shakespeare has adopted the name of Bertram from the novel, anglicizing it from *Beltram*, but this is the only appellation in his list of characters that is so derived, although Helena's father, Gerard de Narbon, is so called in both compositions. The name of Violenta seems to have been suggested by the story of Didaco and Violenta, which occurs in the same volume of the Palace of Pleasure as that in which Giletta of Narbona is found. It is worthy of remark that Boccaccio's novel had been dramatised early in the sixteenth century by Bernard Accolti, in an Italian comedy entitled Virginia, first printed in 1513, and several times republished in the sixteenth century; but the novelist is very closely followed in this production, and there is no reason for supposing that Shakespeare was acquainted with it. Painter's translation of the original story in Boccaccio, which is here reprinted from the first edition of the Palace of Pleasure, 4to. Lond. 1566, is in fact the only real source for any of the incidents of the English comedy that has yet been discovered, but it contains suggestions for nearly the whole of the main action of the serious portion of the comedy. Even the scenes in which the wars between the Florentines and the Siennois are alluded to, may have been derived from the same source, for the hero of the tale is represented, after the desertion of his wife, as going into Tuscany, "where, understanding that the Florentines and Siennois were at war, he determined to take the Florentines' part, and was willingly received and honorably entertained, and made captain of a certain number of men, continuing in their service a long time:"—

In Fraunce there was a gentleman called Isnardo, the counte of Rossiglione, who, bicause he was sickly and diseased, kepte alwaies in his house a phisicion, named maister Gerardo of Narbona. This counte had one onely sonne called Beltramo, a verie yonge childe, pleasaunt and faire, with whom there was nourished and broughte up many other children of his age; emonges whom one of the doughters of the saied phisicion, named Giletta, who ferventlie fell in love with Beltramo, more then was meete for a maiden of her age. This Beltramo, when his father was dedde, and lefte under the roiall custodie of the kyng, was sente to Paris, for whose departure the maiden was verie pensife. A litle while after, her father beyng likewise dedde, she was desirous to goe to Paris, onely to see the yong counte, if for that purpose she could gette any good occasion. But beyng diligently looked unto by her kinsfolke, bicause she was riche and fatherlesse, she

could see no conveniente waie for her intended journey; and being now mariage-able, the love she bare to the counte was never out of her remembraunce, and refused many husbandes with whom her kinsfolke would have placed her, without making them privie to the occasion of her refusall. Now it chaunced that she burned more in love with Beltramo then ever she did before, bicause she heard tell that he was growen to the state of a goodly yonge gentlcmanne. She hcard, by reporte, that the Frenche kyng had a swellyng upon his breast, whiche by reason of ill cure was growen to a fistula, and did putte him to merveilous paine and grief, and that there was no phisicion to be founde, although many were proved, that could heale it, but rather did impaire the grief, and made it worsse and worsse. Wherefore the kyng, like one that was in dispaire, would take no more counsaill or helpe; wherof the yonge maiden was wonderfull glad, and thought to have by this meanes, not onelie a lawfull occasion to goe to Paris, but if the disease were suche as she supposed, easely to bryng to passe that she might have the counte Beltramo to her husbande. Whereupon, with suche knowledge as she had learned at her fathers handes before time, she made a pouder of certain herbes, whiche she thought meete for that disease, and rode to Paris. And the first thing she went about when she came thither, was to see the counte Beltramo; and then she repaired to the kyng, praiyng his grace to vouchsaufe to shewe her his disease. The kyng. perceivyng her to bee a faire yonge maiden and a comelie, would not hide it, but opened the same unto her. So soone as she sawe it, she putte hym in comforte, that she was able to heale hym, saiyng: "Sire, if it shall please your grace, I trust in God, without any paine or grief unto your highnesse, within eighte daies I will make you whole of this disease." The kyng hearyng her saie so, began to mocke her, saiyng: "How is it possible for thee, beyng a yong woman, to doe that whiche the best renoumed phisicions in the worlde can not?" He thanked her for her good will, and made her a directe answere, that he was determined no more to followe the counsaile of any phisicion. Wherunto the maiden answered: "Sire, you dispise my knowledge bicause I am yonge and a woman, but I assure you that I doe not minister phisicke by profes-sion, but by the aide and helpe of God; and with the cunnyng of maister Gerardo of Narbona, who was my father, and a phisicion of greate fame so longe as he lived." The kyng hearyng those wordes, saied to hymself: "This woman, peradventure, is sent unto me of God, and therfore why should I disdain to prove her cunnyng? sithens she promiseth to heale me within a little space, without any offence or grief unto me." And beyng determined to prove her, he said: "Damosell, if thou doest not heale me, but make me to breake my determinacion, what wilt thou shall fclowe thereof." "Sire," saied the maiden, "let me be kept in what guarde and kepyng you list; and if I dooe not heale you within these eight daies, let me bee burnte; but if I doe heale your grace, what recompence shall I have then?" To whom the kyng answered: "Bicause thou art a maiden and unmaried, if thou heale me accordyng to thy promisse, I will bestowe thee upon some gentleman, that shalbe of right good worship and estimacion." To whom she answercd: "Sire, I am verie well content that you bestowe me in mariage: but I will have suche a husbande as I myself shall demaunde, without presumpcion to any of your children or other of your bloudde;" whiche requeste the kyng incontinently graunted. The yong maiden began to minister her phisicke, and in shorte space before her appoincted tyme, she had throughly cured the kyng. And when the king perceived himself whole, said unto her: "Thou hast well deserved a husbande, Giletta, even suche a one as thyself shalt chose." "I have then, my lorde," quod she, "deserved the countie Beltramo of Rossiglione, whom I have loved from my youthe." The kyng was very lothe to graunte hym unto her; but bicause he had made a promis whiche he was lothe to breake, he caused hym

to bee called forthe, and saied unto hym : "Sir counte, bicause you are a gentleman of greate honor, our pleasure is, that you retourne home to your owne house, to order your estate according to your degree; and that you take with you a damosell whiche I have appointed to be your wife." To whom the counte gave his humble thankes, and demaunded what she was? "It is she," quoth the kyng, "that with her medecines hath healed me." The counte knewe her well, and had alredie seen her, although she was faire, yet knowing her not to be of a stocke convenable to his nobilitie, disdainfullie said unto the king, "Will you then, sir, give me a phisicion to wife? It is not the pleasure of God that ever I should in that wise bestowe myself." To whom the kyng said:—"Wilt thou then, that we should breake our faithe, whiche we, to recover healthe, have given to the damosell, who for a rewarde thereof asked thee to husband?" "Sire," quod Beltramo, "you maie take from me al that I have, and give my persone to whom you please, bicause I am your subject: but I assure you, I shall never bee contented with that mariage." "Well, you shall have her," saied the kyng, "for the maiden is faire and wise, and loveth you moste intirely: thinkyng verelie you shall leade a more joyfull life with her, then with a ladie of a greater house." The counte therwithal helde his peace, and the king made great preparacion for the mariage. And when the appointed daie was come, the counte in the presence of the kyng, although it were againste his will, maried the maiden, who loved hym better then her owne self. Whiche dooen, the counte, determinyng before what he would doe, praied licence to retourne to his countrie to consummat the mariage; and when he was on horsebacke, he went not thither, but tooke his journey into Thuscane, where, understandyng that the Florentines and Senois were at warres, he determined to take the Florentines parte, and was willinglie received and honourablie interteigned, and made capitaine of a certaine nomber of men, continuyng in their service a longe tyme. The newe-maried gentlewoman, scarce contented with that, and hopyng by her well-doyng to cause hym to retourne into his countrie, went to Rossiglione, where she was received of all his subjectes for their ladie; and, perceivyng that, through the countes absence, all thinges were spoiled and out of order, she, like a sage lady, with greate diligence and care, disposed all thynges in order againe; whereof the subjectes rejoysed verie muche, bearyng to her their hartie love and affection, greatlie blamyng the counte bicause he could not contente himself with her. This notable gentlewoman, having restored all the countrie againe, sent worde thereof to the counte her husbande, by twoo knightes of the countrie, whiche she sent to signifie unto hym, that if it were for her sake that he had abandoned his countrie, he should sende her woorde thereof, and she to doe hym pleasure, would depart from thence. To whom he churlishlie saied:—"Lette her doe what she list: for I doe purpose to dwell with her, when she shall have this ryng, meanyng a ryng which he wore, upon her finger, and a soonne in her armes begotten by me." He greatly loved that ryng, and kepte it verie carefullie, and never tooke it of from his finger, for a certaine vertue that he knewe it had. The knightes, hearyng the harde condicion of twoo thinges impossible, and seyng that by them he could not be removed from his determinacion, thei retourned againe to the ladie, telling her his answere; who, verie sorowfull, after she hadde a good while bethought herself, purposed to finde meanes to attaine to those twoo thynges, to the intente that thereby she might recover her husband. And havyng advised with her self what to doe, she assembled the noblest and chiefest of her countrie, declaring unto them, in lamentable wise, what she had alredie dooen to winne the love of the counte, shewyng them also what folowed thereof: and in the ende saied unto them, that she was lothe the counte for her sake should dwell in perpetuall exile; therefore she determined to spende the rest of her tyme in pilgrimages and

devocion, for preservacion of her soule, praiyng them to take the charge and governemente of the countrie, and that thei would lette the counte understande, that she had forsaken his house, and was removed farre from thence, with purpose never to retourne to Rossiglione againe. Many teares were shedde by the people, as she was speakyng these wordes; and divers supplicacions were made unto him to alter his opinion, but al in vaine. Wherefore, commending them all unto God, she tooke her waie with her maide, and one of her kinsemen, in the habite of a pilgrime, well furnished with silver and precious jewelles: tellyng no man whither she wente, and never rested till she came to Florence; where, arrivyng by fortune at a poore widowes house, she contented herself with the state of a poore pilgrime, desirous to here newes of her lorde, whom by fortune she sawe the next daie passing by the house where she lay, on horsebacke with his companie; and although she knewe him well enough, yet she demaunded of the good wife of the house what he was; who answered that he was a straunge gentleman, called the counte Beltramo of Rossiglione, a curteous knighte, and wel beloved in the citie, and that he was merveilously in love with a neighbor of hers, that was a gentlewoman, verie poore and of small substaunce, neverthelesse of right honest life and report, and by reason of her povertie was yet unmaried, and dwelte with her mother, that was a wise and honest ladie. The countesse, well notyng these wordes, and by litle and litle debatyng every particular point thereof, comprehendyng the effecte of those newes, concluded what to doe, and when she had well understanded whiche was the house, and the name of the ladie, and of her doughter that was beloved of the counte; upon a daie repaired to the house secretlie in the habite of a pilgrime, where finding the mother and doughter in poore estate emonges their familie, after she hadde saluted them, tolde the mother that she had to saie unto her. The gentlewoman risyng up, curteouslie interteigned her, and beyng entred alone into a chamber, thei satte doune, and the countesse began to saie unto her in this wise,—"Madame, me thinke that ye be one upon whom fortune doeth frowne, so well as upon me: but, if you please, you maie bothe comfort me and yourself." The ladie answered that there was nothyng in the worlde whereof she was more desirous then of honest comforte. The countesse, procedyng in her talke, saied unto her,—"I have nede now of your fidelitie and trust, whereupon if I doe staie, and you deceive me, you shall bothe undoe me and yourself." "Tel me then what it is hardelie," saied the gentlewoman, "if it bee your pleasure; for you shall never bee deceived of me." Then the countesse beganne to recite her whole estate of love; tellyng her what she was, and what had chaunced to that present daie, in suche perfite order, that the gentlewoman, belevyng her woordes, bicause she had partlie heard report thereof before, beganne to have compassion upon her, and after that the countesse had rehearsed all the whole circumstaunce, she continued her purpose, saiyng:—"Now you have heard emonges other my troubles, what twoo thynges thei bee, whiche behoveth me to have, if I doe recover my husbande, whiche I knowe none can helpe me to obtain, but onely you, if it bee true that I heare, whiche is, that the counte, my husbande, is farre in love with your doughter." To whom the gentlewoman, saied:—"Madame, if the counte love my doughter, I knowe not, albeit the likelihoode is greate: but what am I able to doe, in that whiche you desire!" "Madame," answered the countesse, "I will tell you; but first I will declare what I mean to doe for you, if my determinacion be brought to effect: I see your faier doughter of good age, redie to marie, but as I understand the cause why she is unmaried, is the lacke of substance to bestowe upon her. Wherfore I purpose, for recompence of the pleasure whiche you shall dooe for me, to give so muche redie money to marie her honorably, as you shall thinke sufficient." The countesse' offer was very well

liked of the ladie, bicause she was but poore; yet having a noble hart, she said unto her,—"Madame, tell me wherin I maie do you service; and if it be a thing honest, I will gladlie performe it, and the same being brought to passe, do as it shal please you." Then saied the countesse:—"I thinke it requisite, that by some one whom you truste, that you give knowledge to the counte, my husbande, that your doughter is, and shalbe at his commaundement; and to the intent she maie bee well assured that he loveth her in deede above any other, that she praieth him to sende her a ring that he wearcth upon his finger, whiche ring she heard tell he loved verie derely; and when he sendeth the ryng, you shall give it unto me, and afterwardes sende hym woorde that your doughter is redie to accomplishe his pleasure, and then you shall cause hym secretly to come hither, and place me by hym, in steede of your doughter; peradventure God will give me the grace that I maie bee with childe, and so havyng this ryng on my finger, and the childe in myne armes begotten by him, I shall recover him, and by your meanes continue with hym, as a wife ought to doe with her husbande." This thing semed difficulte unto the gentlewoman; fearyng that there would folowe reproche unto her doughter. Notwithstandyng, consideryng what an honest parte it were, to be a meane that the good ladie should recover her husband, and that she should doe it for a good purpose, havyng affiaunce in her honest affection, not onely promised the countesse to bryng this to passe, but in fewe daies with greate subtiltie, folowyng the order wherein she was instructed, she had gotten the ryng, although it was with the countes ill will, and toke order that the countesse in-stede of her doughter did lye with hym. And at the first meetyng, so affectuously desired by the counte, God so disposed the matter, that the countesse was begotten with childe of twoo goodly sonnes, and her delivery chaunced at the due time. Wherupon the gentlewoman, not onely contented the countesse at that tyme with the companie of her husbande, but at many other times so secretly that it was never knowen; the counte not thinkyng that he had lien with his wife, but with her whom he loved. To whom at his uprisyng in the mornyng, he used many curteous and amiable woordes, and gave divers faire and precious jewelles, whiche the countesse kepte moste carefullie; and when she perceived herself with childe, she determined no more to trouble the gentlewoman, but saied unto her,—"Madame, thankes bee to God and you, I have the thyng that I desire, and even so it is tyme to recompence your desert, that afterwardes I maie departe." The gentlewoman saied unto her, that if she had doen any pleasure agreable to her mind, she was right glad thereof, whiche she did, not for hope of rewarde, but bicause it apperteined to her by well doyng so to doe. Wherunto the countesse saied:—"Your saiyng pleaseth me well, and likewise, for my parte, I dooe not purpose to give unto you the thing you shall demaunde of me in rewarde, but for consideracion of your well doyng, whiche duetie forceth me so to dooe." The gentlewoman then, constrained with necessitie, demaunded of her, with greate bashefulnesse, an hundred poundes to marie her doughter. The countesse perceivyng the shamefastnesse of the gentlewoman, and hearyng her curteous demaunde, gave her five hundred poundes, and so many faire and costly jewels whiche almoste amounted to like valer; for whiche the gentlewoman, more then contented, gave moste hartie thankes to the countesse, who departed from the gentlewoman, and retourned to her lodging. The gentlewoman, to take occasion from the counte of any farther repaire, or sendyng to her house, tooke her doughter with her, and went into the countrie to her frendes. The counte Beltramo, within fewe daies after, beyng revoked home to his owne house by his subjectes, hearyng that the countesse was departed from thence, retourned. The countesse, knowynge that her housband was gone from Florence and retourned into his countrie, was verie glad and contented, and she continewed in Florence till the tyme of her childbedde was

come, and was brought a bedde of twoo soones, whiche were verie like unto their father, and caused them carefullie to be noursed and brought up, and when she sawe tyme, she toke her journey, unknowen to any manne, and arrived at Monpellier, and restyng her self there for certaine daies, hearyng newes of the counte, and where he was, and that upon the daie of All Sainctes, he purposed to make a great feast and assemblie of ladies and knightes, in her pilgrimes weede she wente thither. And knowyng that thei were all assembled, at the pallace of the counte, redie to sitte doune at the table, she passed through the people without chaunge of apparell, with her twoo sonnes in her armes; and when she was come up into the hall, even to the place where the counte was, fallying doune prostrate at his feete, wepyng, saied unto him:—"My lorde, I am thy poore infortunate wife, who to th'intent thou mightest returne and dwel in thine owne house, have been a great while beggyng about the worlde; therefore I now beseche thee, for the honour of God, that thou wilt observe the condicions whiche the twoo knightes, that I sent unto thee, did commaunde me to doe; for beholde, here in myne armes, not onelie one soonne begotten by thee, but twaine, and likewise thy ryngе: it is now tyme then, if thou kepe promis, that I should be received as thy wife." The counte hearyng this, was greatly astonned, and knewe the ryngе, and the children also, thei were so like hym. "But tell me," quod he, "howe is this come to passe?" The countesse, to the greate admiracion of the counte, and of all those that were in presence, rehearsed unto them in order all that whiche had been doen, and the whole discourse therof. For whiche cause the counte, knowyng the thynges she had spoken to be true, and perceivyng her constaunt minde and good witte, and the twoo faier yonge boies to kepe his promisse made, and to please his subjectes, and the ladies that made sute unto him, to accept her from that time forthe as his lawfull wife, and to honour her, abjected his obstinate rigour; causyng her to rise up, and imbraced and kissed her, acknowledgyng her againe for his lawfull wife. And after he had apparelled her according to her estate, to the greate pleasure and contentacion of those that were there, and of all his other frendes, not onely that daie, but many others, he kepte greate chere, and from that tyme forthe, he loved and honoured her as his dere spouse and wife.

There are reasons for believing that All's Well that Ends Well originally appeared under another, certainly the more graceful, and perhaps the more appropriate, title of Love's Labour's Won. Meres, in his Palladis Tamia, 1598, speaking of the writings of Shakespeare, says,—"for comedy, witnes his Gentlemen of Verona, his Errors, his Love Labors Lost, his Love Labors Wonne, his Midsummers Night Dreame, and his Merchant of Venice." It is evident, therefore, on unquestioned authority, that, late in the year 1598, one of the comedies of Shakespeare was called Love Labours Won, or, to judge from the analogous instance of the companion drama, a play the proper title of which was Love's Labour's Won; and unless the somewhat improbable conjecture that this is a lost play be adopted, one of the comedies not mentioned in the above list was, under some form or other, so styled at the time of its production. The comedies that answer to this condition are,—

1, The Tempest, a play in which the labours by which love is won are of brief duration, and capriciously imposed merely for a temporary purpose; 2, The Merry Wives of Windsor, a title too obvious and definite to admit of conjectural alteration, and a comedy to which the title in Meres cannot be considered with probability to apply; 3, Measure for Measure, which involves no action applicable to the new title; 4, Much Ado about Nothing; 5, As You Like It; 6, The Taming of the Shrew; 7, The Winter's Tale, which, with the three previous comedies, may fairly be dismissed from consideration as candidates for the appellation in question; and lastly, Twelfth Night, or What you Will, the double title of which sufficiently precludes the probability of a third name having been assigned to it. In this discussion, the presumed dates of the composition of these plays are not considered, none of them having been established with absolute certainty. The real questions are, whether the title of Love's Labour's Won does not indicate a drama in which the main incident involves the triumph of love over serious difficulties by indomitable perseverance, and if there is any one of the other comedies in Shakespeare not mentioned by Meres to which such a description applies so forcibly as doth that of All's Well that Ends Well. If these inquiries are answered in the affirmative, it may then be safely concluded that Love's Labour's Won was originally the name of the present comedy, either in a separate form, or as a second title. The latter supposition is the most likely to be correct, for although Helena tells Bertram that by her steadfast labours he is "doubly won," won by two series of love-labours, there are no fewer than four distinct allusions in the play to the proverb of All's Well that Ends Well, and the last,—"all is well ended, if this suit be won," seems almost to indicate the correctness of the assumption that, in the author's original manuscript, the comedy was entitled, All's Well that Ends Well, or Love's Labour's Won. The evidence is obviously insufficient to warrant any alteration in the title as given in the first folio of 1623, but, unless it be supposed that the editors of that edition omitted a comedy which is not now known to exist, it seems almost certain that the present drama was the one alluded to by Meres under the latter title. An admission of this presumed fact necessarily implies a belief that the play was produced at least as early as in the year 1598. It is not impossible that either the players, or the editors of the first folio of 1623, altered the title of

8° Novembris. 1623 Ao Jac: 21°.

Mr Blounte
Isaak Jaggard. — Entred for their Copie, under the hands of Mr Do. Worrall and Mr Cole — warden Mr William Shakspeers Comedyes Histories & Tragedyes soe manie of the said Copies as are not formerly entred to — other men. viz. — } vij s.

The Tempest
The two gentlemen of Verona
Measure for Measure
The Comedy of Errors
Comedyes. As you like it
All's well that ends well
Twelfe night
The winters tale

The thirde parte of Henry ye sixt
Histories Henry the eight

Coriolanus
Timon of Athens
Tragedies Julius Cæsar
Mackbeth
Anthonie & Cleopatra
Cymbeline

29 January 1629.

Mr Meighen. — Assigned ow unto him by mr Johnson and Consent of Mr Purfoote — warden, All the said mr Johnsons estate in the 4 Copies hereafter mentioned viz. — } ij s

Cupids Whirlegig
Michalmas terme.
The merry Wives of Winsor
The Phenix

Bradbury & Dingerfield, Printers
Bedford Street Covent Garden

To face p. 11

Love's Labour's Won without due authority. There is evidence that plays were sometimes printed with new names. Thus in Cokain's Poems, 1658, is one "to my friend Mr. Thomas Randolph, on his play called the Entertainment, printed by the name of the Muses Looking-glass." It is also worthy of remark that Shakespeare's comedy, at a later period, seems to have passed under the name of "Monsieur Parolles," that appellation being assigned to it by King Charles I. in a manuscript note in a copy of the second folio of 1632, preserved at Windsor Castle, which formerly belonged to that unfortunate monarch. No notice of All's Well that Ends Well, under that title, has been discovered of a date previous to its entry on the books of the Stationers' Company, in November, 1623, where it is placed in the list of "soe manie of the said copies as are not formerly entred to other men."

The adoption of the date of composition, thus conjecturally assigned, does not involve any variance with allusions to contemporary incidents or fashions in the play itself, as far as the latter are at present discovered or understood. When Helena, in the first scene, calls Parolles by the epithet, Monarch, she is supposed to allude to a character also mentioned in the companion drama of Love's Labour's Lost, who, under the title of Monarch or Monarcho, was well-known in London at the latter part of the sixteenth century, and whose boasting propensities rendered his name a fitting appellation for Parolles, which he was anxious to disclaim, though his wit failed him, and he was constrained to utter merely a monosyllabic negative. There is no doubt he felt that the implied satire was deservedly bestowed. The notice of the surplice, in the same act, is not of any utility in the consideration of the subject of date, as the controversy respecting this article of ecclesiastical costume was carried on previously to 1598, and continued at intervals for many years afterwards. Of as little consideration is the presumed allusion to a book called the Theorique and Practice of Warre, published in 1597, the passage which is conjectured to apply to this work bearing no necessary reference to any publication of the kind.

There is, however, a notice towards the close of the play which is worth some consideration, and may possibly be thought of sufficient moment to deserve the title of an evidence of probability in the question as to the chronology or period of its composition. When Lafeu styles Parolles "good Tom Drum,"

he refers of course to the incident of the drum which that character professed to be so anxious to recover, but the nickname itself is not necessarily original, and when it is considered that the story of Tom Drum takes a prominent position in one of the popular novels of the day, in which he is introduced as a notorious liar and braggart, the probabilities are that Shakespeare, when he places the name as applied to Parolles in the mouth of Lafeu, was not merely thinking of the old proverbial expression of Tom Drum's or Jack Drum's Entertainment, but that he introduced it as a name well known to the audience, and most appropriate in its application to the detected character of Parolles. The story of Tom Drum was familiar to the English public through the medium of Deloney's Second Part of the Gentle Craft, a most merry and pleasant History not altogether unprofitable nor any way hurtfull, very fit to passe away the tediousnes of the long winters evenings, 4to. London, Printed for Edward White, and are to be sold at his shop neere the little North doore of S. Paules at the signe of the Gun, 1598. This was probably the first edition, printed late in 1597 or very early in 1598, the work being entered on the books of the Stationers' Company in October, 1597. In the sixth chapter of this second part, which relates "how Harry Nevell and Tom Drum came to serve Peachey of Fleetestreete," the author thus commences the history of the latter personage,—"among manie other that was desirous of his service, there was one called Tom Drum, that had a great minde to be his man, a very odde fellow, and one that was sore infected with the sinne of cogging; this boasting companion, sitting on a time sadlie at worke in his master's shoppe at Petworth," &c. Deloney then proceeds to relate how he left this situation, and the merry manner in which he was accompanied by his fellow countrymen a mile out of the town. As Tom Drum proceeded on his way, in the best possible spirits, he encounters a young gentleman who had deserted his parents, and having expended the whole of his money, was travelling to London with a heavy heart, in the expectation that he might obtain the means of existence in the metropolis. Our hero, at the first view of the youth, shows himself, like Parolles, an unquestionable coward, mistaking him for a highwayman,—"at whose sodaine sight Tom Drum started like one that had spide an adder, and seeing him provided with a good sword and buckler, supposed he had been one that waited for a fat purse,"

but he soon discovered he was under an erroneous impression, and the new acquaintance, whose name was Harry, speedily enters into conversation, and ultimately into friendship, with the journeyman shoemaker. Shortly before they arrive at Guildford, Tom Drum is anointed a gentleman by the silly process of permitting his face to be smeared with the blood from one of Harry's fingers, which was duly wounded for the occasion, while they exchange clothes, and Tom, says the story, "swaggard with his sword and buckler." Tom Drum now commences his exaggerations and falsehoods. "I durst lay a good wager," quoth he, "I have made more shooes in one day then all the jorneymen heere have done in a month; with that, one of the jorneymen began to chafe, saying, how many paire of shooes hast thou made in a day? I made, quoth Tom, when the daies were at longest, eight score paire of shooes in one day! O monstrous detestable lie, quoth they, and thereupon one ran into the chimney and cryed, come again, Clement, come againe. Who call'st thou, quoth Tom? I call Clement Carrie-lye that runnes poste betwixt the Turke and the devill, that he may take his full loading ere hee goe, for the best jorneyman that ever I knew never made above ten paire in a day in his life, and I will laie my whole yeeres wages with thee, that thou canst not make twentie paire in a day as they ought to be; I should bee ashamed but to doe as much as another, and I never saw him yet that could out-work me, yet dare not I take upon me to make a dosen paire of shoes in a day; but 'tis an old saying, they brag most that can doe least. Why, thou puple, quoth Tom, thou house-dove, thou cricket that never crept further then the chimney-corner, tel me what countries hast thou travelled? Far enough, quoth he, to proove as good a worke-man as thou art. I deny that, quoth Tom, for I have beene where I have seene men headed like dogs, and women of the same shape, where, if thou hadst offer'd them a kisse, they would have beene ready to have snapt off thy nose; othersome I have seene that one of their legs hath beene as good as a penthouse to cover their whole bodies, and yet I have made them shooes to serve their feete, which I am sure thou couldst never doe; nay, if thou wilt goe with me, if thou seest me not make an hundred paire of shooes from sunne-rising to sun-setting, count me worse then a stinking maekrell." He follows this up with other exaggerations, advising his auditors to "take heede how you contrary a travellor, for therein you

shall but bewray your owne ignorance, and make yourselves mocking stockes to men of knowledge. And travellors, quoth they, uncontroled, have liberty to utter what lyes they list." The next chapter yields nothing to the purpose of the argument on behalf of which these extracts are adduced, but the following one, which treats "of Tom Drum's vants, and his rare entertainment at Mistres Farmer's house, the faire widow of Fleete-streete," is exceedingly curious, and bears a kind of analogy to the incident of Parolles and the drum, inasmuch as it is also founded on the inability of a braggart to accomplish the object he had voluntarily and absurdly boasted was capable of easy execution. Tom Drum is, indeed, like Parolles, "a notorious liar, a great way fool, solely a coward;" he made "tolerable vent of his travel;" and his discomfiture is equally significant with that of Bertram's companion. Without then imagining that Shakespeare required even a faintly delineated prototype for the character of Parolles, or that anything of the kind in Deloney's novel is to be considered in the light of having furnished a single suggestion to the mind of the great dramatist, it does not appear improbable that the epithet of the personage in the old novel was introduced into the comedy, because it was an appellation for an outwitted boaster, one that would be readily appreciated by the readers of the light literature of Shakespeare's time, a class to whom the contemporary dramatists naturally in some measure addressed themselves. The chapter alluded to is here reprinted from a copy of the original work, printed in 1598, an edition of such great rarity, that not more than two copies are known to exist. Tom Drum's story is a prominent feature in the history, and is specially noticed as an attractive portion of it in the author's address "to the curteous readers:"—

There lived in Fleet-streete at this time a faire widow, who was as famous for her beauty, as she was esteemed for her wealth; she was beloved of many gentlemen, and sued unto by divers citizens, but so deep was the memorie of her late husband ingraven in her heart, that she utterly refused mariage, leading a sober and solemne life. Harry Nevell, having his heart fiered with the bright beames of this blazing comet, sought all meanes possible to quench the heate therof with the floudes of her favourable curtesie: and lacking meanes to bring himself acquainted with so curious a peece, bewrayed by his outward sighes his inward sorrowes: which upon a time Tom Drum perceiving, demaunded the cause of his late-conceived griefe, saying; "how now, Hal, what winde blowes so bleake on your cheekes now? tell me, mad wag, hath Cupid and you had a combate lately? Why lookst thou so sad? hath the blinde slave given thee a bloody nose, or a broken head?" "Oh, no, Tom," quoth he, "that little tyrant aymes at no

other part but the heart; therefor, tis my hart and not my head that bleeds." "With whom, Hal, with whom art thou in love? tell me, man; it may be, I may pleasure thee more in that matter then my Lord Maior; therefore y-faith, Harrie, say who is it? Never be afraid, man, to unbuckle your budget of close counsell to me, for if I bewray your secrets, call me dogs-nose, and spit in my face like a yong kitling. I tell thee, Harry, I am held in greater account among women then you are aware, and they wil more willingly shew their secrets to me then to their ghostly father." "But art thou so in favour with fine wenches," quoth Harry. "Y-faith, sir, I," quoth Tom, "for I troe I have not lived thus long, but I know how to make a woman love mee by a cunning tricke that I have; I durst lay my life, I wil make a dozen maides runne after me twentie mile for one nights lodging, striving among themselves, who first bestow her upon me." "That tricke surpasses of all the trickes that ever I should heare," quoth Harrie. "Nay," quoth Tom, "Ile tell thee once what a merie prank I plaid, God forgive me for it; upon a time, on a Saterday in the evening, I went into East-cheap of purpose to spie what prettie wenches came to market, where I saw a great many as fresh as flowers in May, tripping up and downe the streetes with handbaskets in their hands, in red stammell petticoates, cleane neckerchers, and fine holland aprons as white as a lilly; I did no more but carrie the right leg of a turtle under my left arme, and immediatly the wenches were so inamored with my sight, that they forsooke the butchers shops, and inticst me into a taverne, where they spent all the money they should have laid out at market onely to make me merrie; and never had I so much to doe, as to be rid of their companie, where they were readie to fall together by the eares, for the kisses they would have bestowed on me." "But it may be," quoth Harrie, "your arte would faile you now, to help your friend at a dead lift?" "Not so," said Tom, "and therefore, if there be any in this streete, that thou hast a minde unto, thou shalt carrie but the head of a dead crow about thee, and it shall be of force to bring her to thy bed, were it fine mistress Farmer herselfe." "But art thou acquainted with her," quoth Harrie, "or dost thou thinke thou couldst prefer a friend to her speech?" "Methinkes, I should," quoth Tom; "why, I tell thee, I am more familiar with her then with Doll our kitching drudge; why, man, she will doe anything at my request; nay, I can commaund her in some sort, for I tell thee she will not scant be seene in the streete, though some would give her twentie pound for every step, and I did but slightlie request her to walk into the fields with me, and straight she went; and I never come into her house, but I have such entertainment as no man hath the like; for as soone as ever she sees me set footing on her checkquered pavement, presently with a smilling looke shee meetes mee halfe way, saying: what, my friend Tom Drum? honest Thomas, by my christian soule hartely welcome! then straight a chaire and a cushion is fetcht for me, and the best cheere in the house set on the table, and then, sitting downe by my side in her silken gowne, she shakes me by the hand, and bids me welcome; and so laying meate on my trencher with a silver forke, she wishes me frolicke, at what time all the secrets of hir heart she imparts unto me, craving my opinion in the premises." "I assure thee," said Harrie, "these are high favours well bewraying the great friendship that shee beares thee, and I much marvell that thou, being a yong man, will not seeke a wife that is so wealthy, and so make thyselfe famous by marying mistres Farmer, for it is likely she could well away to make him her husband, to whom she opens her hearts secrets." "Tis true," quoth Tom, "and I know that, if I spoke but halfe a word, she would never denie mee; nay, shee would spend tenne of her twelve silver apostles on condition I would vouchsafe to be her husband. But, wot you what, Harrie, it is well knowne, though lillies be faire in shew, they be foule

in smell, and women as they are beautifull, so are they deceitfull; beside Mistres Farmer is too olde for me." "Too old," quoth Harrie, "why, man, she is not so olde as Charing-crosse, for her gate is not crooked, nor her face wethered; but were she an hundred yeere old, having so stronge a body and so faire a face, she were not in my opinion much to be mislikt; yet in my conscience I thinke, since first her faire eies beheld the bright sunne, shee never tasted the fruites of twentie florishing summers, nor scant felt the nipping frostes of nineteene colde winters, and therefore her age neede be no hurt to her mariage." "Ile tel thee my minde," quoth Tom, "after a woman is past sixteene yeeres olde, I wil not give fifteene blew buttons for her; but tel me, Harry, dost thou like her? if thou dost, say so, and I will warrant her thy owne." "Gentle Tom Drum," quoth Harry, "the true figure of unfained friendship, and the assured map of manhood doe but prefer mee to her acquaintance, and I will request no greater curtesie." "Heere is my hand," quoth Tom, "it shall be done, and on Thursday at night next we wil go thether, and then thou shalt see whether Tom Drum can commaund anything in Mistres Farmer's house or no." The day being thus set downe, Harrie had prepared himselfe a fayre sute of apparell against the time, and beside had bought certaine gifts to bestow on the faire widow; Tom Drum in like sort had drest himselfe in the best manner he might, still bearing Harry in hand that none in the world should be better welcome then he to the widow; which God wot was nothing so, for she never respected him, but onely for the shooes he brought her; but you shal see how it fel out. The day being come, Tom taking Harry by the hand, and comming to the widow's doore, took hold of the bell, and rung therat so lustely, as if hee had beene bound seaven yeeres prentice to a sexten. Wherupon, one of the prentices came straight to the door, saying, who is there? "Sura," quoth Tom Drum, "tis I, open the doore:" the fellow seeing it to be Tom Drum, with a frowne askt him what he would have, who answered he would speake with his mistres. "My mistres is busie," quoth the fellow: "cannot I doe your errand?" "No, marry, can you not," quoth Tom, "I must speake with her myselfe." "Then stay a little," said the boy, "and I wil tel her;" and with that in he went, leaving Tom still at the doore where they sate till their feete waxt colde before the boy returned. "By the masse," quoth Harry, "whatsoever your credit with the mistres is I know not, but the curtesie is smal that is shewen you by her man." "Tush," quoth Tom, "what will you have of a rude unmannerly boy? if any of the maides had come to the doore, we had beene long ere this brought to their mistres presence: therefore once againe I will use the help of the bell-rope." At his second ringing, out comes one of the maides, saying with a shril voice, "who the devil is at the door that keeps such a ringing?" "Why, you queane," quoth he, "tis I." "What, Tom Drum," quoth she, "what would you have?" "I would speake with your mistres," quoth hee. "Trust me," said the maide, "you cannot speake with her now, for she is at supper with two or three that are suters; M. Doctor Burket is one, and M. Alderman Jarvice the other." "Tut," quoth Tom, "tell not me of sutors, but tell her that I am heere, and then good enough." "Well, I will," quoth she, and with that claps to the doore againe, and keeps them still without. "This geare workes but ill-favourdly yet," said Harry, "and you are little beholding either to the men or the maids for ought that I see, that wil not shew you so much favour to stay within doores." "Tis no matter, Harry," quoth he, "but if their mistres shuld know this, she wold swindge their coates lustely for it;" and with that one of the boyes, opening the doore, told Tom that his mistres wold have him send up his errand: "Sblood," quoth hee, "is she so statelie that she will not come downe? I have seene the day when she wold

have been glad to have spoken with me." "I," quoth the fellow," it may be so, when you have brought her a new paire of shooes that hath pincht her at the toes." "Come, Harry," said Tom, "I will take paines for this once to goe up to her." "By my faith, but you shall not," said the fellowe, "and therefore keep backe, for you come not in heere." Tom Drum seeing himselfe thus disgracst before his fellowe Harrie, being very angry, askt if this was the best entertainment that they could afoord their mistres' friends? and therewithall began to struggle with them; which their mistres hearing, started from the table, and sodainly came to see what the matter was, who being certified of Tom Drum's saucines, began thus sharply to check him.—"Why, fellow," quoth she, "art thou mad, that thus uncivelly thou behavest thyselfe? What hast thou to say to me, that thou art thus importunate?" "No hurt," quoth hee, "but that this gentleman and I would have bestowed a galland of wine to have had three or foure houres talke with you." "I tell thee," said shee, "I am not now at leasure, and therefore, good honestie, trouble me no more: neither is it my wont to bee won with wine at any time." "Gods Lord," quoth he, "are you growne so coy? if you and I were alone, I know I should finde you more milde: what must no man but Doctor Burket cast your water? is his phisick in most request? well, I meane to be better entertained ere I goe, for there is never a Flemming of them al shal outface me, by the morrow-masse I sweare." Mistresse Farmer, seeing him so furious, answered hee should have present entertainment according to hys desert; whereupon she made no more to doe, but quietly went to her servantes, and wild them to thrust him out by the head and shoulders; which presently they performed. But Harry was by her verie modestly answered, that if hee had occasion of any speech with her, the next day he should come, and be patiently heard and gently answered; with which words, after she had drunke to him in a goblet of claret wine, he departed; and going home, he told Tom Drum he was highly beholding to him for his curtesie in preferring his sute to Mistres Farmer; "surely," quoth he, "you are in verie high favour with the faire woman, and so it seemed by your great entertainment: I pray thee, Tom, tell me how tasted the meate which she set on thy trencher with her silver forke? and what secret was that which she told in thy eare? trust mee, thou art precious in her eies, for she was as glad to see thee, as if one had given her a rush, for when, after many hot words, she heard thee draw thy breath so short, shee for verie pittie tumbled thee out into the streete to take more ayre." "Well, well," quoth Tom, "floute on, but I am wel enough served; ile lay my life, had I not brought thee with me, never a man should have had more welcome then I: and nowe I consider with myselfe that it did anger her to the hart, when she saw I was purposed to make another copartner of her presence; but it shall teach mee wit while I live, for I remember an olde saying, love and lordship brookes no fellowship." But when this matter was made known to the rest of the jorneymen, Tom Drum's entertainment was spoke of in every place, insomuch that it is to this day a proverbe amongst us, that where it is supposed a man shall not be welcomed, they will say he is like to have Tom Drum's entertainment. And to avoide the flouts that were dayly given him, poore Tom Drum forsooke Fleete streete, and at last went into Scotland, being prest for a drummer at Muskelboroughfield, where the Noble Duke of Sommerset and the Earle of Warwicke were sent with a noble armie: where the Englishmen and Scotes meeting, there was fought a cruell battle, the victorie whereof fel to the Englishmen.

The title of the play, as transmitted to us by the editors of the folio edition, is an English proverbial saying of great

antiquity. It was used, in a slightly varied form, during the celebrated rebellion of Jack Straw, by one of the insurgents in a speech recorded in the chronicle of Henry de Knyghton,—"Jak Carter prayeth yow alle that ye make a gode ende of that ye have begunne, and doth wele aye better and better, for atte the evyn men herethe the day, for if the ende be wele, thanne is al wele," MS. Cotton. Claud. E. iii. fol. 267, v°. "All is well that endeth well" was one of the mottos in the Lottery of 1567, drawn in 1568-9, a prize drawn by one Thomas Lawley de Chaddesley Marches, Wales. So, in Fulwell's Ars Adulandi, 1579, to this passage in the text, "Wherefore, gentle Maister Philodoxus, I bid you adew with this motion or caveat; Respice Finem," the marginal note says, "All is Well that endes Well;" and in the Remedie of Love, 1600,—"you take the old proverb with a right application for my just excuse, All is Well that ends well, and so end I." Again, in Davies' Scourge of Folly, 1611,—"All's well that ends wel: Then it is well—Peter was hang'd, that nere praid till he fell;" and in the proverbs in Camden's Remaines, ed. 1629, p. 261; and in MS. Bodl. 30. "*Exitus acta probat*, all is well that ends well," Withals' Dictionary, ed. 1634, p. 556. It clearly appears from these, and from other examples that might be adduced, that the proverbial title of the play was not original, but that it was in common use both before and after the time of Shakespeare.

No record of any early performance of All's Well that Ends Well has yet been discovered, and it does not appear to have been revived in the seventeenth century after the accession of Charles II., nor, indeed, until October, 1741, when it was produced at Drury-lane theatre, Mrs. Woffington taking the part of Helena, and Theophilus Cibber that of Parolles. It was again revived, under the superintendence of Garrick, in 1757, when Mrs. Pritchard acted the Countess; Miss Macklin, Helen; Mrs. Davies, Diana; Woodward, Parolles; Berry, Lafeu; and Davies, the King. In the year 1785, it was altered by Frederic Pilon, reduced to three acts, and performed at the Haymarket theatre, but this version was not printed. The alteration in use at the theatres during the last sixty years is that by Kemble, in which the offensive peculiarities of the story are to a great extent concealed, and the principal condition in Bertram's letter entirely omitted. These sacrifices to the extreme refinement of the present day so essentially weaken the action of the comedy, and impair the necessity for so much

of the intensity of character evidently intended by the author, it is scarcely a matter of surprise that the performance of the drama, in this vitiated form, should not have met, at any recent period, with the success that it probably commanded on the Shaksperian stage.

The comedy of All's Well that Ends Well refers, in its chief action, to an incident very frequently introduced in the ancient romance literature, the conquest achieved by a passionate and resistless affection over the objections created by disparity of station, obstacles that were nearly insurmountable in a feudal age. To enable us to consider the merits of this play dispassionately, and with an impartial judgment, the difficulties thus presented must be considered in distinct reference to their nature as they were regarded in the middle ages, and must not be weighed by a modern standard of comparison. Bertram, a proud noble, unexpectedly constrained by an irresistible authority, without any preparation, to marry a person of greatly inferior rank, one whom, in his pride of place, he had regarded as scarcely exalted in position above that of a menial servant in his household, waits not to reflect whether her qualities will compensate for the disparity of station, but, regardless of the king's promises, burning with rage and mortification at the unprecedented dictation of his sovereign, seeks to heal his wounded pride by immediate change of scene and action. Bertram is the very personification of impatience and pride of birth. That, in the unsettled state of mind in which he is when at Florence, becoming the victim of passion, he should seek to overrule the accidents which had rendered its lawful gratification impossible, is a circumstance which should not induce an entire deprivation of sympathy; it is true to the natural impatience of his character, and the impetuosity with which he followed the suggestions of his own will, both stimulated to excess by the arbitrary infliction of what he considered an injustice, so that the poet would have been justified in its introduction, even were it not necessary to the development of the plot. Bertram's unscrupulous conduct, as pourtrayed in the later scenes, arises less from innate depravity than from the perplexing situation in which he is placed; and all is forgiven when, overwhelmed by the intensity of Helena's love, which had overcome difficulties he had vainly considered were insurmountable, he yields himself a willing captive to her romantic affection.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

King of France.

Duke of Florence.

Bertram, *Count of Rousillon.*

Lafeu, *an old Lord.*

Parolles, *a Follower of Bertram.*

Several young French Lords, that serve with Bertram in the Florentine War.

Steward,
Clown,
A Falconer,
A Page,
} *Servants to the Countess of Rousillon.*

Countess of Rousillon, *Mother to Bertram.*

Helena, *a Gentlewoman protected by the Countess.*

An old Widow of Florence.

Diana, *Daughter to the Widow.*

Violenta,
Mariana,
} *Neighbours and Friends to the Widow.*

Lords attending on the King; Officers, Soldiers, &c., French and Florentine.

SCENE,—Partly in France, and partly in Tuscany.

Act the First.

SCENE I.—Rousillon. *A Room in the* Countess's *Palace.*

Enter Bertram, *the Countess of* Rousillon, Helena, *and* Lafeu, *in mourning.*

Count. In delivering my son from me, I bury a seeond husband.

Ber. And I, in going, madam, weep o'er my father's death anew: but I must attend his majesty's eommand, to whom I am now in ward,[1] evermore in subjeetion.

Laf. You shall find of the king a husband, madam;—you, sir, a father: He that so generally is at all times good,[2] must of neeessity hold his virtue to you: whose worthiness would stir it up where it wanted, rather than lack it where there is such abundance.

Count. What hope is there of his majesty's amendment?

Laf. He hath abandoned his physieians, madam; under whose practiees he hath perseeuted time with hope; and finds no other advantage in the proeess, but only the losing of hope by time.

Count. This young gentlewoman had a father,—O, that *had!* how sad a passage 'tis![3]—whose skill was almost as great as his honesty; had it stretehed so far, would have made nature immortal,[4] and death should have play for laek of work.

'Would, for the king's sake, he were living! I think it would be the death of the king's disease.

Laf. How called you the man you speak of, madam?

Count. He was famous, sir, in his profession, and it was his great right to be so: Gerard de Narbon.

Laf. He was exeellent, indeed, madam; the king very lately spoke of him, admiringly and mourningly: he was skilful enough to have lived still, if knowledge could be set up against mortality.

Ber. What is it, my good lord, the king languishes of?

Laf. A fistula, my lord.

Ber. I heard not of it before.

Laf. I would it were not notorious.—Was this gentlewoman the daughter of Gerard de Narbon?

Count. His sole child, my lord; and bequeathed to my overlooking. I have those hopes of her good, that her education promises; her dispositions she inherits, which make fair gifts fairer; for where an unclean mind carries virtuous qualities, there commendations go with pity, they are virtues and traitors too;[5] in her they are the better for their simpleness;[6] she derives her honesty, and achieves her goodness.

Laf. Your commendations, madam, get from her tears.

Count. 'Tis the best brine a maiden can season her praise in. The remembrance of her father never approaches her heart, but the tyranny of her sorrows takes all livelihood[7] from her cheek. No more of this, Helena; go to, no more; lest it be rather thought you affect a sorrow, than to have.[8]

Hel. I do affect a sorrow, indeed, but I have it too.[9]

Laf. Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead, excessive grief the enemy to the living.

Count. If the living be enemy to the grief, the excess makes it soon mortal.[10]

Laf. How understand we that?

Ber. Madam, I desire your holy wishes.[11]

Count. Be thou blest, Bertram: and succeed thy father
In manners, as in shape! thy blood, and virtue,
Contend for empire in thee; and thy goodness
Share with thy birth-right! Love all, trust a few,
Do wrong to none: be able for thine enemy[12]
Rather in power, than use; and keep thy friend
Under thy own life's key: be check'd for silence,
But never tax'd for speech. What heaven more will,

That thee may furnish, and my prayers pluck down,
Fall on thy head! Farewell.—My lord,
'Tis an unseason'd courtier; good my lord,
Advise him.

Laf. He cannot want the best[13]
That shall attend his love.

Count. Heaven bless him!—Farewell, Bertram.

[*Exit* Countess.

Ber. The best wishes,[14] that can be forged in your thoughts, [*to* HELENA] be servants to you! Be comfortable to my mother, your mistress, and make much of her.

Laf. Farewell, pretty lady: You must hold the credit of your father.[15] [*Exeunt* BERTRAM *and* LAFEU.

Hel. O, were that all!—I think not on my father;[16]
And these great tears[17] grace his remembrance more
Than those I shed for him. What was he like?
I have forgot him: my imagination
Carries no favour in it, but Bertram's.
I am undone; there is no living, none,
If Bertram be away. It were all one,
That I should love a bright particular star,[18]
And think to wed it, he is so above me:
In his bright radiance and collateral light[19]
Must I be comforted, not in his sphere.
The ambition in my love thus plagues itself:
The hind, that would be mated by the lion,
Must die for love. 'Twas pretty, though a plague,
To see him every hour; to sit and draw
His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls,
In our heart's table;[20] heart, too capable
Of every line and trick of his sweet favour:[21]
But now he 's gone, and my idolatrous fancy
Must sanctify his relics. Who comes here?

Enter PAROLLES.

One that goes with him: I love him for his sake;
And yet I know him a notorious liar,
Think him a great way fool, solely a coward;[22]
Yet these fix'd evils sit so fit in him,
That they take place, when virtue's steely bones
Look bleak in the cold wind: withal, full oft we see
Cold wisdom waiting on superfluous folly.[23]

Par. Save you, fair queen.

Hel. And you, monarch.[24]

Par. No.

Hel. And no.

Par. Are you meditating on virginity?

Hel. Ay. You have some stain of soldier[25] in you; let me ask you a question: Man is enemy to virginity; how may we barricado it against him?

Par. Keep him out.

Hel. But he assails;[26] and our virginity, though valiant in the defence, yet is weak: unfold to us some warlike resistance.

Par. There is none; man sitting down before you, will undermine you, and blow you up.

Hel. Bless our poor virginity from underminers, and blowers up!—Is there no military policy, how virgins might blow up man?

Par. Virginity, being blown down, man will quicklier be blown up: marry, in blowing him down again, with the breach yourselves made, you lose your city.[27] It is not politic in the commonwealth of nature, to preserve virginity. Loss of virginity is rational increase;[28] and there was never virgin got, till virginity was first lost. That, you were made of, is metal to make virgins. Virginity, by being once lost, may be ten times found; by being ever kept, it is ever lost: 'tis too cold a companion: away with it!

Hel. I will stand for 't a little, though therefore I die a virgin.

Par. There 's little can be said in 't; 'tis against the rule of nature. To speak on the part of virginity, is to accuse your mothers; which is most infallible disobedience. He, that hangs himself, is a virgin:[29] virginity murders itself, and should be buried in highways, out of all sanctified limit, as a desperate offendress against nature. Virginity breeds mites, much like a cheese; consumes itself to the very paring, and so dies with feeding his own stomach. Besides, virginity is peevish, proud, idle, made of self-love, which is the most inhibited[30] sin in the canon. Keep it not; you cannot choose but lose by 't. Out with 't:[31] within ten year it will make itself ten,[32] which is a goodly increase; and the principal itself not much the worse. Away with 't!

Hel. How might one do, sir, to lose it to her own liking?

Par. Let me see: Marry, ill, to like him that ne'er it likes.[33]

'Tis a commodity will lose the gloss with lying;[34] the longer kept, the less worth: off with 't, while 'tis vendible: answer the time of request. Virginity, like an old courtier, wears her cap out of fashion; richly suited, but unsuitable: just like the brooch and the tooth-pick, which wear not now:[35] Your date[36] is better in your pie and your porridge, than in your cheek: and your virginity, your old virginity, is like one of our French withered pears; it looks ill; it eats dryly; marry, 'tis a withered pear; it was formerly better; marry, yet, 'tis a withered pear: Will you any thing with it?

Hel. Not my virginity yet.[37]
There shall your master have a thousand loves,
A mother, and a mistress, and a friend,
A phœnix, captain, and an enemy,[38]
A guide, a goddess, and a sovereign,
A counsellor, a traitress,[39] and a dear;
His humble ambition, proud humility,
His jarring concord, and his discord dulcet,
His faith, his sweet disaster; with a world
Of pretty, fond, adoptious christendoms,[40]
That blinking Cupid gossips. Now shall he—
I know not what he shall:—God send him well!—
The court 's a learning-place;—and he is one—

Par. What one, i' faith?

Hel. That I wish well.—'Tis pity—

Par. What 's pity?

Hel. That wishing well had not a body in 't,
Which might be felt: that we, the poorer born,
Whose baser stars do shut us up in wishes,
Might with effects of them follow our friends,
And show what we alone must think,[41] which never
Returns us thanks.

Enter a Page.

Page. Monsieur Parolles, my lord calls for you. [*Exit* Page.

Par. Little Helen, farewell: if I can remember thee, I will think of thee at court.

Hel. Monsieur Parolles, you were born under a charitable star.

Par. Under Mars, I.

Hel. I especially think, under Mars.

Par. Why under Mars?

Hel. The wars have so kept you under, that you must needs be born under Mars.

Par. When he was predominant.

Hel. When he was retrograde, I think, rather.

Par. Why think you so?

Hel. You go so much backward when you fight.

Par. That 's for advantage.

Hel. So is running away, when fear proposes the safety: But the composition, that your valour and fear make in you, is a virtue of a good wing,[42] and I like the wear well.

Par. I am so full of businesses, I cannot answer thee acutely: I will return perfect courtier; in the which, my instruction shall serve to naturalize thee, so thou wilt be capable of a courtier's counsel,[43] and understand what advice shall thrust upon thee; else thou diest in thine unthankfulness, and thine ignorance makes thee away: farewell. When thou hast leisure, say thy prayers; when thou hast none, remember thy friends: get thee a good husband, and use him as he uses thee: so farewell. [*Exit.*

Hel. Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,
Which we ascribe to heaven: the fated sky[44]
Gives us free scope; only, doth backward pull
Our slow designs, when we ourselves are dull.
What power is it, which mounts my love so high:
That makes me see, and cannot feed mine eye?[45]
The mightiest space in fortune nature brings[46]
To join like likes, and kiss like native things.[47]
Impossible be strange attempts to those
That weigh their pains in sense;[48] and do suppose,
What hath been cannot be:[49] Who ever strove
To show her merit, that did miss her love?
The king's disease—my project may deceive me,
But my intents are fix'd, and will not leave me. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—Paris. *A Room in the* King's *Palace.*

Flourish of cornets. Enter the King *of* France, *holding a letter;* Lords *and others attending.*

King. The Florentines and Senoys[50] are by the ears;
Have fought with equal fortune, and continue
A braving war.

1 *Lord.* So 'tis reported, sir.
King. Nay, 'tis most credible; we here receive it
A certainty, vouch'd from our cousin Austria,
With caution, that the Florentine will move us
For speedy aid; wherein our dearest friend
Prejudicates the business, and would seem
To have us make denial.
1 *Lord.* His love and wisdom,
Approv'd so to your majesty, may plead
For amplest credence.
King. He hath arm'd our answer,
And Florence is denied before he comes:
Yet, for our gentlemen, that mean to see
The Tuscan service, freely have they leave
To stand on either part.
2 *Lord.* It may well serve
A nursery to our gentry,[51] who are sick
For breathing and exploit.
King. What's he comes here?

Enter BERTRAM, LAFEU, *and* PAROLLES.

1 *Lord.* It is the count Rousillon,[52] my good lord,
Young Bertram.
King. Youth, thou bear'st thy father's face;
Frank nature, rather curious than in haste,
Hath well compos'd thee. Thy father's moral parts
May'st thou inherit too! Welcome to Paris.
Ber. My thanks and duty are your majesty's.
King. I would I had that corporal soundness now,[53]
As when thy father, and myself, in friendship
First try'd our soldiership! He did look far
Into the service of the time, and was
Discipled of the bravest: he lasted long;
But on us both did haggish age[54] steal on,
And wore us out of act. It much repairs me[55]
To talk of your good father: In his youth
He had the wit, which I can well observe
To-day in our young lords; but they may jest,
Till their own scorn return to them unnoted,
Ere they can hide their levity in honour.[56]
So like a courtier, contempt nor bitterness[57]
Were in his pride or sharpness; if they were,

His equal had awak'd them; and his honour,
Clock to itself, knew the true minute when
Exception bid him speak, and, at this time,
His tongue obey'd his hand:[58] who were below him
He us'd as creatures of another place;[59]
And bow'd his eminent top to their low ranks,
Making them proud of his humility,[60]
In their poor praise he humbled: Such a man
Might be a copy to these younger times;
Which, follow'd well, would demonstrate them now
But goers backward.

Ber. His good remembrance, sir,
Lies richer in your thoughts, than on his tomb;
So in approof lives not his epitaph,[61]
As in your royal speech.

King. 'Would, I were with him!—He would always say,
(Methinks, I hear him now: his plausive words[62]
He scatter'd not in ears, but grafted them,[63]
To grow there, and to bear,)—Let me not live,—
Thus his good melancholy oft began,
On the catastrophe and heel of pastime,
When it was out,—let me not live, quoth he,
After my flame lacks oil, to be the snuff
Of younger spirits, whose apprehensive senses[64]
All but new things disdain; whose judgments are
Mere fathers of their garments;[65] whose constancies
Expire before their fashions:——This he wish'd:
I, after him, do after him wish too,
Since I nor wax, nor honey, can bring home,
I quickly were dissolved from my hive,
To give some labourers room.

2 *Lord.* You are lov'd, sir:
They, that least lend it you shall lack you first.

King. I fill a place, I know 't.—How long is 't, count,
Since the physician at your father's died?
He was much fam'd.

Ber. Some six months since, my lord.

King. If he were living, I would try him yet;—
Lend me an arm;—the rest have worn me out
With several applications:—nature and sickness
Debate it at their leisure. Welcome, count;
My son's no dearer.

Ber. Thank your majesty. [*Exeunt. Flourish.*

SCENE III.—Rousillon. *A Room in the* Countess's *Palace.*

Enter Countess, Steward, *and Clown.*[66]

Count. I will now hear: what say you of this gentlewoman?

Stew. Madam, the care I have had to even your content, I wish might be found in the calendar of my past endeavours: for then we wound our modesty, and make foul the clearness of our deservings, when of ourselves we publish them.[67]

Count. What does this knave here? Get you gone, sirrah: The complaints, I have heard of you, I do not all believe; 'tis my slowness, that I do not: for, I know, you lack not folly to commit them,[68] and have ability enough to make such knaveries yours.

Clo. 'Tis not unknown to you, madam, I am a poor fellow.

Count. Well, sir.

Clo. No, madam, 'tis not so well, that I am poor; though many of the rich are damned:[69] But, if I may have your ladyship's good-will to go to the world, Isbel the woman and I will do as we may.

Count. Wilt thou needs be a beggar?

Clo. I do beg your good-will in this case.

Count. In what case?

Clo. In Isbel's case, and mine own. Service is no heritage:[70] and, I think, I shall never have the blessing of God, till I have issue a' my body; for they say, bearns are blessings.

Count. Tell me thy reason why thou wilt marry.

Clo. My poor body, madam, requires it: I am driven on by the flesh; and he must needs go, that the devil drives.[71]

Count. Is this all your worship's reason?

Clo. Faith, madam, I have other holy reasons, such as they are.

Count. May the world know them?

Clo. I have been, madam, a wicked creature, as you and all flesh and blood are; and, indeed, I do marry, that I may repent.[72]

Count. Thy marriage, sooner than thy wickedness.

Clo. I am out a' friends,[73] madam; and I hope to have friends for my wife's sake.

Count. Such friends are thine enemies, knave.

Clo. You are shallow, madam, in great friends;[74] for the knaves come to do that for me, which I am a-weary of. He, that ears my land,[75] spares my team, and gives me leave to inn the crop:[76] if I be his cuckold, he's my drudge: He, that comforts my wife, is the cherisher of my flesh and blood; he, that cherishes my flesh and blood, loves my flesh and blood; he, that loves my flesh and blood, is my friend; *ergo*, he that kisses my wife, is my friend. If men could be contented to be what they are, there were no fear in marriage: for young Charbon the puritan,[77] and old Poysam the papist, howsoe'er their hearts are severed in religion, their heads are both one; they may joll horns together,[78] like any deer i' the herd.

Count. Wilt thou ever be a foul-mouthed and calumnious knave?

Clo. A prophet I,[79] madam; and I speak the truth the next way:[80]

For I the ballad will repeat,
Which men full true shall find:
Your marriage comes by destiny,
Your cuckoo sings by kind.[81]

Count. Get you gone, sir: I'll talk with you more anon.

Stew. May it please you, madam, that he bid Helen come to you; of her I am to speak.

Count. Sirrah, tell my gentlewoman, I would speak with her; Helen I mean.

Clo. [*Singing.*

Was this fair face the cause, quoth she,
Why the Grecians sacked Troy?
Fond done, done fond,[82]
Was this king Priam's joy.
With that she sighed as she stood,[83]
With that she sighed as she stood,
And gave this sentence then;
Among nine bad if one be good,[84]
Among nine bad if one be good,
There's yet one good in ten.

Count. What, one good in ten? you corrupt the song, sirrah.

Clo. One good woman in ten, madam; which is a purifying a' the song: Would God would serve the world so all the year! we'd find no fault with the tythe-woman, if I were the parson: One in ten, quoth a'! an we might have a good woman born but for every blazing star,[85] or at an earthquake, 'twould mend

the lottery well;[86] a man may draw his heart out, ere 'a pluck one.

Count. You 'll be gone, sir knave, and do as I command you?

Clo. That man should be at woman's command, and yet no hurt done!—Though honesty be no puritan,[87] yet it will do no hurt; it will wear the surplice of humility[88] over the black gown of a big heart.—I am going, forsooth; the business is for Helen to come hither. [*Exit* Clown.

Count. Well, now.

Stew. I know, madam, you love your gentlewoman entirely.

Count. Faith, I do: her father bequeathed her to me; and she herself, without other advantage, may lawfully make title to as much love as she finds; there is more owing her, than is paid; and more shall be paid her, than she 'll demand.

Stew. Madam, I was very late more near her than, I think, she wished me: alone she was, and did communicate to herself, her own words to her own ears; she thought, I dare vow for her, they touched not any stranger sense. Her matter was, she loved your son: Fortune, she said, was no goddess, that had put such difference betwixt their two estates; Love, no god, that would not extend his might, only where qualities were level;[89] Diana, no queen of virgins,[90] that would suffer her poor knight surprised,[91] without rescue, in the first assault, or ransome afterward: This she delivered in the most bitter touch of sorrow, that e'er I heard virgin exclaim in: which I held my duty, speedily to acquaint you withal; sithence,[92] in the loss that may happen, it concerns you something to know it.

Count. You have discharged this honestly; keep it to yourself: many likelihoods informed me of this before, which hung so tottering in the balance, that I could neither believe, nor misdoubt: Pray you, leave me: stall this in your bosom, and I thank you for your honest care: I will speak with you further anon. [*Exit* Steward.

Enter HELENA.

Count. Even so it was with me, when I was young:
If ever we are nature's, these are ours; this thorn
Doth to our rose of youth rightly belong:
Our blood to us, this to our blood is born;
It is the show and seal of nature's truth,
Where love's strong passion is impress'd in youth.

By our remembrances of days foregone,
Such were our faults;—or then we thought them none.[93]
Her eye is sick on't; I observe her now.
Hel. What is your pleasure, madam?
Count. You know, Helen,
I am a mother to you.
Hel. Mine honourable mistress.
Count. Nay, a mother;
Why not a mother? When I said, a mother,
Methought you saw a serpent: What's in "mother,"
That you start at it? I say, I am your mother,
And put you in the catalogue of those
That were enwombed mine: 'Tis often seen,
Adoption strives with nature; and choice breeds
A native slip to us from foreign seeds:[94]
You ne'er oppress'd me with a mother's groan,
Yet I express to you a mother's care:
God's mercy, maiden! does it curd thy blood,
To say, I am thy mother? What 's the matter,
That this distemper'd messenger of wet,
The many-colour'd Iris, rounds thine eye?[95]
Why?——that you are my daughter?
Hel. That I am not.
Count. I say, I am your mother.
Hel. Pardon, madam;
The count Rousillon cannot be my brother:
I am from humble, he from honour'd name;
No note upon my parents, his all noble:
My master, my dear lord he is: and I
His servant live, and will his vassal die:
He must not be my brother.
Count. Nor I your mother?
Hel. You are my mother, madam; 'Would you were
(So that my lord, your son, were not my brother,)
Indeed, my mother!—or were you both our mothers,[96]
I care no more for, than I do for heaven,[97]
So I were not his sister: Can't no other,[98]
But, I your daughter, he must be my brother?
Count. Yes, Helen, you might be my daughter-in-law;
God shield, you mean it not! daughter, and mother,
So strive upon your pulse: What pale again?
My fear hath catch'd your fondness: Now I see

The mystery of your loneliness,[99] and find
Your salt tears' head. Now to all sense 'tis gross,
You love my son; invention is asham'd,
Against the proclamation of thy passion,
To say, thou dost not: therefore tell me true;
But tell me then, 'tis so: for, look, thy cheeks
Confess it, one to the other: and thine eyes
See it so grossly shown in thy behaviours,
That in their kind they speak it: only sin
And hellish obstinacy tie thy tongue,
That truth should be suspected: Speak, is't so?
If it be so, you have wound a goodly clue;
If it be not, forswear't: howe'er, I charge thee,
As heaven shall work in me for thine avail,[100]
To tell me truly.

Hel. Good madam, pardon me!

Count. Do you love my son?

Hel. Your pardon, noble mistress!

Count. Love you my son?

Hel. Do not you love him, madam?

Count. Go not about; my love hath in't a bond,
Whereof the world takes note: come, come, disclose
The state of your affection: for your passions
Have to the full appeach'd.[101]

Hel. Then, I confess,
Here on my knee, before high heaven and you,
That before you, and next unto high heaven,
I love your son:—
My friends were poor, but honest; so 's my love·
Be not offended; for it hurts not him,
That he is lov'd of me: I follow him not
By any token of presumptuous suit;
Nor would I have him, till I do deserve him;
Yet never know how that desert should be.
I know I love in vain, strive against hope;
Yet, in this captious and intenible sieve,[102]
I still pour in the waters of my love,
And lack not to lose still:[103] thus, Indian-like,
Religious in mine error, I adore
The sun, that looks upon his worshipper,
But knows of him no more. My dearest madam,
Let not your hate encounter with my love,

For loving where you do : but, if yourself,
Whose aged honour cites a virtuous youth,[104]
Did ever, in so true a flame of liking
Wish chastly, and love dearly, that your Dian
Was both herself and Love ;[105] O then, give pity
To her, whose state is such, that cannot choose
But lend and give, where she is sure to lose ;
That seeks not to find that her search implies,
But, riddle-like, lives sweetly where she dies.

Count. Had you not lately an intent, speak truly,
To go to Paris ?

Hel. Madam, I had.

Count. Wherefore ? tell true.

Hel. I will tell truth ; by grace itself, I swear.
You know, my father left me some prescriptions
Of rare and prov'd effects, such as his reading,
And manifest experience,[106] had collected
For general sovereignty ; and that he will'd me
In heedfullest reservation to bestow them,
As notes, whose faculties inclusive[107] were,
More than they were in note : amongst the rest,
There is a remedy, approv'd, set down,
To cure the desperate languishings, whereof
The king is render'd lost.

Count. This was your motive
For Paris, was it ? speak.

Hel. My lord your son made me to think of this ;
Else Paris, and the medicine, and the king,
Had, from the conversation of my thoughts,
Haply been absent then.

Count. But think you, Helen,
If you should tender your supposed aid,[108]
He would receive it ? He and his physicians
Are of a mind ; he, that they cannot help him,
They, that they cannot help ; How shall they credit
A poor unlearned virgin, when the schools,
Embowell'd of their doctrine,[109] have left off
The danger to itself ?

Hel. There 's something hints,[110]
More than my father's skill, which was the greatest
Of his profession, that his good receipt
Shall, for my legacy, be sanctified

By the luckiest stars in heaven: and, would your honour
But give me leave to try success, I'd venture
The well-lost life of mine on his grace's cure,
By such a day, and hour.
Count. Dost thou believe 't?
Hel. Ay, madam, knowingly.
Count. Why, Helen, thou shalt have my leave, and love,
Means, and attendants, and my loving greetings
To those of mine in court; I'll stay at home,
And pray God's blessing into thy attempt:
Be gone to-morrow; and be sure of this,
What I can help thee to, thou shalt not miss. [*Exeunt.*

Notes to the First Act.

[1] *To whom I am now in ward.*

In the novel, in the Palace of Pleasure, he is spoken of as, "left under the roial custodie of the kyng," that is, under his particular care, as my guardian, till I come to age. It is now almost forgotten in England, that the heirs of great fortunes were the King's *wards*. Whether the same practice prevailed in France, it is of no great use to inquire, for Shakespeare gives to all nations the manners of England.—*Johnson.*

Howell's fifteenth letter acquaints us that the province of Normandy was subject to wardships, and no other part of France besides; but the supposition of the contrary furnished Shakespeare with a reason why the King compelled Rousillon to marry Helen.—*Tollet.*

The prerogative of a *wardship* is a branch of the feudal law, and may as well be supposed to be incorporated with the constitution of France, as it was with that of England, till the reign of Charles II.—*Sir J. Hawkins.*

[2] *He that so generally is at all times good.*

That is, he that so *diffuses* his *unremitting* goodness.—*Seymour.*

[3] *O, that had! how sad a passage 'tis!*

Imitated from the Heautontimorumenos of Terence, where Menedemus says:—"Filium unicum adolescentulum *habeo*. Ah, quid dixi? *habere* me? imo *habui*, Chreme, nunc *habeam* necne incertum est;" thus rendered in Bernard's translation,—"I have but one sonne in the world, and he is a young strippling; but, what, did you say, I have one? verily, friend Chremes, one I had; now am I in doubt whether I have one or no." So, in Spenser's Shepheard's Calendar:

> Shee, while she was, (that *was* a woeful word to saine,)
> For beauties praise and pleasaunce had no peere.

Again, in Wily Beguil'd, 1606:

> She is not mine, I have no daughter now;
> That I should say *I had*, thence comes my grief.—*Malone.*

Passage is, anything that passes. So we now say, a *passage* of an *author;* and we said about a century ago, the *passages* of a *reign.* When the Countess mentions Helena's loss of a father, she recollects her own loss of a husband, and stops to observe how heavily the word *had* passes through her mind.—*Johnson.*

Thus Shakespeare himself. See the Comedy of Errors,—"Now in the stirring *passage* of the day." So, in the Gamester, by Shirley, 1637: "I'll not be witness of your *passages* myself;" that is, of what passes between you. Again, in A Woman's a Weathercock, 1612: "— never lov'd these prying listening men—That ask of others' states and *passages.*" Again:—"I knew the *passages* 'twixt her and Scudamore." Again, in the Dumb Knight, 1633: "— have beheld your vile and most lascivious *passages.*" Again in the English Intelligencer, a tragi-comedy, 1641: "— two philosophers that jeer and weep at the *passages* of the world."—*Steevens.*

In this way it was currently used as late as Swift's time; since which it seems to have fallen into total disuse: "It will not perhaps be improper to take notice of some *passages* wherein the public and myself were jointly concerned," Memoirs relating to the Queen's Ministers, where it very often occurs. It may be found also in the very first paper of the Tatler.—*Nares.*

Every reader will, I dare say, readily understand the grief the Countess expresses on recollecting the melancholy *passage* of her friend from *hath* to *had.* As to Warburton's *presage,* it must be allowed to be one of the most extraordinary in its kind. The death of a skilful physician is declared to be a presage to all sick people for the future, that they must now expect no cure.—*Heath.*

[4] *Would have made nature immortal.*

The particle *it* is understood before the verb, and therefore its insertion in ed. 1785, and other editions, is unnecessary. The presumed difficulty is obviated in the Perkins MS. by the omission of *was* before the word *almost.* Bertram, in the second scene of this act, says *thank,* for *I thank.*

[5] *They are virtues and traitors too.*

"Virtues in an unclean mind are virtues and traitors too." Estimable and useful qualities, joined with an evil disposition, give that evil disposition power over others, who, by admiring the virtue, are betrayed to the malevolence. The Tatler, mentioning the sharpers of his time, observes, that some of them are men of such elegance and knowledge, that a "young man who falls into their way, is *betrayed* as much by his judgment as his passions."—*Johnson.*

The passage means simply that where some virtuous qualities are found in a bad character, these virtuous qualities are traitors, as betraying us into placing a confidence where we ought not to place it, and though we are compelled to commend these qualities, our commendation is tempered with pity, to see so many "mildew'd ears blasting their wholesome brethren."—*Pye.* The meaning is simply this,—where strong and useful talents are combined with an evil disposition, we feel regret even in commending them; because, in such a mind, however good in themselves, their use and application are always to be suspected.—*Douce.*

The construction here is incorrect, a new noun interposing between *they* and the antecedent *virtuous qualities;* but the sense of the passage is more material, and this, I think, Warburton has come nearer to than his eloquent successor, who appears, howsoever ingeniously, to have wandered beyond the mark. "They, the advantages of education or refinement, are virtues and traitors too." The first part of the declaration is indisputable; but how are those virtuous qualities traitors?—not so much, I apprehend, as they may affect other people, as that they betray the object to whom they adhere; because, instead of reclaiming or

correcting, as might be expected, the original depravity, they foment and strengthen it.—*Seymour.*

[6] *In her they are the better for their simpleness.*

Her virtues are the better for their simpleness, that is, her excellencies are the better because they are artless and open, without fraud, without design.—*Johnson.*

Her simpleness, Warburton. The common reading, "for *their* simpleness," is full as good English, conveys the very same idea as this correction, and therefore should not have been altered. *Their simpleness* is the simpleness with which they are accompanied. This perhaps will appear more clearly, if instead of *simpleness* we substitute another word of the same signification, as *purity*, for instance. These accomplishments are the better in her, for their purity and freedom from the least taint of uncleanness.—*Heath.*

Education in her is better for its conformity to nature, whereby it more readily effects its object; amiable benevolence, the integrity of her mind, she inherits with her blood; her active virtue is achieved by herself.—*Seymour.*

[7] *Takes all livelihood from her cheek.*

Livelihood, appearance of life, liveliness. Spenser speaks of "the trew *lively-head* of that most glorious visage," Faerie Queene, ed. 1590, p. 307.

[8] *You affect a sorrow, than to have.*

Our author sometimes is guilty of such slight inaccuracies; and concludes a sentence as if the former part of it had been constructed differently. Thus, in the present instance, he seems to have meant—"lest *you* be rather thought *to* affect a sorrow, than *to have*." So, in his 58th Sonnet:—

> That God forbid, that made me first your slave,
> I should in thought control your times of pleasure,
> Or at your hand the account of hours *to* crave.

Again, in Sir Francis Bacon's Charge touching Duels, 4to. 1614, p. 6:—"And besides, it passeth not amisse sometimes in government, that the greater sort *be admonished* by an example made in the meaner, and the dogge *to* be beaten before the lion."—*Malone.*

[9] *I do affect a sorrow, indeed, but I have it too.*

Helena has, I believe, a meaning here, that she does not wish should be understood by the countess. Her *affected* sorrow was for the death of her father; her *real* grief for the lowness of her situation, which she feared would for ever be a bar to her union with her beloved Bertram. Her own words afterwards fully support this interpretation.—*Malone.*

The verb *affect*, in the modern sense, is not of common occurrence in works of the Shaksperian period, but there can be no doubt of its meaning here. Ben Jonson speaks of Spenser's writing in the old style as "affecting the ancients."

[10] *The excess makes it soon mortal.*

Lafeu says, "excessive grief is the enemy of the living:" the Countess replies, "If the living be an enemy to grief, the excess soon makes it mortal:" that is, "if the living do not indulge grief, grief destroys itself by its own excess." By the word *mortal* I understand *that which dies;* and Warburton (who reads—be *not* enemy—) *that which destroys.* I think that my interpretation gives a sentence more acute and more refined. Let the reader judge.—*Johnson.*

A passage in the Winter's Tale, in which our author again speaks of grief destroying itself by its own excess, adds support to Dr. Johnson's interpretation:

—— scarce any joy
Did ever live so long; *no sorrow*
But kill'd itself much sooner.

In Romeo and Juliet we meet with a kindred thought:

These violent delights have violent ends,
And *in their triumph die.—Malone.*

The sense of this passage appears to be not very obscure: Lafeu had observed, generally, that moderate lamentation is the right of the dead, and excessive grief the enemy of the living. To this the Countess replies—"If the living be enemy to the grief, the excess makes it soon mortal," that is, if they who are supposed the mourners, be not really and cordially so, but only put on for the nonce, *the suits and trappings of woe*, the extravagance of their affectation will soon have an end. Dr. Johnson argues thus upon the lady's words, "if the living," &c. that is, he says, if the living do not indulge grief, grief destroys itself by its own excess; but if the grief be not indulged, there will be no excess of it; and how is grief to destroy itself by its excess, or, indeed, subsist in excess at all, unless it be indulged?—*Seymour.*

Tieck assigns this speech, and we think correctly, to Helena, in the belief that she means it as a half obscure expression, which has reference to her love for Bertram. Such are her first words—"I do affect a sorrow, indeed, but I have it too." In the original copies, and in all the modern editions, the passage before us is given to the Countess. In her mouth it is not very intelligible; in Helena's, though purposely obscure, it is easily comprehensible. The living enemy to grief for the dead is Bertram; and the grief of her unrequited love for him destroys the other grief—makes it mortal. To this mysterious expression of Helena, Lafeu addresses himself when he says, "How understand we that?"—*C. Knight.*

[11] *Madam, I desire your holy wishes.*

This short speech, and the previous one spoken by Lafeu, are transposed in the original editions. Lafeu could scarce be at a loss about Bertram's asking blessing; but the Countess says something so cramp, that I am obliged to ask his question, "How are we to understand it?"—*Theobald.*

How understand we that? But the critick may say,—he understands better the words alluded to, than he does why Lafeu makes so pert a remark on them: Is it for that the author would make us timely acquainted with a branch of this amiable character, its unthinking and Frenchman-like liveliness?—*Capell.*

[12] *Be able for thine enemy.*

The meaning is,—rather be able to revenge yourself on your enemy in ability, than in the use of that ability: have it in your power to revenge, but shew God-like in not using that power.—*Dodd.*

[13] *He cannot want the best.*

That is, the best advice, better than can be given him by me, taxing modestly his own insufficiency; the procurement of which advice, says the speaker, must be the necessary consequence of the *love* his good deserts will draw on him. The third line before this, is printed thus in the folio;—"*Fall on thy head. Farwell my Lord.*" The change made in the punctuation, and consequently in the address, can surely stand in need of no words to explain or defend them.—*Capell.*

In ed. 1685, the whole of the text from the present line to the words, "to sit

and draw," is accidentally omitted by the compositor. The error occurs between p. 208 and p. 209 in that edition.

[14] *The best wishes, &c.*

That is, may you be mistress of your wishes, and have power to bring them to effect.—*Johnson.*

[15] *You must hold the credit of your father.*

Mason proposes to alter *must hold* to *uphold*, but *hold* is here used in that sense, to uphold or maintain, to keep up. "I holde, I kepe a thyng," Palsgrave, 1530. "To hold, or staie up, to maintaine, to support," Baret's Alvearie, 1580.

By holding the *credit* of her father no reference may be intended to his medical abilities, but to his character as a good man, as Lafeu cannot suppose Helena's torrent of tears only flow for her father, because he was an excellent physician. He may mean to say do not disgrace the memory of your father as a virtuous man, by actions unworthy of a virtuous woman. This seems so easy an interpretation of the words, that I should not put it hypothetically, were I perfectly clear that Lafeu does not allude to his medical skill, and his own knowledge that he had some specific for the cure of the king's disorder, which might be in the possession of his daughter. It must be remembered, after he has been told in this scene that Helena is daughter of Gerard de Narbon, and the king's disorder is spoken of, he again asks, "Was this gentlewoman the daughter of Gerard de Narbon?," and that after he has spoken the words which are the subject of the note (though, according to the editions, he enters in the next scene), his next speech is to tell the king that he had a young woman to introduce to him, who had the means of curing him.—*Pye.*

[16] *O, were that all!—I think not on my father.*

Would that the attention to maintain the credit of my father, or, not to act unbecoming the daughter of such a father, were my only solicitude! I think not of him. My cares are all for Bertram.—*Malone.*

Lafeu, observing that Helena had shed a torrent of tears, which he and the Countess both ascribe to her grief for her father, says, that she *upholds* the credit of her father, on this principle, that the surest proof that can be given of the merit of a person deceased, are the lamentations of those who survive him. But Helena, who knows her own heart, wishes that she had no other cause of grief, except the loss of her father, whom she thinks no more of.—*M. Mason.*

[17] *And these great tears.*

Johnson supposes that, by *these great tears*, Helena means the tears which the King and the Countess shed for her father; but it does not appear that either of those great persons had shed tears for him, though they spoke of him with regret. By *these great tears*, Helena does not mean the tears of great people, but the big and copious tears she then shed herself, which were caused in reality by Bertram's departure, though attributed, by Lafeu and the Countess, to the loss of her father; and from this misapprehension of theirs, graced his remembrance more than those she actually shed for him. What she calls *gracing his remembrance* is what Lafeu had styled before *upholding his credit*, the two passages tending to explain each other.—It is scarcely necessary to make this grammatical observation—that if Helena had alluded to any tears supposed to have been shed by the King, she would have said *those* tears, not *these*, as the latter pronoun must necessarily refer to something present at the time.—*M. Mason.* Boswell justly remarks that *these* for *those* is found in writers much more accurate than Shakespeare.

[18] *That I should love a bright particular star.*

She has shot a fire into my bosom from
Her eye, or I have drawn in at mine own
Love-poison. Oh, my stars were too ungentle
To point her out the mistress of my thoughts,
Who is so much, like them, above the hope
Of ever climbing to.—*Shirley's Witty Fair One.*

[19] *In his bright radiance and collateral light.*

"Collateral" for "reflected," that is, in the radiance of his reflected light; not in his sphere, or direct light. Milton uses the word, in the same sense, speaking of the son, "Of high collateral glory."—*Warburton.* Now 'tis plain that "collateral" in Milton constantly is used in the same sense as the etymology claims; Collaterales sunt proprie quasi lateribus considentes, that is, those that sit together, as it were side by side, socially. Thus in Paradise Lost, viii. 426. Collateral love, that is, social, or, as it were, side by side; for so he says in x. 85, "Thus saying from his radiant seat he rose—Of his collateral glory," that is, placed side by side, on the right hand of glory. The passage in Shakespeare is to be explained thus,—I, not in his sphere, one of a lower degree, must be comforted in his bright radiance and collateral light. Shakespeare does not say "collateral love," as Milton, but "collateral light," pursuing his idea of the "bright particular star:" and not without some allusion, perhaps, to that saying, Uxor fulget radiis Mariti: which for the sake of the female reader I translate in Shakespeare's words, the wife only shines in her husband's bright radiance and collateral light.—*Upton.*

I cannot be united with him and move in the same sphere, but must be comforted at a distance by the radiance that shoots on all sides from him.—*Johnson.*

[20] *In our heart's table.*

So, in our author's 24th Sonnet:

Mine eye hath play'd the *painter*, and hath steel'd
Thy beauty's form in *table of my heart.*

A *table* was in our author's time a term for a *picture*, in which sense it is used here. *Tableau*, French. So, on a picture painted in the time of Queen Elizabeth, in the possession of the Hon. Horace Walpole:—"The Queen to Walsingham this *table* sent,—Mark of her people's and her own content."—*Malone.*

Table here only signifies the *board* on which any picture was painted. So, in Walpole's Anecdotes of Painting in England, vol. i. p. 58: "Item, one *table* with the *picture* of the Duchess of Milan. . . . Item, one *table* with the *pictures* of the King's Majesty and Queen Jane:" &c. Helena would not have talked of drawing Bertram's *picture* in her *heart's picture;* but considers her heart as the *tablet* or surface on which his resemblance was to be pourtrayed.—*Steevens.*

—— he has a strange aspéct,
And looks much like the figure of a hangman
In a *table* of the passion.—*The Custom of the Country.—Boswell.*

This sacred service to a sillie dame
Shall be ingraven in tables of my heart.
The Warres of Cyrus King of Persia, 1594.

But such a one she was, as almost all they are that serve so noble a prince:

such virgins carry lights before such a Vesta, such nimps arrowes with such a Diana. But why goe I about to set her in black and white, whom Philautus is now with all colour importraying in the *table of his heart?* And surely I thinke by this he is halfe mad, whom long since I left in a great maze.—*Lilly's Euphues*, 1623.

> And when, in *tables of my heart*,
> Love with such things as bred my smart,
> My Mopsa, with her face of clout,
> Would in an instant wipe them out.—*Musarum Deliciæ*, 1656.

The allusion, in this last instance, is probably in reference to table-books.

[21] *Of every line and trick of his sweet favour.*

Favour, countenance. So, in King John: "he hath a *trick* of Cœur de Lion's face." *Trick* seems to be some peculiarity or feature.—*Johnson.*

Trick is an expression taken from *drawing*, and is so explained in King John, i. 1. The present instance explains itself: "— to sit and *draw* his arched brows, . . and *trick* of his sweet favour." *Trick*, however, on the present occasion, may mean neither *tracing* nor *outline*, but *peculiarity.*—*Steevens.*

[22] *Solely a coward.*

Altogether a coward, without any admixture of the opposite quality. A similar phrase occurs in Cupid's Revenge, by Beaumont and Fletcher:—"She being *only wicked.*"—*Boswell.*

[23] *Cold wisdom waiting on superfluous folly.*

Cold for *naked;* as *superfluous* for *over-clothed.* This makes the propriety of the antithesis.—*Warburton.* Add to this, that *wisdom*, persons of understanding, poor and thinly attir'd, may very often be seen to dance attendance on *folly*, men of slender capacities, that riots in all superfluity.—*Capell.*

[24] *And you, monárch.*

This word, which should be accented upon the ultima, alludes, something covertly, to a being well known in the court of Queen Elizabeth; but is understood by Parolles, and occasions his reply: that of Helen, which follows it, signifies—Nay, if you disclaim my appellation, so do I yours.—*Capell.* See a long account of the character here supposed to be alluded to in the notes to Love's Labour's Lost, vol. iv. p. 325.

[25] *You have some stain of soldier in you.*

Unless *stain* be an error for *strain*, the word must be used in the sense of *taint* or *tincture*,—you have some hue of a soldier in you.

[26] *Keep him out.—But he assails.*

Hanmer has here the most violent alteration that can well be conceiv'd, and the most unnecessary; owing evidently to an opinion, that *keep out* could have no other meaning than *barricado*, which it is made a reply to: but *keep out* may mean—keep at a distance, let him not come near you: and that it is so understood by the person 'tis spoke to, is evinc'd by her reply,—*But he assails;* that is, he will not keep his distance, he has made his approaches, and will attack us in form.—*Capell.*

[27] *With the breach yourselves made, you lose your city.*

So, in our author's Lover's Complaint:

> And long upon these terms I held my *city*,
> Till thus he 'gan besiege me.

Again, in the Rape of Lucrece:

> This makes in him more rage, and lesser pity,
> To make the breach, and enter this sweet *city*.—*Malone.*

[28] *Loss of virginity is rational increase.*

Theobald, in his Letters to Warburton, proposed to read *national*, and the word *natural* has also been suggested. Capell and Steevens think that *rational increase* may mean the regular increase by which rational beings are propagated; but this interpretation appears somewhat strained. The simpler translation would be,—loss of virginity is the cause of a rational increase, an increase agreeable to reason and policy.

[29] *He that hangs himself, is a virgin.*

But why is he that hangs himself a virgin? surely, not for the reason that follows, because virginity murders itself; for though every virgin be a suicide, yet every suicide is not a virgin. A word is certainly dropped that introduced a comparison in this place, which should be read thus,—As he that hangs himself, so is a virgin;—and then it follows naturally,—Virginity murders itself.—*Warburton.* Malone correctly interprets the passage thus,—he that hangs himself, and a virgin, are in this circumstance alike; they are both *self-destroyers.*

"He, that hangs himself, is a virgin," has been needlessly tampered with too: *is a virgin*, imports more than—is like a virgin, for it is the strongest mode of expressing similitude; signifying—is the thing itself, guilty of the very same crime that she is guilty of, for, "virginity murders itself."—*Capell.*

[30] *Which is the most inhibited sin.*

Inhibited, forbidden. "Inhibityng them upon a greate payn not once to approche ether to his speche or presence," Hall's Chronicle, 1548.

[31] *Out with 't.*

Out with it, is used equivocally.—Applied to virginity, it means, give it away; part with it: considered in another light, it signifies, put it out to interest. In the Tempest we have—"Each *putter out* on five for one," &c.—*Malone.*

[32] *Within ten year it will make itself ten.*

Ten year, ed. 1623; *ten years*, eds. 1632, 1663, 1685. All the folios read the last word *two*, which is clearly an error, altered by Hanmer in 1743 to *ten*, the text here adopted. This correction was also suggested by Steevens, who likewise proposed to read—"within *two* years it will make itself *two*." Tollet would read—"within ten years it will make itself *twelve*." Malone proposed to read—"Out with it: within ten *months* it will make itself two," part with it, and within ten months' time it will double itself, that is, it will produce a child.

I now mention this last conjecture, only for the purpose of acknowledging my error. I had not sufficiently attended to a former passage in this scene,—"Virginity, by being once lost, may be *ten* times found," that is, may produce *ten* virgins. Those words likewise are spoken by Parolles, and add such decisive support to Hanmer's emendation, that I have not hesitated to adopt it. The text, as exhibited in the old copy, is undoubtedly corrupt. It has already been observed, that many passages in these plays, in which numbers are introduced, are printed incorrectly. Our author's sixth Sonnet also fully supports this emendation:—"That *use* is not forbidden usury," &c.—*Malone.*

[33] *Marry, ill, to like him that ne'er it likes.*

Parolles, in answer to the question, "How one shall lose virginity to her own

liking?" plays upon the word *liking*, and says, '*she must do ill, for* virginity, to be so lost, *must like him that likes not* virginity.'—*Johnson.*

[34] *'Tis a commodity will lose the gloss with lying.*

It is just possible an equivoque may here be intended. "*Nan.* Hast thou thy maiden-head yet?—*Peg.* My maiden-head! faith, I.—*Nan.* Come, prethce doe not lye, for they say 'tis lost lying, and by the strength of my little vertue, I wonder (for mine own part) to see how this foolish virginity is esteem'd when there is such danger in the keeping it, for who dooth not knowe that the barren wombe is curst? and al know virgins have no children: besides, women shall bee saved by the bearing of children; how think'st thou, are they?," Cupid's Whirligig.

[35] *Like the brooch and tooth-pick, which wear not now.*

Were not, old eds., corrected by Rowe to *wear not*, the active verb used for the passive. Some editors read unnecessarily, *we wear not.* The tooth-pick was, at one time, a favorite appendage to the costume of a gallant, and was even sometimes worn in the hat. Sir Thomas Overbury, observes Nares, thus winds up his description of a courtier, who, of course, was supposed to be the pink of fashion:—"If you find him not heere, you shall find him in Paules, with a *picktooth in his hat*, a cape cloke, and a long stocking." Of an idle gallant, Bishop Earle says, that "his *pick-tooth* bears a great part in his discourse." So Ben Jonson,—"What a neat case of *pick-tooths* he carries about him still." A character in the Woman Hater, 1607, says,—"Sir, but that I do presume upon your secrecie, I would not have appear'd to you thus ignorantly attir'de without a tooth-picke in a ribban, or a ring in my band-strings." Massinger, in the Great Duke of Florence, mentions a case of tooth-picks as part of the equipment of a fine gentleman; and the Clown, in the Winter's Tale, says he knows a great man "by the picking on's teeth." Again, in Shirley's Grateful Servant, 1630: "I will continue my state-posture, use my *tooth-pick* with discretion," &c. The example of a toothpick, above engraved, is copied by Mr. Fairholt from a specimen, the material of which is gold, preserved in the collection of Lord Londesborough.

The fashion of wearing a brooch in the hat, although the particular part of the dress to which it was attached is not mentioned in the text, may deserve a few lines in addition to what has been said on the subject in vol. iv. pp. 425, 426. The specimen here selected is copied by Mr. Fairholt from an engraving on an ivory cross-bow preserved in Lord Londesborough's armoury at Grimston, of Henry III. of France, whose cap offers an excellent example of the practice, as it contains a jewelled brooch in the most conspicuous position in which it could be placed. This cross-bow is traditionally said to have been made for that monarch, and it is elaborately enriched with engraving and gilding. James I., in a letter to his son Charles, alludes to this fashion,—"if my babie will not spaire the anker from his mistresse, he may well lende thee his rownde broache to weare, and yett he shall have jewells to wearc in his hatte for three great dayes."

[36] *Your date is better in your pie.*

Here is a quibble on the word *date*, which means both age, and a candied *fruit* much used in our author's time. So, in Romeo and Juliet:—"They call for *dates* and quinces in the pastry." The same quibble occurs in Troilus and Cressida: "—and then to be bak'd with no *date* in the pie, for then the man's *date* is out."—*Steevens.*

[37] *Not my virginity yet.—There shall your master, &c.*

Helena, in answer to the question of Parolles,—will you anything with it?, that is, your virginity, says,—"not with my virginity yet." Capell proposes to introduce the word *with* into the text, but the mode of construction which implies that it is understood is of constant occurrence. Helena then launches out into a rhapsody, either partially spoken aside, or at all events unintelligible to Parolles, implying that when she does surrender her state of maidenhood, *there*, in my wedded love, your master shall have every blessing, every love, every affection good or evil that can possess or encircle him shall all be centred in me; or the incongruous list may perhaps be wholly derived from the whimsical titles used in the love poems and romances of Shakespeare's day. The selection of such inconsistent terms may also be explained on the supposition that Helena, at the end of the third line of the speech, observing that she has excited the astonishment of Parolles, and fearing he may obtain a hint of her heart's secret, adroitly changes the affectionate tenor of the wild expression of her feelings, thus effectually perplexing the comprehension of her hearer. So many different opinions, however, have been offered respecting the true interpretation of Helena's speech, it will be advisable to add the notes of the principal commentators:

The eight lines following *friend*, I am persuaded, is the nonsense of some foolish conceited player. What put it into his head was Helen's saying, as it should be read for the future:

> There shall your master have a thousand loves;
> A *mother*, and a *mistress*, and a *friend*,
> I know not what he shall—God send him well.

Where the fellow, finding a *thousand* loves spoken of, and only *three* reckoned up, namely, a *mother's*, a *mistress's*, and a *friend's*, (which, by the way, were all a judicious writer could mention; for there are but three species of love in nature,) he would help out the number, by the intermediate nonsense; and, because they were yet too few, he pieces out his *loves* with *enmities*, and makes of the whole such finished nonsense, as is never heard out of Bedlam.—*Warburton.*

The whole speech is abrupt, unconnected and obscure. Dr. Warburton thinks much of it suppositious. I would be glad to think so of the whole, for a commentator naturally wishes to reject what he cannot understand. Something, which should connect Helena's words with those of Parolles, seems to be wanting. Hanmer has made a fair attempt, by reading:—"Not my virginity yet.—— *You're for the court*,—There shall your master," &c. Some such clause has, I think, dropped out, but still the first words want connection. Perhaps Parolles, going away from his harangue, said, "Will you any thing with me?" to which Helen may reply.——I know not what to do with the passage.—*Johnson.*

The meaning of the hemistich which begins this speech is, My virginity is not yet that old virginity, which in your description is a mere withered pear. In order to ascertain the sense of the two next lines, on which depends that of the eight following ones, may I have leave to ask, Where Bertram was to find all

these thousand loves, with a mother, a mistress, and a friend, into the bargain? Not surely in Helena's virginity. That were as errant nonsense as any Warburton hath rejected. But at court undoubtedly, whither he was then going. It is evident, therefore, that something hath by some accident been omitted, in which his going to court was mentioned. There indeed he might soon have amours enough on his hands, and find fair ones enough, who would supply the place of, and whom his passion for them would induce him to treat with all the duty, tenderness, and confidence, due to, a mother, a mistress, and a friend; whom he would address with the fantastick appellations of a phœnix, an enemy, a guide, a goddess, and a world more "Of pretty fond adoptious christendoms, that blinking Cupid gossips." For all the other intermediate whimsical titles are in truth the offspring of a poetick lover's imagination, which he hath at some time or other bestowed on his mistress; and I believe it would not be difficult, if it were worth the search, to find in the love-poetry of those times an authority for most, if not every one, of them. At least I can affirm it from knowledge, that far the greater part of them are to be found in the Italian lyrick poetry, which was the model from which our poets chiefly copied. Upon the supposition then of this omission, which perhaps was only of these five words, 'You're going to court,' the following eight lines lose all that absurdity which induced Warburton to reject them, as being 'such finished nonsense as is never heard out of Bedlam,' and we perceive them to be a not inelegant satire on the extravagance of love-poetry. As they stand at present, they are much too absurd to have proceeded from the most 'foolish conceited player' that ever lived. But indeed these players are of great convenience to the criticks on Shakespeare. When these do not readily apprehend his meaning, the nonsensical player is ever ready at hand to bear the whole blame, and relieve them from any further trouble or concern about it.—*Heath.*

I do not perceive so great a want of connection as my predecessors have apprehended; nor is that connection always to be sought for, in so careless a writer as ours, from the thought immediately preceding the reply of the speaker. Parolles has been laughing at the unprofitableness of virginity, especially when it grows ancient, and compares it to withered fruit. Helena, properly enough, replies, that hers is not yet in that state; but that in the enjoyment of her, his master should find the gratification of all his most romantic wishes. What Dr. Warburton says afterwards is said at random, as all positive declarations of the same kind must of necessity be. Were I to propose any change, I would read *should* instead of *shall.* It does not, however, appear that this rapturous effusion of Helena was designed to be intelligible to Parolles. Its obscurity, therefore, may be its merit. It sufficiently explains what is passing in the mind of the speaker, to every one but him to whom she does not mean to explain it. —*Steevens.*

Perhaps we should read, "Will you anything with *us?*," that is, will you send anything with us to court? to which Helena's answer would be proper enough—"Not my virginity yet." A similar phrase occurs in Twelfth-Night. "*You'll nothing*, madam, to my lord by me?"—*Tyrwhitt.*

Perhaps something has been omitted in Parolles' speech: "I am now bound for the court;" "will you anything with it (i. e., with the court!)" So, in the Winter's Tale:—"Tell me what you have to the king." Again, in Timon of Athens:—"What would'st thou have to Athens?"—*Malone.*

I am satisfied the passage is as Shakespeare left it. Parolles, after having cried down, with all his eloquence, *old virginity*, in reference to what he had before said, "That *virginity* is a commodity the longer kept, the less worth: away with't, while 'tis vendible. *Answer the time* of request," asks Helena,—

"Will *you* anything with *it?*"—to which she replies—"Not my virginity yet." —*Henley.*

The first line of this speech of Helen's may either refer to that part of Parolles' speech, in which he says, "that virginity is a withered pear;" to which she replies, "that her virginity was not yet reduced to that deplorable state;" or it may be intended as an answer to the last words of his speech: in which case it will be necessary to amend them, by reading rather, *Will you anything with us*, or anything with *me?*—that is, "Will you send anything to the court with me?" To which she answers, "Not my virginity yet." The word *there*, in the next line of her speech, which evidently, in my apprehension, refers to the court, makes me rather incline to the latter explanation.—*Monck Mason.*

[38] *A phœnix, captain, and an enemy.*

Our author often uses *captain* for a head or chief. So, in one of his Sonnets:—"Or *captain* jewels in the carkanet." Again, in Timon of Athens:—"— the ass more *captain* than the lion." Again, more appositely, in Othello, where it is applied to Desdemona: "—— our great captain's *captain.*" We find some of these terms of endearment used in the Winter's Tale. Leontes says to the young Mamillius,—"Come, *captain*, we must be neat," &c. Again, in the same scene, Polixenes, speaking of his son, says:

> He's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter;
> Now my sworn *friend*, and then mine *enemy;*
> My parasite, my *soldier*, statesman, all.—*Malone.*

This speech seems at first view to be absolute nonsense, but it will appear to have some degree of meaning, if we suppose the word *captain*, which is the only one that has not an article prefixed to it, to be addressed to Parolles, all the other expressions being such as might possibly be applied by lovers to their mistresses.—In Jonson's Cynthia's Revels, we find that certain ridiculous nicknames, such fond adoptious Christendoms, as Helena mentions, were much in vogue amongst the male and female coxcombs of the time: thus Hedon calls Philautia his Honour, she calls him her Ambition; and in Every Man out of his Humour, Sogliardo calls Shift his Resolution, whilst Shift calls him his Countenance. So, in Wit at several Weapons, Mirabel says to Cunningham:—"Farewell, Performance, I shall be bold to call you so." To which he replies:—"Do, sweet Confidence." In this very scene, Parolles calls Helena, Queen; and she calls him Monarch. It is to this fashion that Helena alludes in this speech, which, without attending to it, would be totally unintelligible.—*M. Mason.*

Steevens has formed a whimsical idea of this passage; he seems to think that Helena, by this long rhapsody, means merely to say, that she shall prove everything to Bertram, and that he shall find the gratification of his most romantic wishes in the enjoyment of her virginity; for, according to his construction, *her virginity* are the only words to which *there* can possibly refer; but according to my apprehension, the word *there* refers to the Court, to which Bertram and Parolles are about to go: —*There*, she says, Bertram shall have a thousand loves; and *learn*, being, as she afterwards says, a learned place, a world of fond adoptious Christendoms, many of which she enumerates in her speech.—*Ibid.*

[39] *A counsellor, a traitress, and a dear.*

It seems that *traitress* was in that age a term of endearment, for when Lafeu introduces Helena to the king, he says, "You are like a *traytor*, but such *traytors* his majesty does not much fear."—*Johnson.* I cannot conceive that *traitress* (spoken seriously) was in any age *a term of endearment.* From the present

passage, we might as well suppose *enemy* (in the last line but one) to be a term of endearment. In the other passage quoted, Lafeu is plainly speaking ironically.—*Tyrwhitt.* "Traditora, a traitress," in the Italian language, is generally used as a term of endearment. The meaning of Helena is, that she shall prove *everything* to Bertram. Our ancient writers delighted in catalogues, and always characterise love by contrarieties.—*Steevens.* Falstaff, in the Merry Wives of Windsor, says to Mrs. Ford, "Thou art a *traitor* to say so." In his interview with her, he certainly meant to use the language of love. Helena, however, I think, does not mean to say that she shall prove everything to Bertram, but to express her apprehension that he will find at the court some lady or ladies who shall prove everything to him; ("a phœnix, captain, counsellor, traitress;" &c.) to whom he will give all the fond names that "blinking Cupid gossips."—*Malone.*

[40] *Of pretty, fond, adoptious christendoms.*

Christendom is here used, with great license, for a name given at the christendom or christening. Nares thus explains the passage,—a number of pretty, fond, adopted appellations, or Christian names, to which blind Cupid stands godfather. The term in the text is used by Nash in Four Letters Confuted: "But for an author to renounce his *Christendome* to write in his owne commendation, to refuse the name which his Godfathers and Godmothers gave him in his baptisme," &c. It is also employed, observes Steevens, with a similar sense in an Epitaph "On an only Child," which the reader will find at the end of Wit's Recreations, 1640:

As here a name and *christendome* to obtain,
And to his Maker then return again.

[41] *And show what we alone must think.*

The meaning is obvious, but Dr. Johnson's notes are always so perfectly expressed, they deserve to be retained. He explains this as follows,—and show by realities what we now must only think.

[42] *Is a virtue of a good wing.*

Edwards is of opinion that a "virtue of a good wing" refers to his nimbleness or fleetness in running away. The phrase, however, is taken from falconry, as may appear from the following passage in Marston's Fawne, 1606: "I love my horse after a journeying easiness, as he is easy in journeying: my hawk, for the *goodness of his wing*," &c. Or it may be taken from dress. So, in Every Man out of his Humour: "I would have mine such a suit without a difference; such stuff, such a *wing*, such a sleeve," &c. Tollet observes that a *good wing* signifies a *strong wing* in Lord Bacon's Natural History, experiment 886:—"Certainly many birds of *good wing* (as kites and the like) would beare up a good weight as they flie." The same phrase, however, anciently belonged to archery. So Ascham, in his Toxophilus, edit. 1589, p. 57: "— another shaft—because it is lower feathered, or else because it is of *a better wing*," &c.—*Steevens.*

The reading of the old copy (which Dr. Warburton changed to *ming*, a substantive formed from *ming*, to mix, no example of such formation having yet been discovered) is supported by a passage in King Henry V., in which we meet with a similar expression: "Though his affections are higher mounted than ours, yet when they stoop, they stoop with the *like wing*." Again, in King Henry IV., Part 1.:—"Yet let me wonder, Harry,—At thy affections, which do hold a *wing*, —Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors."—*Malone.*

The meaning of this passage appears to be this: "If your valour will suffer you to go backward for advantage, and your fear for the same reason will make you run away, the composition that your valour and fear make in you, must be a virtue

that will fly far and swiftly."—A bird of a good wing, is a bird of swift and strong flight. Though the latter part of this sentence is sense as it stands, I cannot help thinking that there is an error in it, and that we ought to read—"And *is* like *to* wear well," instead of "*I* like *the* wear well."—*M. Mason.*

Shakespeare probably alludes to the person who was tried by a court martial for cowardice, and pleaded for himself, "that he did not run away for fear of the enemy, but only to try, how long a paultry carcase might last, with good looking to," L'Estrange's Fables, part 2, fab. 59.—*Dr. Grey.*

[43] *So thou wilt be capable of a courtier's counsel.*

That is, thou wilt comprehend it. So in Hamlet, "Whose form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stones,—Would make them *capable.*"—*Malone.* The word in this sense occurs a few pages before this: "—— heart too *capable*—of every line and trick of his sweet favour."—*Boswell.*

[44] *The fated sky.*

"The sky, by which the fates of men are determined, the horoscope," Seymour. Capell explains it, "inhabited by fates." Cassius, in Julius Cæsar, makes the same reflection:

> The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
> But in ourselves, &c.

By the *fated* sky, he means, "heaven tax'd with this imputation of *fate;*" which he observes is a false and mistaken notion: 'tis no uncommon thing with Shakespeare to make participles in this manner.—*Dodd.*

[45] *That makes me see, and cannot feed mine eye.*

She means, by what influence is my love directed to a person so much above me? why am I made to discern excellence, and left to long after it, without the food of hope?—*Johnson.*

[46] *The mightiest space in fortune nature brings.*

The corrector, by the perverse transposition of two words, changes sense into nonsense. The lady is in love with Bertram, who is greatly above her in rank and in fortune; and the meaning is, that all-powerful nature brings things (herself, for example, and Bertram) which are separated by the widest interval of *fortune*, to join as if they were "likes" or pairs, and to kiss as if they were kindred things. The MS. corrector (anticipated by Malone and in Rann's edition of Shakespeare, 1787, ii. 375) reverses this meaning, and reads—"The mightiest space in *nature fortune* brings, &c." But there was no "space" at all between Helena and Bertram in point of "nature." They were both unexceptionable human beings. They were separated only by a disparity of "fortune."—*Blackwood's Magazine.* Another anonymous writer seems to think that the corruption is in the word *brings*, which ought to be *springs.* The sense would be, that Nature (which makes the whole world kin, as we know) overleaps the greatest diversities in fortune and rank to join two hearts fitted for each other (like her own and Bertram's) together; and Monck Mason suggests to read, with little probability of correctness,—"the mighty, and base in fortune," &c.

All these four lines are obscure, and, I believe, corrupt; I shall propose an emendation, which those who can explain the present reading, are at liberty to reject:

> *Through* mightiest space in fortune nature brings
> *Likes* to *join likes*, and kiss like native things.

That is, *nature* brings *like qualities* and dispositions *to meet* through any *distance*

that *fortune* may set between them; she *joins* them and makes them *kiss like things born together.—Johnson.*

"The mightiest space in fortune," for "persons the most widely separated by fortune," is certainly a licentious expression; but it is such a licence as Shakespeare often takes. Thus, in Cymbeline, "the diminution of space" is used for the diminution, of which space, or *distance*, is the cause. If he had written *spaces*, (as in Troilus and Cressida, "—— her whom we know well—The world's large *spaces* cannot parallel,)"—the passage would have been more clear; but he was confined by the metre. We might, however, read—"The mightiest space in nature fortune brings," accident sometimes unites those whom inequality of rank has separated; but I believe the text is right. I understand the meaning to be this—"The affections given us by nature often unite persons between whom fortune or accident has placed the greatest distance or disparity; and cause them to join, like likes (*instar parium*), like persons in the same situation or rank of life." Thus, in Timon of Athens:—"Thou solderest close *impossibilities*,—And mak'st them *kiss*." This interpretation is strongly confirmed by a subsequent speech of the Countess's steward, who is supposed to have overheard this soliloquy of Helena: "*Fortune*, she said, was no goddess, that had put such *difference* betwixt their two estates."—*Malone.*

[47] *And kiss like native things.*

Things formed by nature for each other.—*M. Mason.* So, in Chapman's metrical "Address to the Reader," prefixed to his translation of Homer's Iliad, 1611:—"Our monosyllables so kindly fall—And meete, opposde in rime, as they did *kisse*."—*Steevens.*

Native, a little lower, has the sense of—congenial; and the line it occurs in, affords a substantive, *likes*, that will not be found in our amplest dictionaries.—*Capell.*

[48] *That weigh their pains in sense.*

Weigh their pains in sense, is, calculate over-nicely what trouble and pain of the sense their undertaking must put them to; and so intimidate themselves by it, as to *suppose*, that *what hath been cannot be;* which is certainly groundless, for, as she presently subjoins, "Who ever strove," &c. The means she takes afterwards then come into her thoughts, and she leaves the scene with a declaration of trying them.—*Capell.*

[49] *And do suppose, what hath been cannot be.*

In other words, and suppose that events of an extraordinary character which have already happened will not again occur. Hanmer unnecessarily reads,—"what *ha'n't* been."

[50] *The Florentines and Senoys are by the ears.*

The *Sanesi*, as they are termed by Boccace. Painter, who translates him, calls them *Senois*. They were the people of a small republick, of which the capital was *Sienna*. The Florentines were at perpetual variance with them.—*Steevens.* They are also termed the *Sanesi* in the Florentine Historie, 1595; and in Mercator's Geography, translated by Saltonstall, they are called Senenians, p. 701. When this play was acted in 1757, Davies, who undertook this character, made the present speech part of the letter in the King's hands. The king unquestionably has received the intelligence by a letter, which he refers to in his next speech,—"we here receive it," &c.; but the tone of his language would indicate he is giving his own version of the news, and not using the terms of the writer.

[51] *A nursery to our gentry.*

Brathwait was perhaps thinking of Shakespeare's language when he selected the title of his work, the Survey of History, or a Nursery for Gentry, 1638.

[52] *It is the count Rousillon.*

Rosignoll, ed. 1623; *Rosillion*, ed. 1632. In the early English translation of the Italian novel, he is called "Beltramo, counte of Rossiglione." In some of the old stage-directions, he is merely entered as, *Count Rosse.*

[53] *I would I had that corporal soundness now.*

The picture drawn in this speech of one truly a nobleman, and conversant with war and with kings, is, perhaps, a more finish'd one, so far as it goes, than most of the many other characters that are scatter'd up and down in the works of this poet: but it does not quite appear in the old editions, and still less in any one that has follow'd them. The first article touch'd upon, is—the *wit* he was master of, and chiefly in youth; some of which, says the speaker, I can see too in the lords we have now; but not so well manag'd, not temper'd with such discretion: they jest, and draw jests upon themselves again; so much better than their own, that they hardly see they are laugh'd at, "their scorn returns to them unnoted:" whereas the character he speaks of, could be light in conversation with others, and yet keep his dignity; "hid his levity in honour." His demeanour comes next, and the spirit that was shown by him, upon proper occasions, and to proper persons: this member of the portrait is now so intelligible, through means of the punctuation, and minute changes, that it would be paying a very ill compliment to the reader's understanding, to make any comment on it; but the latter part of the character, concerning carriage towards inferiors, he may not be displeas'd to see a little enlarg'd upon. To inferiors, says the king, he would let himself down, using them as they had been of another condition; insomuch, that they would go away proud and better pleas'd with themselves, for the gracious and humble deportment of him they had waited on: but *their praise*,—which, upon such occasions, they would be sure to bestow on him,—was so far from puffing-up and exalting him, making *him* proud, that he was rather humbl'd by it; which will ever be the case with men of exalted understandings.—*Capell.*

[54] *Haggish age.*

That is, age which brings on the same debility and deformity which is visible in hags, or aged women. I see no probability in the allusion Warburton supposes to the accidental malady called the Epialtis.—*Heath.*

[55] *It much repairs me.*

To *repair*, in these plays, generally signifies, to *renovate*. So, in Cymbeline: "—— O disloyal thing,—That should'st *repair* my youth!"—*Malone.*

[56] *Ere they can hide their levity in honour.*

That is, ere they can hide the levity of their behaviour from publick observation by cloathing it in the splendor of honourable action. Warburton supposes *honour* to signify *titles*, in direct contradiction to the whole drift of the passage.—*Heath.*

I believe *honour* is not *dignity of birth or rank*, but *acquired reputation*:—"Your father, says the king, had the same airy flights of satirical wit with the young lords of the present time, but they do not what he did, *hide their unnoted* levity *in honour*, cover petty faults with great merit." This is an excellent

observation. Jocose follies, and slight offences, are only allowed by mankind in him that overpowers them by great qualities.—*Johnson.*

Blackstone continues the sentence as far as the word *courtier*, commencing a new paragraph at *contempt*. This arrangement appears to be false: the peculiar praise which the King bestows on Bertram's father is, not that he was pre-eminent in courtly arts, but that the polish of his manners was exceeded by his substantial excellence; his accomplishments, though of the most splendid kind, bore no proportion to his intrinsic virtues; yet so much was he of the courtier (in an honourable sense), that his deportment, though dignified, was not imperious, and his wit, though pointed, was not envenomed.—*Seymour.*

[57] *Contempt nor bitterness.*

The sense is the same. *Nor* was used without reduplication. So, in Measure for Measure:—"More *nor* less to others paying,—Than by self-offences weighing." The old text needs to be explained. He was so like a courtier, that there was in *his dignity of manner nothing contemptuous*, and *in his keenness of wit nothing bitter*. If *bitterness or contemptuousness* ever *appeared*, they had been *awakened* by some injury, not of a man below him, but of his *equal*. This is the complete image of a well-bred man, and somewhat like this Voltaire has exhibited his hero Lewis XIV.—*Johnson.*

[58] *His tongue obey'd his hand.*

We should read—"His tongue obey'd *the* hand." That is, "the hand of his honour's clock," showing "the true minute when exceptions bad him speak." —*Johnson. His* is put for *its*. Heath explains the passage, I think erroneously, to imply that his courage was more forward to exert itself in action than in talking.

[59] *He us'd as creatures of another place.*

That is, he made allowances for their conduct, and bore from them what he would not from one of his own rank. The Oxford editor, not understanding the sense, has altered *another place* to a *brother-race.—Warburton.*

I doubt whether this was our author's meaning. I rather incline to think that he meant only, "that the father of Bertram treated those below him with becoming condescension, as creatures not indeed in so *high* a place as himself, but yet holding a certain place; as *one* of the links, though not the largest, of the great chain of society." In the Winter's Tale, *place* is again used for *rank* or situation in life:—"O thou thing,—Which I'll not call a *creature of thy place*." —*Malone.*

[60] *Making them proud of his humility.*

Every man has seen the *mean* too often *proud of* the *humility* of the great, and perhaps the great may sometimes be *humbled in the praises* of the mean, of those who commend them without conviction or discernment: this, however, is not so common; the *mean* are found more frequently than the *great.*— *Johnson.*

I think the meaning is,—"Making them proud of receiving such marks of condescension and affability from a person in so elevated a situation, and at the same time lowering or humbling himself, by stooping to accept of the encomiums of mean persons for that humility." The construction seems to be, "he *being* humbled in their poor praise."—*Malone.*

Giving them a better opinion of their own importance, by his condescending manner of behaving to them.—*M. Mason.*

But why were they proud of his humility? It should be read and pointed

thus:—"Making them proud; *and* his humility,—In their poor praise, he humbled—." That is, by condescending to stoop to his inferiors, he exalted them and made them *proud;* and, in the gracious receiving their *poor praise*, he *humbled* even his *humility*. The sentiment is fine.—*Warburton.*

[61] *So in approof lives not his epitaph, as in your royal speech.*

That is, his epitaph, or the character he left behind him, is not so well established by the specimens he exhibited of his worth, as by your royal report in his favour.—*Heath.* This explanation is plausible; but approof may mean, in a sculptural sense, the eulogial blazonry upon his monument. Your praise exceeds whatever has been selected from the history of his life, to grace his tomb and extol his character; it seems to be only an amplification of what was said before—"His good remembrance—Lies richer in your thoughts than on his tomb."—*Seymour.* Dr. Johnson proposes to read,—"Approof so lives not in his epitaph;" and Capell suggests,—"So *his* approof lives not *in* epitaph." *Approof* certainly means *approbation.* So, in Cynthia's Revenge:—"A man so absolute in my *approof*,—That nature hath reserv'd small dignity—That he enjoys not." Again, in Measure for Measure:—"Either of commendation or *approof*."—*Steevens.*

Perhaps the meaning is this:—"His epitaph or inscription on his tomb is not so much in approbation or commendation of him, as is your royal speech."—*Tollet.* There can be no doubt but the word *approof* is frequently used in the sense of *approbation*, but this is not always the case; and in this place it signifies *proof* or *confirmation.* The meaning of the passage appears to be this: "The truth of his epitaph is in no way so fully *proved*, as by your royal speech." It is needless to remark that epitaphs generally contain the character and praises of the deceased.—*M. Mason.*

[62] *His plausive words.*

The Earl again is chosen, his title is sent him, and he, in requital, sends many flattering and *plausive* letters, and, that they might be the more acceptable, being sent unto scholars, wrote to them in Latin. It is intolerable the flattery that he used.—*MS. Harl.* 4888.

> The parents now clap hands: the mayde rejoyces;
> The people lift to heaven their *plausive* voyces.
> *Heywood's Troia Britanica, or Great Britaines Troy*, 1609.

[63] *But grafted them.*

Grant, we beseech Thee, Almighty God, that the words which we have heard this day with our outward ears, may, through Thy grace, be so *grafted* inwardly in our hearts, that they may bring forth in us the fruit of good living.—*Liturgy.*

[64] *Whose apprehensive senses.*

Apprehensive, quick of apprehension. "Thou 'rt a mad apprehensive knave," Revenger's Tragædie, 1608. "I did grow more and more apprehensive," Philaster. Compare the following lines in Davies' Nosce Teipsum,—

> If we had nought but sense, each living wight,
> Which we cal brute, would be more sharp then wee,
> As having *senses apprehensive* might,
> In a more cleare and excellent degree.

I did not indeed give any particular directions that every lad, before he was so determined, should take a certain purge; and according as that should be found to move the humours quicker or slower, so he should be resolved upon, as

sprightful and apprehensive, or as dull and incapable.—*Eachard's Observations*, 1671, p. 52.

[65] *Mere fathers of their garments.*

Who have no other use of their faculties, than to invent new modes of dress. —*Johnson.* I have a suspicion that Shakespeare wrote—"Mere *feathers* of their garments;" that is, whose judgments are merely *parts* (and insignificant parts) *of their dress*, worn and laid aside, as *feathers* are, from the mere love of novelty and change. He goes on to say, that they are even less constant in their judgments than in their dress:—"their constancies expire before their fashions." —*Tyrwhitt.*

The reading of the old copy—*fathers*, is supported by a similar passage in Cymbeline:—"some jay of Italy—Whose *mother* was her *painting*—." Again, in the same play,—

—— No, nor thy tailor, rascal,
Who is thy *grandfather;* he made those *clothes*,
Which, as it seems, *make* thee.

There the garment is said to be the father of the man:—in the text, the judgment, being employed solely in forming or giving *birth* to new dresses, is called *the father of the garment.* So, in King Henry IV, Part II.:—"every minute now—Should be the *father* of some stratagem." —*Malone.*

Thus, like a true Englishman, who wears his mother too much in his apparell, I enter'd the theater, and sat upon the stage.—*The Life of a Satyrical Puppy called Nim*, 1657.

[66] *Enter Countess, Steward, and Clown.*

A *clown* in Shakespeare is commonly taken for a *licensed jester*, or domestic fool. We are not to wonder that we find this character often in his plays, since fools were at that time maintained in all great families, to keep up merriment in the house. In the picture of Sir Thomas More's family, by Hans Holbein, the only servant represented is Patison the *fool.* This is a proof of the familiarity to which they were admitted, not by the great only, but the wise. In some plays, a servant, or a rustic, of a remarkable petulance and freedom of speech, is likewise called a *clown.*—*Johnson.*

Why, I would have *the fool* in every act,
Be it comedy or tragedy. I have laugh'd
Untill I cry'd again, to see what faces
The rogue will make.—O, it does me good
To see him hold out his chin, hang down his hands,
And twirl his bable. There is ne'er a part
About him but breaks jests.—
I'd rather hear him leap, or laugh, or cry,

Than hear the gravest speech in all the play.
I never saw Reade peeping through the curtain,
But ravishing joy enter'd into my heart.
The Careless Shepherdess, 1656.

Cardinal Wolsey, after his disgrace, wishing to show King Henry VIII. a mark of his respect, sent him his fool *Patch*, as a present; whom, says Stowe, "the King received very gladly."—*Malone.* In the MS. Register of Lord Stanhope of Harrington, treasurer of the chamber to King James I. from 1613 to 1616, are the following entries: "Tom Derry, his majesties *fool*, at 2*s.* per diem,—1615: Paid John Mawe for the diet and lodging of Thomas Derrie, her majesties *jester*, for 13 weeks, £10 18*s.* 6*d.*—1616."—*Steevens.* The annexed interesting example of a domestic fool, with his bauble, is copied by Mr. Fairholt from a wooden sculpture in the Church of Kirkby Wharfe, Yorkshire, apparently executed in the reign of Henry VIII.

[67] *When of ourselves we publish them.*

The worthiness of praise disdains his worth,
If he that's prais'd, himself brings the praise forth.
Troilus and Cressida.

[68] *You lack not folly to commit them.*

After premising that the accusative *them* refers to the precedent word, *complaints*, and that this by a metonymy of the effect for the cause, stands for the freaks which occasioned those complaints, the sense will be extremely clear; You are fool enough to commit those irregularities you are charged with, and yet not so much fool neither, as to discredit the accusation by any defect in your ability. Warburton, utterly mistaking the meaning of this passage, hath given us one of the strangest emendations that ever dropped from a critick's, or even from his own, pen; "to make such knaveries *yare*, *i. e.*, nimble, dextrous." Yet he tells us, "he dares say, these are Shakespear's own words."—*Heath.*

It appears to me that the accusative *them* refers not to *complaints*, but to *knaveries*, and the natural sense of the passage seems to be this:—"You have folly enough to desire to commit these knaveries, and ability enough to accomplish them."—*M. Mason.*

[69] *Though many of the rich are damned.*

See the New Testament, Mark, x. 23, and Luke, xviii. 25.

[70] *Service is no heritage.*

"Service is no inheritance," Ray's Collection of English Proverbs, 1678, p. 200. Kelly inserts it in his collection of Scotch proverbs, calling it "an argument for servants to seek out for some settlement."

[71] *He must needs go, that the devil drives.*

"But whome the divell drives he must needs runne, and where law and necessitie are two spurs in the side, there the partie so perplexed neither maketh delaie nor feareth daunger," Greene's Mamillia, 1593. "I will thither too, since the divell drives," History of the Two Maids of More-clacke, 1609. "He must needs go, whom the devil drives," Ray's English Proverbs, ed. 1678, p. 126. "Hee must needs goe, that the devill drives," Lilly's Mother Bombie.

[72] *And, indeed, I do marry that I may repent.*

In allusion to the old proverb, "marry in haste, and repent at leisure," Ray's Collection of English Proverbs, 1678, p. 56.

[73] *I am out a friends, madam.*

Out a, eds. 1623, 1632, 1663; *out of*, ed. 1685. The particle *a* is still used for *of* in some of the provinces.

[74] *You are shallow, madam, in great friends.*

That is, says Dr. Johnson, you are not deeply skilled in the character or offices of great friends. Tyrwhitt alters *in* to *my*, and Malone reads, *e'en*.

[75] *He that ears my land, spares my team.*

Ear, to plough. "I ere lande, I plough it with the ploughe and other; he hath ered his lande, God sende hym good innyng," Palsgrave, 1530. "Eyre or tyll lande, *aro*," Huloet's Abcedarium, 1552. "A journie of land, or so much ground as one yoke of oxen will *eare* in a day," Nomenclator, 1585. The term occurs several times in Shakespeare, and frequently in the Scriptures. Coote, in his English Schoolemaster, ed. 1632, amongst examples of words of more than one meaning, has,—"The right eare: *eare* thy land for an eare of corne."

And for Salamon seith, the slowman wold not in winter *here* for the cold; therfor he schal beg in the somer, and ther schal not be ȝeven to him.—*Wickliffe's Apology*, p. 112.

The impurity of the thought in the text is to be traced in the classics. So, in the Asinaria of Plautus,—"fundum alienum arat, incultum familiarem deserit." The same kind of imagery is also found in May's Epigrams, 1633,—

> A lady askd a sparke why beggars wives
> Were still most fruitful, yet liv'd poorest lives,
> Madam, replied he, they are still assur'd
> To have their ground well tilld and well manur'd.

In the play of the Second Maiden's Tragedy, a MS. in the Lansdowne collection, a husband consoles himself under similar circumstances by saying,—

> Marry, his lodging he paies deerly for;
> He getts me all my children, there I save by't;
> Beside, I drawe my life owte by the bargaine
> Some twelve yeres longer than the tymes appointed;
> When my young prodigal gallant kicks up's heels
> At one and thirtie, and lies dead and rotten
> Some five and fortie yeares before I'm coffin'd.
> 'Tis the right waie to keep a woman honest:
> One friend is baracadoe to a hundred,
> And keepes 'em owte; nay more, a husband's sure
> To have his children all of one man's gettinge;
> And he that performes best, can have no better:
> I'm e'en as happie then that save a labour.

[76] *And gives me leave to inn the crop.*

"I inne, I put into the berne, *je mets en granche;* have you inned your corne yet," Palsgrave, 1530. "Howsoever the laws made in that Parliament did bear good fruit, yet the subsidy bare a fruit that proved harsh and bitter: all was *inned* at last, into the King's Barns," Bacon's History of Henry VII. "A late harvest of corne, so that the same was scarcely *inned* at St. Andrews tide," Stow's Annales. "*Helm*, stubble gathered after the corn is *inned*," Ray's English Words, 1674, p. 68.

[77] *Young Charbon the puritan, and old Poysam the papist.*

I apprehend this should be read old *Poisson* the papist, alluding to the custom

of eating fish on fast days. Charbon the puritan alludes to the fiery zeal of that sect. So, Camden, in his Account of the Death of Henry, the Third Earl of Huntingdon, describes him thus; "purioris religionis studio *inflammatus*, ministros *flagrantiores* impendiosè fovendo patrimonium plurimum imminuit."—*Malone.*

[78] *They may joll horns together.*

Joll, to knock or beat. "Ther they *jolledde* Jewes thorow," MS. Cotton. Calig. A. ii. f. 117. "I jolle one aboute the eares, *je souffette;* I jolled hym aboute the eares tyll I made my fyste sore," Palsgrave, 1530. "Whose head do you carry upon your shoulders, that you *jole* it so against the post?," Scornful Lady.

[79] *A prophet I, madam.*

It is a supposition, which has run through all ages and people, that *natural fools* have something in them of divinity, on which account they were esteemed sacred. Travellers tell us in what esteem the Turks now hold them; nor had they less honour paid them heretofore in France, as appears from the old word *bénet*, for a *natural fool*. Hence it was that Pantagruel, in Rabelais, advised Panurge to go and consult the fool Triboulet as an oracle; which gives occasion to a satirical stroke upon the privy council of Francis the First—"Par l'avis, conseil, *prediction* des fols vous scavez quants princes, &c. ont esté conservez," &c. The phrase—"speak the truth the next way," means *directly;* as they do who are only the instruments or *canals* of others; such as inspired persons were supposed to be.—*Warburton.*

Although the Clown in this play is, as Douce observes, not a natural, but an artificial fool, there may still be an allusion to the absurd notion of fools or idiots possessing the gift of prophecy. The well-known chap-book history of Nixon, the Cheshire prophet, will occur to the reader's memory. According to this authority, "he was chiefly distinguished for his simplicity, seldom spoke, and when he did, he had so rough a voice that it was painful to hear him; he was remarkably satirical, and what he said had generally some prophetic meaning. A monk of Vale Royal having displeased him, he said in an angry tone,—'When you the harrow come on high, Soon a raven's nest will be,'—which is well known to have come to pass in the person of the last abbot of that place, whose name was Harrow. Being called before Sir Thomas Holcroft, who was put to death for denying the supremacy of King Henry VIII., who, according to his commission, having suppressed the abbey, the king gave him the domain of this knight and his heirs, who bore a raven for his crest."

[80] *I speak the truth the next way.*

Next, nearest. Fairfax has *nextly*, nearest to, Bulk and Selvedge of the World, 1674, ded. "Tis the next way to turn tailor," Henry IV. *Next way*, observes Henley, is a phrase still used in Warwickshire, and signifies, without circumlocution, or going about.

[81] *Your cuckoo sings by kind.*

The last two lines of this verse were proverbial, and form, in a slightly varied text, the subject of a somewhat tedious poem in Grange's Garden, 1577, where a newly-married man, enchanted with wedlock, is disturbed in his expectations of happiness by hearing the ominous voice of the cuckoo,—

> Alas to soone dan Phebus he did shewe that it was day,
> And with his radiant glittering beames began for to display;
> It was not meete for lovers, yet so timely for to ryse,
> But for to chat an houre or two, this is their wonted guyse;

And playing thus with wanton toyes, the cuckow bad good morrow,—
Alas! thought I, a token 'tis, for me to live in sorrow;
Cuckow, sang he, Cuckow, sayd I, what destiny is this?
Who so it heares, he well may thinke, it is no sacred blisse;
Alas! quoth she, what cause have you, as yet thus for to say,
In cuckow time few have a charme, to cause his tongue to stay,—
Wherefore,—Content yourself as well as I, let reason rule your minde,
As cuckolds come by destiny, so cuckowes sing by kinde.

[82] *Foud done, done fond.*

Foud done, foolishly done. Warburton, to complete the rhyme, adds,—*for Paris, he.* Paris, in some lines in Fletcher's Maid in the Mill, ed. 1647, is called "king Priam's only joy,"—

And here fair Paris comes, the hopefull youth of Troy,
Queen Hecub's darling son, King Priams onely joy.

The name of Helen, whom the Countess has just called for, brings an old ballad on the sacking of Troy to the Clown's mind.—*Malone.* Indeed the restoring such a scrap of an old ballad may with truth be said to be feeling out one's way in the dark. It is possible however that the original reading may have been,—"For it undone, undone, quoth he,—*Was this King Priam's joy.*" *For it*, that is, for Helen's face.—*Heath.*

In the Perkins MS., a great portion of which is probably quite modern, the first line runs thus,—"Was this fair face, quoth she, the *cause*," and the third line is supplied as follows,—"Fond done, done fond, *good sooth it was*," an addition which can scarcely be said to improve the imperfect state of the context. The allusion in the last two lines is obviously to Paris, and to the folly of his attachment to Helen. Either some words are omitted, or possibly *King Priam's* may be a blunder of the Clown's for *Sir Paris'*, a conjecture which could be supported by the following lines in an old ballad on the Life and Death of St. George,—

Of Hector's deeds did Homer sing,
And of the sack of stately Troy;
What grief fair Helen did them bring,
Which was Sir Paris' only joy.

"Was this fair face," &c., seem rather to have been spoken *of* Helen, than *by* Helen herself: neither have the words *one*, and *nine*, any reference to Paris, and nine of his brothers; but contain a reflection of the speaker herself, whoever she was, upon the general badness of women; unwillingly drawn from her (for she sighs upon the occasion) by remembrance of the numberless mischiefs that they have been cause of, and none more than the lady in question. What the *corruption* was, that the singer is tax'd with, will be hard to say positively; only, that the proportion of bad to good was probably not set so high in the genuine fragment: which is not two stanzas, as they have call'd it, but one; and must have appear'd so to their readers, had not the repetition been suppress'd of lines 5 and 7. The editor was exceedingly tempted to have alter'd two of the words that are now in the stanza, and put other two in their room which he thinks are improvements of it: The first is one in the insertion; where, instead of *for*, he should choose to read—*but;* the second is in line 7, and a little more hardy; for there he should be apt to put *none* for *one:* the reasons that influenc'd him, in both cases, shall be left to their recollection, who will run over the stanza again, with these words in it: He himself did not put them there for this cause only;—he consider'd how dangerous it was to be too confident in our judgments

upon ware of this sort; when retail'd to us, especially, by such a speaker as this we have here.—*Capell.*

[83] *With that she sighed as she stood.*

This line is not printed twice in the original editions, but the direction *bis*, which occurs at the end of it, shows that it is intended to be repeated.

[84] *Among nine bad if one be good.*

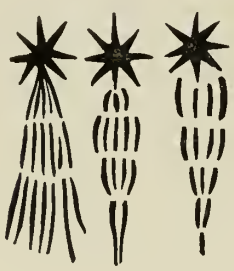
This second stanza of the ballad is turned to a joke upon the women: a confession, that there was one good in ten. Whereon the Countess observed, that he corrupted the song; which shows the song said—"nine good in ten."—

If one be bad amongst nine good,
There's but one bad in ten.

This relates to the ten sons of Priam, who all behaved themselves well but Paris. For, though he once had fifty, yet, at this unfortunate period of his reign, he had but ten; Agathon, Antiphon, Deiphobus, Dius, Hector, Helenus, Hippothous, Pammon, Paris, and Polites.—*Warburton.*

[85] *But for every blazing star.*

But ore, eds. 1623, 1632; *but o're*, eds. 1663, 1685. Theobald omits the latter word, and so also do Pope and Hanmer; Capell reads *or*, in the sense of *before*, in which he is followed by Malone; Harness substitutes *for*, the lection here adopted; Singer has *on*, Collier reads *ere*, and the Perkins MS. has the unlikely reading, *one*. "*Blazing stars* are mentioned by our old writers as portending prodigies,—not as coming after them. Mr. Knight has, I have no doubt, given the right reading, viz. "for." In the quartos of Hamlet (act v. sc. 2) there is a similar misprint: they have "*or* my complexion," where the folio rightly reads "*for* my complexion," Dyce. I am not sure whether *at* may not be Shakespeare's word. In ed. 1623 of the Winter's Tale, *at* is misprinted for *or*, and these kind of particles were frequently misread by the compositor. Blazing-stars, a quaint term for comets, are frequently mentioned by our old writers. The annexed engraving is selected by Mr. Fairholt from a portion of a woodcut in the Compost et Kalendrier des Bergiers, printed by Guyot Marchand of Paris, 1493, and which is thus described:—"les trois estoilles sont estoille barbue, estoille chevelue, et estoille couee." According to Lanquettes Chronicle, under the date of 1533, "within the space of these two yeres appeared iij. blasyng-sterres in divers partes beyonde the sea."



Dr. Grey thinks there is here an allusion probably to the sermon of Dr. William Chadderton in Saint Mary's Church in Cambridge, in Queen's Elizabeth's reign; mentioned by Sir John Harrington, Brief View of the State of the Church, 12mo. p. 80,—"In a wedding sermon, Mr. Chadderton is reported to have made this comparison, and to have given this friendly caveat: that the choice of a wife was full of hazard, not unlike, as if one in a barrel full of serpents, should grope for one fish; if, said he, he escape harm of the snakes, and light on a fish, he may be thought fortunate; but let him not boast, for perhaps it may prove an eel."

[86] *'T would mend the lottery well.*

This surely is a strange kind of phraseology. I have never met with any example of it in any of the contemporary writers; and if there were any proof that

in the lotteries of Queen Elizabeth's time wheels were employed, I should be inclined to read—lottery *wheel.—Malone.*

[87] *Though honesty be no puritan.*

Tyrwhitt proposed to alter *no* to *a*. If our author had meant to say—"*though* honesty be *no* puritan,"—why should he add—"that it would wear the surplice," &c. or, in other words, that it would be content to assume a covering that puritans in general reprobated? What would there be extraordinary in this? Is it matter of wonder, that he who is no puritan, should be free from the scruples and prejudices of one? The Clown, I think, means to say, "Though honesty be rigid and conscientious as *a* puritan, yet it will not be obstinate, but humbly comply with the lawful commands of its superiors, while, at the same time, its proud spirit inwardly revolts against them." I suspect, however, a still farther corruption; and that the compositor caught the words "no hurt" from the preceding line. Our author, perhaps, wrote—"Though honesty be *a* puritan, yet it will do *what is enjoined;* it will wear the surplice of humility over the black gown of a big heart." I will, therefore, obey my mistress, however reluctantly, and go for Helena.—*Malone.*

I cannot perceive the advantage of Tyrwhitt's alteration, though Malone commends it, *though honesty be a puritan.* The clown's argument seems to be this: though honesty is contented to pass without the boast of undeviating rectitude, yet it will do no harm: and, rather than quarrel with obedience, it will conform to ceremonies that it dislikes, and wear the surplice of humility over a big heart.—A big heart is an honest heart, as in Julius Cæsar, Brutus says,—

> There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats,
> For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,
> That they pass by me, &c.—*Seymour.*

[88] *It will wear the surplice of humility over the black gown, &c.*

The Clown's answer is obscure. His lady bids him do as he is *commanded.* He answers, with the licentious petulance of his character, that "if a man does as a woman commands, it is likely he will do amiss;" that he does not amiss, being at the command of a woman, he makes the effect, not of his lady's goodness, but of his own *honesty*, which, though not very nice or *puritanical*, will *do no hurt;* and will not only do no hurt, but, unlike the puritans, will comply with the injunctions of superiors, and wear the "surplice of humility over the black gown of a big heart;" will obey commands, though not much pleased with a state of subjection. Here is an allusion, violently enough forced in, to satirize the obstinacy with which the puritans refused the use of the ecclesiastical habits, which was, at that time, one principal cause of the breach of the union, and, perhaps, to insinuate, that the modest purity of the surplice was sometimes a cover for pride.—*Johnson.*

The aversion of the *puritans* to a *surplice* is alluded to in many of the old comedies. So, in Cupid's Whirligig, 1607: "—She loves to act in as clean linen as any gentlewoman of her function about the town; and truly that's the reason that your sincere *puritans* cannot abide a *surplice*, because they say 'tis made of the same thing that your villainous sin is committed in, of your prophane holland." Again, in the Match at Midnight, 1633:

"He has turn'd my stomach for all the world like a *puritan's* at the sight of a *surplice.*" Again, in the Hollander, 1640: "—A *puritan*, who, because he saw a *surplice* in the church, would needs hang himself in the bell-ropes." —*Steevens.*

Harrington says, in the Nugæ Antiquæ, he was by when his majesty disputed with Dr. Reynolds at Hampton; "but he rather used upbraidinges than arguments, and told the petitioners, i. e., the puritans, that they wanted to strip Christe again, and bid them awaie with their snivellinge: and moreover he wished those who would take awaie the surplice might want linen to their own breech." Compare, also, the character of a Puritan in Heywood's Great Britaines Troy,—

He will not preach, but lector: nor in white,
Bicause the elders of the church commaund it;
He will not crosse in baptisme, none shall fight
Under that banner, if he may withstand it.

"The Puritans," says Mr. Collier, "objected to the use of the surplice, but some conformed so far as to wear it, perhaps, over the black gown in which they usually preached." I can find no authority in the histories of nonconformity for this unworthy evasion. In those times, the clergy always wore their gowns, even in the streets, and the *surplice* was therefore necessarily put over them when it was worn: it had its name hence. Such a compliance as this, the Puritans would have considered as complete conformity; and the humiliating surplice was thus doubtless often worn over the black gown of a swelling heart.—*Field.*

[89] *Only where qualities were level.*

The meaning may be, "where qualities only, *and not fortunes* or *conditions*, were level." Or, perhaps, *only* is used for *except*: "—that would not extend his might, *except* where two persons were of equal rank."—*Malone.*

[90] *Diana, no queen of virgins.*

The words, *Diana, no*, were inserted in the text by Theobald, and appear to be absolutely necessary to the sense of the context. In Much Ado about Nothing, Hero is called the "virgin knight" of the "goddess of the night;" and in the Two Noble Kinsmen, Emily, addressing her prayer to Diana, mentions "thy female knights." Rowe, observing the defect, attempts to supply it by reading,—"*complain'd against the queen of virgins.*"

[91] *That would suffer her poor knight surprised.*

Elliptically for, "her poor knight *to be* surprised." This mode of construction was not unusual in Elizabethan writers. The addition of "to be" is unnecessary, as might be shown by the following passages, cited by Mr. Dyce,—

And *suffer not their mouthes shut up*, oh Lord,
Which stil thy name with praises doo record!
Drayton's Harmonie of the Church, 1591, sig. F 2.

Least we should be spotted with the staine of ingratitude, in *suffering the princesse injury unrevenged.*"—*Greene's Penelope's Web*, sig. D 3, ed. 1601.

By which her fruitful vine and wholesome fare
She *suffer'd spoil'd*, to make a childish snare.
Marlowe's Hero and Leander,—Works, iii. 61, ed. Dyce.

If I in this his regall royall raigne
Without repulse should *suffer him remaine.*
King Carassus,—A Mirrour for Magistrates, p. 188, ed. 1610.

Warburton unnecessarily proposed to alter *knight* to *spright*, but see the previous note. The words *to be* were inserted in Rowe's edition, 1709, and are also found in most of the editions published since that year.

[92] *Sithence.*

Sithence, since. (A.S.) So, in Spenser's State of Ireland: "—the beginning of all other evils which *sithence* have afflicted that land." Chaucer frequently uses *sith*, and *sithen*, in the same sense.—*Steevens.* "It was found necessarie, *sithence* those that had mony enough were loath to part from it, that to ease the private purse, a generall subsidy, as it were, should be levyed through all the worlde," Decker's Knights Conjuring.

[93] *Or then we thought them none.*

Such were the faulty weaknesses of which I was guilty in my youth, or such at least were then my *feelings*, though, perhaps, at that period of my life, I did not think they deserved the name of *faults*. Dr. Warburton, without necessity, as it seems to me, reads—"*O!* then we thought them none;"—and the subsequent editors adopted the alteration.—*Malone.* Hanmer reads *though*, and the Perkins MS. has the following violent alteration,—"search we out faults, for then we thought them none."

[94] *A native slip to us from foreign seeds.*

I cannot perceive how the integrity of the metaphor is injured by this expression, nor consequently any need for an alteration. The sense is, and our choice furnishes us with a slip propagated from foreign seeds, which we educate and treat as if it were native to us, or sprung from ourselves.—*Heath.*

[95] *The many-colour'd Iris, rounds thine eye.*

There is something exquisitely beautiful in this representation of that suffusion of colours which glimmers around the sight when the eye-lashes are wet with tears. The poet hath described the same appearance in his Rape of Lucrece:

> And round about her tear-distained eye
> Blue circles stream'd like rainbows in the sky.—*Henley.*

[96] *Indeed, my mother! or were you both our mothers.*

"This strange and faulty language deserved notice; it should have been, *or were you so to both*," Douce. "Both our mothers" is rather a grammatical construction equivalent to,—the mother of us both.

[97] *I care no more for, than I do for heaven.*

In Troilus and Cressida we find—"I *care not* to be the louse of a lazar, *so I were not* Menelaus." There the words certainly mean, I should not be sorry or unwilling to be, &c. According to this, then, the meaning of the passage before us should be, "If you were mother to us both, it would not give me more solicitude than heaven gives me,—so I were not his sister." But Helena certainly would not confess an indifference about her future state. However, she may mean, as Dr. Farmer has suggested, "I should not care *more* than, but *equally as*, I care for future happiness; I should be as content, and solicit it as much, as I pray for the bliss of heaven."—*Malone.*

Helena is designedly made to speak ambiguously, and she means here to imply, —were I not his sister, I should care equally as I care for heaven that you were the mother of us both. Warburton proposed to read,—"I can no more fear, than I do fear heav'n;" Heath,—"I cannot more fear, than I do fear heav'n;" Mason,—"I care would more for," or, "I crave would more for;" while Capell merely alters *I* to *I'd*, and Rann has, "*I'd* care no more *for't*." Sir Thomas Hanmer reads:

Or were you both our mothers,
I cannot ask for more than that of heaven,
So I were not his sister : can't be *no other*
Way *I your daughter*, but *he must be my brother ?*

[98] *Can 't no other.*

The meaning is obscured by the elliptical diction. Can it *be* no other *way*, but *if* I *be* your daughter, he must be my brother ?—*Johnson.* The particle *no* in some editions is erroneously printed *be.*

[99] *The mystery of your loneliness.*

The mystery of her *loveliness* (*louelinesse*, ed. 1623) is beyond my comprehension : the old Countess is saying nothing ironical, nothing taunting, or in reproach, that this word should find a place here ; which it could not, unless sarcastically employed, and with some spleen. I dare warrant the poet meant his old lady should say no more than this : "I now find the mystery of your creeping into corners, and weeping, and pining in secret." For this reason I have amended the text, *loneliness.* The Steward, in the foregoing scene, where he gives the Countess intelligence of Helena's behaviour, says,—"*Alone she* was, and did communicate to herself, her own words to her own ears."—*Theobald.*—A critic of the last century proposed the very unlikely reading, *lowliness.*

[100] *As heaven shall work in me for thine avail.*

Avail, profit, advantage. The verb only is now in use.

And than they tanned it when they had done,
To make lether to hym with mennes shone,
And all for theyr *avayle.—Cocke Lorelles Bote.*

For all that else did come were sure to fail,
Yet would he further none, but for *avail.—Spenser.*

We fourthly finde (to further our *availes*)
How he was borne betweene the Rumps, or tailes
Of two great Kingdomes, which were call'd the borders,
Now midst of Britaine, free from old disorders.
Taylor's Workes, 1630.

[101] *Your passions have to the full appeach'd.*

Appeach'd, accused you. "I apeche, I accuse, *j'accuse ;* kursed be the preest of God, that dyd apeche me wrongfully and without deservyng," Palsgrave, 1530. "Apeache a man of any cryme to thentent to have the fourth parte of hys goodes," Huloet's Abcedarium, 1552.

A certaine person there was, who in verie troublous manner *appeached* an adversarie of his, with whom he was at variance, for speaking certaine words in most bitter wise, tending to treason.—*Ammianus Marcellinus, translated by Holland*, 1609.

[102] *In this captious and intenible sieve.*

The word *intenible* is here used in the licentious sense of, incapable of holding, an inflective use of the modern *untenable*, incapable of being held, and, as it is printed *intemible* in ed. 1623, Shakespeare may probably have written it *intenable.* There is greater uncertainty as to the right explanation of the other epithet, *captious*, a word used by Bacon and others in the sense of, insidious, ensnaring, deceitful, meanings which suit the context extremely well, unless it be presumed there is a necessity for an antithesis to *intenible*, in which case Farmer's supposition

that the poet intended to use a contracted form of *capacious* seems likely to be correct. Dr. Johnson's proposed substitution of *carious*, rotten, may safely be rejected. Helena has just said that she strives *against hope*, and "hope" would suit the first meaning of *captious* given above; and, to use the words of Seymour, perhaps "captious" is used here for inveigling, seducing, alluring; and the sense may be, this deceitful hope is continually calling forth, and continually wasting my enamoured sorrows, of which, still, my stock is unexhausted. "*Captioso*, captious, snappish, curious, *deceitfull*," Florio.

Intenible, notwithstanding the hypercriticism of Nares, that "it is incorrectly used by Shakespeare for *unable to hold;*" and "that it should properly mean *not to be held*, as we now use *untenable*," was undoubtedly used in the former sense, and it was most probably so accepted in the poet's time; for in the Glossographia Anglicana Nova, 1719, we have "Untenable, that *will not or cannot hold*, or be holden long." With regard to *captious*, it is not so much a matter of surprise that none of the commentators should fail in their guesses at the meaning, as that none of them should have remarked that the sense of the Latin *captiosus*, and of its congeners in Italian and old French, is *deceitful, fallacious;* and Bacon uses the word for *insidious, ensnaring*. There can be no doubt that this is the sense in which Shakespeare used it. Helen speaks of her hopeless love for Bertram, and says: "I know I love in vain, strive against hope; yet in this *fallacious* and *unholding* sieve I still pour in the waters of my love, and fail not to lose still." When we speak of a *captious* person, do we mean one *capable of taking or receiving?* Then how much more absurd would it be to take it in that impossible sense, when figuratively applied in the passage before us! Bertram shows himself *incapable of receiving* Helena's love: he is truly *captious* in that respect. In French the word *captieux*, according to the Academy, is only applied to language, though we may say *un homme captieux* to signify a man who has the art of *deceiving* or leading into error by captious language. It is not impossible that the poet may have had in his mind the fruitless labour imposed upon the Danaïdes as a punishment, for it has been thus moralised:—"These virgins, who in the flower of their age pour water into pierced vessels which they can never fill, what is it but to be always bestowing our love and benefits upon the ungrateful."—*S. W. Singer.*

[103] *And lack not to lose still.*

It has been unnecessarily proposed to alter *lack* to *fail*, and *lose* to *love*. That *lose* is right is shown by a passage in the same speech, ending,—"where she is sure to lose." She means that her spring of love is inexhaustible; that, notwithstanding the constant, hopeless waste, there lacks not (a supply) "to lose still!"

Helena means, I think, to say that, like a person who pours water into a vessel full of holes, and still continues his employment, though he finds the water all lost, and the vessel empty, so, though she finds that *the waters of her love* are still *lost*, that her affection is thrown away on an object whom she thinks she never can deserve, she yet is not discouraged, but perseveres in her hopeless endeavour to accomplish her wishes. The poet evidently alludes to the trite story of the daughters of Danaus.—*Malone.*

> ——Cease thy council,
> Which falls into mine ears as profitless,
> As water in a sieve.—*Much Ado about Nothing.*

[104] *Whose aged honour cites a virtuous youth.*

That is, whose respectable conduct in age *shows*, or *proves*, that you were no less virtuous when young. As a fact is *proved* by *citing* witnesses, or examples

from books, our author, with his usual licence, uses to *cite*, in the same sense of to *prove*.—*Malone.*

[105] *Was both herself and Love.*

In other words, that your goddess of chastity (Dian) was also in herself the goddess of love (Venus), that your desires might be accomplished without any breach of chastity. Malone proposed to read, "Love dearly, and wish chastly," but the transposition of antecedents is of frequent occurrence. "The meaning of this passage appears to me to be this: If ever you wished chastly, and loved dearly, *so* that your Dian was both herself and love; that is, so that chastity and love had both possession of your breast," Pye.

[106] *And manifest experience.*

Read "manifold," says the corrector; and Mr. Collier adds, "we may safely admit the emendation." Retain the old reading, say we; "manifest" means sure, well-grounded, indisputable, and is much more likely to have been Shakespeare's word than "manifold."—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

[107] *As notes, whose faculties inclusive were.*

Receipts in which greater *virtues* were inclosed than appeared to observation. —*Johnson.*

[108] *If you should tender your supposed aid.*

That is, the assistance you imagine you can give the King. Warburton most unaccountably interprets it, "your propping, supporting aid."—*Heath.*

[109] *Embowell'd of their doctrine.*

It is rightly observed in the Canons of Criticism, p. 96, that this expression plainly means that the physicians had exhausted all their skill. The beautiful satire Warburton fancies he hath discovered in it, is merely the offspring of his own imagination, without the least hint given of it by the poet.—*Heath.* The criticism referred to is this,—"The expression is beautifully satirical, and implies that the theories of the school are spun out of the *bowels* of the professors; like the cobwebs of the spider."

Back, war-men, back; *embowel* not the clime.
The Troublesome Raigne of King John, 1611.

[110] *There's something hints.*

Hints, Hanmer; *in't*, old eds. The opinion that the latter reading is correct may possibly be supported by the occurrence of the expression, "there's something in 't," in other plays; but there certainly appears to be a necessity for an additional verb somewhere in these lines.

Act the Second.

SCENE I.—Paris. *A Room in the* King's *Palace.*

Flourish. Enter King, *with young* Lords, *taking leave for the* Florentine *war;* Bertram, Parolles, *and Attendants.*

King. Farewell, young lords, these warlike principles
Do not throw from you:—and you, my lords,[1] farewell:—
Share the advice betwixt you; if both gain all,
The gift doth stretch itself as 'tis receiv'd,
And is enough for both.
1 *Lord.* It is our hope, sir,
After well enter'd soldiers, to return,
And find your grace in health.
King. No, no, it cannot be; and yet my heart[2]
Will not confess he owes the malady
That doth my life besiege. Farewell, young lords;
Whether I live or die, be you the sons
Of worthy Frenchmen: let higher Italy[3]
(Those bated, that inherit but the fall
Of the last monarchy,) see that you come
Not to woo honour, but to wed it; when
The bravest questant shrinks, find what you seek,
That fame may cry you loud.—I say, farewell.
2 *Lord.* Health, at your bidding, serve your majesty!
King. Those girls of Italy, take heed of them;
They say, our French lack language to deny,

If they demand; beware of being captives,
Before you serve.[4]

Both. Our hearts receive your warnings.

King. Farewell.—Come hither to me.

[*The* King *retires to a couch.*

1 *Lord.* O my sweet lord, that you will stay behind us!

Par. 'Tis not his fault; the spark—

2 *Lord.* O, 'tis brave wars!

Par. Most admirable; I have seen those wars.

Ber. I am commanded here, and kept a coil with
Too young, and *the next year*, and *'tis too early.*

Par. An thy mind stand to it, boy, steal away bravely.

Ber. I shall stay here the forehorse to a smock,
Creaking my shoes on the plain masonry,
Till honour be bought up, and no sword worn,
But one to dance with![5] By heaven, I 'll steal away.

1 *Lord.* There's honour in the theft.

Par. Commit it, count.

2 *Lord.* I am your accessary; and so farewell.

Ber. I grow to you, and our parting is a tortured body.[6]

1 *Lord.* Farewell, captain.

2 *Lord.* Sweet monsieur Parolles!

Par. Noble heroes, my sword and yours are kin. Good sparks and lustrous, a word, good metals;—You shall find in the regiment of the Spinii, one captain Spurio, with his cicatrice,[7] an emblem of war, here on his sinister cheek; it was this very sword entrenched it: say to him, I live; and observe his reports for me.

2 *Lord.* We shall, noble captain.

Par. Mars dote on you for his novices! [*Exeunt* Lords.] What will you do?

Ber. Stay: the king— [*Seeing him rise.*

Par. Use a more spacious ceremony to the noble lords; you have restrained yourself within the list of too cold an adieu: be more expressive to them; for they wear themselves in the cap of the time, they do muster true gait,[8] eat, speak, and move under the influence of the most received star; and, though the devil lead the measure, such are to be followed: after them, and take a more dilated farewell.

Ber. And I will do so.

Par. Worthy fellows; and like to prove most sinewy sword-men. [*Exeunt* BERTRAM *and* PAROLLES.

Enter LAFEU.

Laf. Pardon, my lord, [*kneeling,*] for me and for my tidings.
King. I 'll see thee to stand up.[9]
Laf. Then here 's a man
Stands, that has brought his pardon. I would you
Had kneel'd, my lord, to ask me mercy: and
That, at my bidding, you could so stand up.
King. I would I had; so I had broke thy pate,
And ask'd thee mercy for 't.
Laf. Goodfaith, across:[10]
But, my good lord, 'tis thus; Will you be cur'd
Of your infirmity?
King. No.
Laf. O, will you eat
No grapes, my royal fox? yes, but you will,
My noble grapes,[11] an if my royal fox
Could reach them: I have seen a medicine,[12]
That 's able to breathe life into a stone;
Quicken a rock, and make you dance canary,[13]
With spritely fire and motion; whose simple touch
Is powerful to araise king Pepin,[14] nay,
To give Great Charlemain a pen in his hand,
And write to her a love-line.[15]
King. What her is this?
Laf. Why, Doctor She; My lord, there 's one arriv'd,
If you will see her,—now, by my faith and honour,
If seriously I may convey my thoughts
In this my light deliverance, I have spoke
With one, that, in her sex, her years, profession,
Wisdom, and constancy,[16] hath amaz'd me more
Than I dare blame my weakness:[17] Will you see her
(For that is her demand) and know her business?
That done, laugh well at me.
King. Now, good Lafeu,
Bring in the admiration; that we with thee
May spend our wonder too, or take off thine,
By wond'ring how thou took'st it.
Laf. Nay, I 'll fit you,
And not be all day neither. [*Exit* LAFEU.
King. Thus he his special nothing ever prologues.

Re-enter LAFEU, *with* HELENA.

Laf. Nay, come your ways.
King. This haste hath wings indeed.
Laf. Nay, come your ways;
This is his majesty, say your mind to him:
A traitor you do look like; but such traitors
His majesty seldom fears: I am Cressid's uncle,
That dare leave two together: fare you well. [*Exit.*
King. Now, fair one, does your business follow us?
Hel. Ay, my good lord. Gerard de Narbon was
My father; in what he did profess, well found.
King. I knew him.
Hel. The rather will I spare my praises towards him;
Knowing him, is enough. On his bed of death
Many receipts he gave me; chiefly one,
Which, as the dearest issue of his practice,
And of his old experience the only darling,
He bad me store up, as a triple eye,[18]
Safer than mine own two, more dear; I have so:
And, hearing your high majesty is touch'd
With that malignant cause wherein the honour
Of my dear father's gift stands chief in power,
I come to tender it, and my appliance,
With all bound humbleness.
King. We thank you, maiden;
But may not be so credulous of cure,—
When our most learned doctors leave us; and
The congregated college have concluded
That labouring art can never ransome nature
From her inaidable estate,[19]—I say we must not
So stain our judgment, or corrupt our hope,
To prostitute our past-cure malady
To empirics; or to dissever so
Our great self and our credit, to esteem
A senseless help, when help past sense we deem.
Hel. My duty then shall pay me for my pains:
I will no more enforce mine office on you;
Humbly entreating from your royal thoughts
A modest one, to bear me back again.
King. I cannot give thee less, to be call'd grateful:
Thou thought'st to help me; and such thanks I give,

As one near death to those that wish him live:
But, what at full I know, thou know'st no part;
I knowing all my peril, thou no art.
Hel. What I can do, can do no hurt to try,
Since you set up your rest 'gainst remedy:
He that of greatest works is finisher,
Oft does them by the weakest minister:
So holy writ in babes hath judgment shown,
When judges have been babes.[20] Great floods have flown
From simple sources;[21] and great seas have dried,
When miracles have by the greatest been denied.
Oft expectation fails, and most oft there
Where most it promises: and oft it hits,
Where hope is coldest, and despair most fits.[22]
King. I must not hear thee; fare thee well, kind maid;
Thy pains, not us'd, must by thyself be paid:
Proffers, not took, reap thanks for their reward.
Hel. Inspired merit so by breath is barr'd:
It is not so with him that all things knows,
As 'tis with us that square our guess by shows:
But most it is presumption in us, when
The help of heaven we count the act of men.
Dear sir, to my endeavours give consent:
Of heaven, not me, make an experiment.
I am not an impostor,[23] that proclaim
Myself against the level of mine aim;[24]
But know I think, and think I know most sure,
My art is not past power, nor you past cure.
King. Art thou so confident? Within what space
Hop'st thou my cure?
Hel. The greatest grace lending grace,[25]
Ere twice the horses of the sun shall bring
Their fiery torcher his diurnal ring;
Ere twice in murk and occidental damp
Moist Hesperus hath quench'd his sleepy lamp;
Or four and twenty times the pilot's glass
Hath told the thievish minutes how they pass;
What is infirm from your sound parts shall fly,
Health shall live free, and sickness freely die.
King. Upon thy certainty and confidence,
What dar'st thou venture?
Hel. Tax of impudence,—

A strumpet's boldness, a divulged shame,—
Tradue'd by odious ballads; my maiden's name
Sear'd otherwise; the worse of worst extended,[26]
With vilest torture let my life be ended.

King. Methinks, in thee some blessed spirit doth speak;
His powerful sound, within an organ weak:[27]
And what impossibility would slay[28]
In common sense, sense saves another way.
Thy life is dear; for all, that life can rate
Worth name of life, in thee hath estimate;
Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, all
That happiness and prime can happy call:[29]
Thou this to hazard, needs must intimate
Skill infinite, or monstrous desperate.
Sweet practiser, thy physic I will try,
That ministers thine own death, if I die.

Hel. If I break time, or flinch in property[30]
Of what I spoke, unpitied let me die;
And well deserv'd: Not helping, death 's my fee;
But, if I help, what do you promise me?

King. Make thy demand.

Hel. But will you make it even?

King. Ay, by my sceptre, and my hopes of help.[31]

Hel. Then shalt thou give me, with thy kingly hand,
What husband in thy power I will command:
Exempted be from me the arrogance
To choose from forth the royal blood of France;
My low and humble name to propagate
With any branch or image of thy state:[32]
But such a one, thy vassal, whom I know
Is free for me to ask, thee to bestow.

King. Here is my hand; the premises observ'd,
Thy will by my performance shall be serv'd;
So make the choice of thy own time; for I,
Thy resolv'd patient, on thee still rely.
More should I question thee, and more I must;
Though, more to know, could not be more to trust;
From whence thou cam'st, how tended on,—But rest
Unquestion'd welcome, and undoubted blest.—
Give me some help here, ho!—If thou proceed
As high as word, my deed shall match thy deed.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Rousillon. *A Room in the* Countess's *Palace.*

Enter Countess *and* Clown.

Count. Come on, sir; I shall now put you to the height of your breeding.

Clo. I will show myself highly fed, and lowly taught:[33] I know my business is but to the court.

Count. To the court! why what place make you special, when you put off that with such contempt? But to the court!

Clo. Truly, madam, if God hath lent a man any manners, he may easily put it off at court: he that cannot make a leg,[34] put off 's cap, kiss his hand, and say nothing, has neither leg, hands, lip, nor cap; and indeed, such a fellow, to say precisely, were not for the court: but, for me, I have an answer will serve all men.

Count. Marry, that 's a bountiful answer, that fits all questions.

Clo. It is like a barber's chair,[35] that fits all buttocks; the pin-buttock, the quatch-buttock,[36] the brawn-buttock, or any buttock.

Count. Will your answer serve fit to all questions?

Clo. As fit as ten groats is for the hand of an attorney, as your French crown for your taffata punk,[37] as Tib's rush for Tom's fore-finger,[38] as a pancake for Shrove-Tuesday,[39] a morris for May-day,[40] as the nail to his hole, the cuckold to his horn, as a scolding queen to a wrangling knave, as the nun's lip to the friar's mouth;[41] nay, as the pudding to his skin.

Count. Have you, I say, an answer of such fitness for all questions?

Clo. From below your duke, to beneath your constable, it will fit any question.

Count. It must be an answer of most monstrous size, that must fit all demands.

Clo. But a trifle neither, in good faith, if the learned should speak truth of it: here it is, and all that belongs to 't: Ask me, if I am a courtier: it shall do you no harm to learn.

Count. To be young again,[42] if we could; I will be a fool in question, hoping to be the wiser by your answer. I pray you, sir, are you a courtier?

Clo. O Lord, sir,[43]——There 's a simple putting off;—more, more, a hundred of them.

Count. Sir, I am a poor friend of yours, that loves you.

Clo. O Lord, sir,—Thick, thick, spare not me.

Count. I think, sir, you can eat none of this homely meat.

Clo. O Lord, sir,—Nay, put me to 't, I warrant you.

Count. You were lately whipped, sir, as I think.

Clo. O Lord, sir,—Spare not me.

Count. Do you cry, *O Lord, sir,* at your whipping, and *spare not me?* Indeed, your *O Lord, sir,* is very sequent to your whipping; you would answer very well to a whipping, if you were but bound to 't.

Clo. I ne'er had worse luck in my life, in my—*O Lord, sir:* I see, things may serve long, but not serve ever.

Count. I play the noble housewife with the time, to entertain it so merrily with a fool.

Clo. O Lord, sir,—why, there 't serves well again.

Count. An end, sir;—to your business: Give Helen this,
And urge her to a present answer back:
Commend me to my kinsmen, and my son;
This is not much.

Clo. Not much commendation to them.

Count. Not much employment for you: You understand me?

Clo. Most fruitfully; I am there before my legs.

Count. Haste you again. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE III.—Paris. *A Room in the* King's *Palace.*

Enter BERTRAM, LAFEU, *and* PAROLLES.

Laf. They say, miracles are past; and we have our philosophical persons, to make modern and familiar,[44] things supernatural and causeless. Hence is it, that we make trifles of terrors; ensconcing ourselves into seeming knowledge,[45] when we should submit ourselves to an unknown fear.

Par. Why, 'tis the rarest argument of wonder, that hath shot out in our latter times.

Ber. And so 'tis.

Laf. To be relinquish'd of the artists,——

Par. So I say; both of Galen and Paracelsus.

Laf. Of all the learned and authentic[46] fellows,—

Par. Right, so I say.

Laf. That gave him out incurable,—
Par. Why, there 'tis; so say I too.
Laf. Not to be helped,—
Par. Right: as 'twere, a man assured of an—
Laf. Uncertain life, and sure death.
Par. Just, you say well; so would I have said.
Laf. I may truly say, it is a novelty to the world.
Par. It is, indeed: if you will have it in showing, you shall read it in,——What do you call there?—
Laf. A showing of a heavenly effect[47] in an earthly actor.
Par. That 's it I would have said; the very same.
Laf. Why, your dolphin is not lustier:[48] 'fore me I speak in respect——
Par. Nay, 'tis strange, 'tis very strange, that is the brief and the tedious of it; and he is of a most facinorous[49] spirit, that will not acknowledge it to be the——
Laf. Very hand of heaven.
Par. Ay, so I say.
Laf. In a most weak——
Par. And debile minister, great power, great transcendence: which should, indeed, give us a further use[50] to be made, than alone the recovery of the king, as to be——
Laf. Generally thankful.

Enter KING, HELENA, *and Attendants.*

Par. I would have said it; you say well. Here comes the king.
Laf. Lustique,[51] as the Dutchman says: I'll like a maid the better, whilst I have a tooth in my head: Why, he 's able to lead her a coranto.[52]
Par. *Mort du Vinaigre!*[53] Is not this Helen?
Laf. 'Fore God, I think so.
King. Go, call before me all the lords in court.—
[*Exit an Attendant.*
Sit, my preserver, by thy patient's side;
And with this healthful hand, whose banish'd sense
Thou hast repeal'd, a second time receive
The confirmation of my promis'd gift,
Which but attends thy naming.

Enter several Lords.

Fair maid, send forth thine eye: this youthful parcel

Of noble bachelors stand at my bestowing,
O'er whom both sovereign power and father's voice
I have to use: thy frank election make;
Thou hast power to choose, and they none to forsake.

Hel. To each of you one fair and virtuous mistress
Fall, when love please!—marry, to each but one![54]

Laf. I'd give bay Curtal,[55] and his furniture,
My mouth no more were broken than these boys',
And writ as little beard.[56]

King. Peruse them well:
Not one of those, but had a noble father.

Hel. Gentlemen,
Heaven has through me, restor'd the king to health.

All. We understand it, and thank heaven for you.

Hel. I am a simple maid; and therein wealthiest,
That, I protest, I simply am a maid;——
Please it your majesty, I have done already:
The blushes in my cheeks thus whisper me,—
"We blush, that thou should'st choose; but, be refus'd,
Let the white death sit on thy cheek for ever:[57]
We'll ne'er come there again."

King. Make choice: and, see,
Who shuns thy love, shuns all his love in me.

Hel. Now, Dian, from thy altar do I fly;
And to imperial Love, that god most high,
Do my sighs stream.—Sir, will you hear my suit?

1 *Lord.* And grant it.

Hel. Thanks, sir; all the rest is mute.[58]

Laf. I had rather be in this choice, than throw ames-ace[59] for my life.

Hel. The honour, sir, that flames in your fair eyes,
Before I speak, too threateningly replies:
Love make your fortunes twenty times above
Her that so wishes, and her humble love!

2 *Lord.* No better, if you please.

Hel. My wish receive,
Which great Love grant! and so I take my leave.

Laf. Do all they deny her?[60] An they were sons of mine, I'd have them whipped; or I would send them to the Turk, to make eunuchs of.

Hel. Be not afraid [*to a* Lord] that I your hand should take;
I 'll never do you wrong for your own sake:

Blessing upon your vows! and in your bed
Find fairer fortune, if you ever wed!

Laf. These boys are boys of ice, they'll none have her: sure, they are bastards to the English; the French ne'er got them.

Hel. You are too young, too happy, and too good,
To make yourself a son out of my blood.

4 *Lord.* Fair one, I think not so.

Laf. There 's one grape yet,—I am sure thy father drank wine.[61]—But if thou be'st not an ass, I am a youth of fourteen; I have known thee already.

Hel. I dare not say, I take you [*to* BERTRAM], but I give
Me and my service, ever whilst I live,
Into your guiding power.—This is the man.

King. Why then, young Bertram, take her; she 's thy wife.

Ber. My wife, my liege? I shall beseech your highness,
In such a business give me leave to use
The help of mine own eyes.

King. Know'st thou not, Bertram,
What she has done for me?

Ber. Yes, my good lord;
But never hope to know why I should marry her.

King. Thou know'st she has rais'd me from my sickly bed.

Ber. But follows it, my lord, to bring me down
Must answer for your raising? I know her well;
She had her breeding at my father's charge:
A poor physician's daughter my wife!—Disdain
Rather corrupt me ever!

King. 'Tis only title[62] thou disdain'st in her, the which
I can build up. Strange is it, that our bloods,
Of colour, weight, and heat,[63] pour'd all together,
Would quite confound distinction, yet stand off
In differences so mighty: If she be
All that is virtuous, (save what thou dislik'st,
A poor physician's daughter,) thou dislik'st
Of virtue for the name: but do not so:
From lowest place when virtuous things proceed,
The place is dignified by the doer's deed:
Where great addition swells,[64] and virtue none,
It is a dropsied honour: good alone
Is good, without a name; vileness is so:[65]
The property by what it is should go,

Not by the title. She is young, wise, fair;
In these to nature she's immediate heir;[66]
And these breed honour: that is honour's scorn,
Which challenges itself as honour's born,[67]
And is not like the sire: Honours thrive,
When rather from our acts we them derive
Than our fore-goers; the mere word 's a slave,
Debauch'd on every tomb; on every grave,
A lying trophy,[68] and as oft is dumb,
Where dust, and damn'd oblivion,[69] is the tomb
Of honour'd bones indeed. What should be said?
If thou canst like this creature as a maid,
I can create the rest: virtue, and she,
Is her own dower; honour, and wealth, from me.

Ber. I cannot love her, nor will strive to do 't.

King. Thou wrong'st thyself, if thou should'st strive to choose.

Hel. That you are well restor'd, my lord, I am glad;
Let the rest go.

King. My honour 's at the stake; which to defeat,
I must produce my power:[70] Here, take her hand,
Proud scornful boy, unworthy this good gift,
That dost in vile misprision shackle up
My love, and her desert; that canst not dream,[71]
We, poizing us in her defective scale,
Shall weigh thee to the beam; that wilt not know,
It is in us to plant thine honour, where
We please to have it grow: Check thy contempt:
Obey our will, which travails in thy good:
Believe not thy disdain, but presently
Do thine own fortunes that obedient right,
Which both thy duty owes, and our power claims;
Or I will throw thee from my care for ever,
Into the staggers,[72] and the careless lapse
Of youth and ignorance; both my revenge and hate,
Loosing upon thee in the name of justice,
Without all terms of pity: Speak; thine answer.

Ber. Pardon, my gracious lord; for I submit
My fancy to your eyes: When I consider,
What great creation, and what dole of honour,
Flies where you bid it, I find, that she, which late
Was in my nobler thoughts most base, is now

The praised of the king; who, so ennobled,
Is, as 'twere, born so.

King. Take her by the hand,
And tell her, she is thine: to whom I promise
A counterpoize; if not to thy estate,
A balance more replete.

Ber. I take her hand.

King. Good fortune and the favour of the king,
Smile upon this contract; whose ceremony
Shall seem expedient on the now-born brief,[73]
And be perform'd to-night; the solemn feast
Shall more attend upon the coming space,
Expecting absent friends. As thou lov'st her,
Thy love's to me religious; else, does err.[74]

[*Exeunt* King, BERTRAM, HELENA, Lords, *and* Attendants.

Laf. Do you hear, monsieur? a word with you.

Par. Your pleasure, sir?

Laf. Your lord and master did well to make his recantation.

Par. Recantation?—My lord?—my master?

Laf. Ay; Is it not a language, I speak?

Par. A most harsh one; and not to be understood without bloody succeeding. My master?

Laf. Are you companion to the count Rousillon?

Par. To any count; to all counts; to what is man.

Laf. To what is count's man; count's master is of another style.

Par. You are too old, sir; let it satisfy you, you are too old.

Laf. I must tell thee, sirrah, I write man; to which title age cannot bring thee.

Par. What I dare too well do, I dare not do.

Laf. I did think thee, for two ordinaries, to be a pretty wise fellow; thou didst make tolerable vent of thy travel; it might pass: yet the scarfs, and the bannerets,[75] about thee, did manifoldly dissuade me from believing thee a vessel of too great a burden. I have now found thee; when I lose thee again, I care not: yet art thou good for nothing but taking up;[76] and that thou art scarce worth.

Par. Hadst thou not the privilege of antiquity upon thee,—

Laf. Do not plunge thyself too far in anger, lest thou hasten thy trial;—which if—Lord have mercy on thee for a hen!

So, my good window of lattice, fare thee well; thy casement I need not open, for I look through thee. Give me thy hand.

Par. My lord, you give me most egregious indignity.

Laf. Ay, with all my heart; and thou art worthy of it.

Par. I have not, my lord, deserved it.

Laf. Yes, good faith, every dram of it: and I will not bate thee a scruple.

Par. Well, I shall be wiser.

Laf. E'en as soon as thou canst, for thou hast to pull at a smack a' the contrary. If ever thou be'st bound in thy scarf, and beaten, thou shalt find what it is to be proud of thy bondage. I have a desire to hold my acquaintance with thee, or rather my knowledge; that I may say, in the default,[77] he is a man I know.

Par. My lord, you do me most insupportable vexation.

Laf. I would it were hell-pains for thy sake, and my poor doing eternal: for doing I am past;[78] as I will by thee, in what motion age will give me leave. [*Exit.*

Par. Well, thou hast a son[79] shall take this disgrace off me; scurvy, old, filthy, scurvy lord!—Well, I must be patient; there is no fettering of authority. I 'll beat him, by my life, if I can meet him with any convenience, an he were double and double a lord. I 'll have no more pity of his age, than I would have of—I 'll beat him, an if I could but meet him again.

Re-enter LAFEU.

Laf. Sirrah, your lord and master 's married; there' s news for you; you have a new mistress.

Par. I most unfeignedly beseech your lordship to make some reservation of your wrongs: He is my good lord:[80] whom I serve above, is my master.

Laf. Who? God?

Par. Ay, sir.

Laf. The devil it is, that's thy master. Why dost thou garter up thy arms a' this fashion?[81] dost make hose of thy sleeves? do other servants so? Thou wert best set thy lower part where thy nose stands. By mine honour, if I were but two hours younger, I'd beat thee: methinks, thou art a general offence, and every man should beat thee. I think, thou wast created for men to breathe themselves upon thee.[82]

Par. This is hard and undeserved measure, my lord.

Laf. Go to, sir; you were beaten in Italy for picking a kernel out of a pomegranate; you are a vagabond, and no true traveller; you are more saucy with lords, and honourable personages, than the heraldry of your birth and virtue gives you commission. You are not worth another word, else I 'd call you knave. I leave you. [*Exit.*

Enter BERTRAM.

Par. Good, very good; it is so then.—Good, very good; let it be concealed a while.

Ber. Undone, and forfeited to cares for ever!

Par. What is the matter, sweet heart?

Ber. Although before the solemn priest I have sworn, I will not bed her.

Par. What? what, sweet heart?

Ber. O my Parolles, they have married me:—
I 'll to the Tuscan wars, and never bed her.

Par. France is a dog-hole,[83] and it no more merits
The tread of a man's foot: to the wars!

Ber. There 's letters from my mother; what the import is,
I know not yet.

Par. Ay, that would be known: To the wars, my boy, to the wars!
He wears his honour in a box unseen,
That hugs his kicky-wicky[84] here at home;
Spending his manly marrow in her arms,
Which should sustain the bound and high curvet
Of Mars's fiery steed: To other regions!
France is a stable; we, that dwell in 't, jades;
Therefore, to the war!

Ber. It shall be so; I 'll send her to my house,
Acquaint my mother with my hate to her,
And wherefore I am fled; write to the king
That which I durst not speak: His present gift
Shall furnish me to those Italian fields,
Where noble fellows strike: War is no strife
To the dark house, and the detested wife.[85]

Par. Will this capricio hold in thee,[86] art sure?

Ber. Go with me to my chamber, and advise me.
I 'll send her straight away: To-morrow
I 'll to the wars, she to her single sorrow.

Par. Why, these balls bound; there 's noise in it.—'Tis hard;
A young man, married, is a man that 's marr'd:
Therefore away, and leave her bravely; go:
The king has done you wrong: but, hush! 'tis so. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The same. Another Room in the same.*

Enter HELENA (*closing a letter*) *and* Clown.

Hel. My mother greets me kindly: Is she well?

Clo. She is not well; but yet she has her health; she 's very merry; but yet she is not well: but thanks be given, she 's very well, and wants nothing i' the world; but yet she is not well.

Hel. If she be very well, what does she ail, that she 's not very well?

Clo. Truly, she 's very well, indeed, but for two things.

Hel. What two things?

Clo. One, that she 's not in heaven, whither God send her quickly! the other, that she 's in earth, from whence God send her quickly!

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. Bless you, my fortunate lady!

Hel. I hope, sir, I have your good will to have mine own good fortunes.

Par. You had my prayers to lead them on: and to keep them on, have them still.—O, my knave! How does my old lady?

Clo. So that you had her wrinkles, and I her money, I would she did as you say.

Par. Why, I say nothing.

Clo. Marry, you are the wiser man; for many a man's tongue shakes out his master's undoing: To say nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing, and to have nothing, is to be a great part of your title; which is within a very little of nothing.

Par. Away, thou 'rt a knave.

Clo. You should have said, sir, before a knave thou art a knave; that is, before me thou art a knave: this had been truth, sir.

Par. Go to, thou art a witty fool, I have found thee.

Clo. Did you find me in yourself, sir? or were you taught to find me? The search, sir, was profitable; and much fool may you find in you, even to the world's pleasure, and the increase of laughter.

Par. A good knave, i' faith, and well fed.—
Madam, my lord will go away to-night;
A very serious business calls on him.
The great prerogative and rite of love,
Which, as your due, time claims, he does acknowledge;
But puts it off to a compell'd restraint;[87]
Whose want, and whose delay, is strewed with sweets,
Which they distil now in the curbed time,[88]
To make the coming hour o'er-flow with joy,
And pleasure drown the brim.

Hel. What 's his will else?

Par. That you will take your instant leave a' the king,
And make this haste as your own good proceeding,
Strengthen'd with what apology you think
May make it probable need.

Hel. What more commands he?

Par. That, having this obtain'd, you presently
Attend his further pleasure.

Hel. In everything I wait upon his will.

Par. I shall report it so.

Hel. I pray you [*To* PAROLLES].—Come, sirrah [*To* Clown].
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*Another Room in the same.*

Enter LAFEU *and* BERTRAM.

Laf. But, I hope, your lordship thinks not him a soldier.

Ber. Yes, my lord, and of very valiant approof.

Laf. You have it from his own deliverance.

Ber. And by other warranted testimony.

Laf. Then my dial goes not true; I took this lark for a bunting.[89]

Ber. I do assure you, my lord, he is very great in knowledge, and accordingly valiant.

Laf. I have then sinned against his experience, and transgressed against his valour; and my state that way is dangerous,

since I cannot yet find in my heart to repent. Here he comes; I pray you, make us friends, I will pursue the amity.

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. These things shall be done, sir. [*To* BERTRAM.

Laf. Pray you, sir, who 's his tailor?

Par. Sir?

Laf. O, I know him well: Ay, sir; he, sir, is a good workman, a very good tailor.

Ber. Is she gone to the king? [*Aside to* PAROLLES.

Par. She is.

Ber. Will she away to-night?

Par. As you 'll have her.

Ber. I have writ my letters, casketed my treasure,
Given order for our horses; and to-night,
When I should take possession of the bride,
End ere I do begin.[90]

Laf. A good traveller is something at the latter end of a dinner;[91] but one that lies three-thirds, and uses a known truth to pass a thousand nothings with, should be once heard, and thrice beaten.—God save you, captain.

Ber. Is there any unkindness between my lord and you, monsieur?

Par. I know not how I have deserved to run into my lord's displeasure.

Laf. You have made shift to run into 't, boots and spurs and all, like him that leaped into the custard;[92] and out of it you 'll run again, rather than suffer question for your residence.

Ber. It may be, you have mistaken him, my lord.

Laf. And shall do so ever, though I took him at his prayers. Fare you well, my lord; and believe this of me, There can be no kernel in this light nut; the soul of this man is his clothes: trust him not in matter of heavy consequence; I have kept of them tame, and know their natures.—Farewell, monsieur: I have spoken better of you, than you have, or will, to deserve[93] at my hand; but we must do good against evil. [*Exit.*

Par. An idle lord, I swear.

Ber. I think so.

Par. Why, do you not know him?

Ber. Yes, I do know him well; and common speech
Gives him a worthy pass. Here comes my clog.

Enter HELENA.

Hel. I have, sir, as I was commanded from you,
Spoke with the king, and have procur'd his leave
For present parting; only, he desires
Some private speech with you.
Ber. I shall obey his will.
You must not marvel, Helen, at my course,
Which holds not colour with the time, nor does
The ministration and required office
On my particular: prepar'd I was not
For such a business; therefore am I found
So much unsettled: This drives me to entreat you,
That presently you take your way for home;
And rather muse, than ask, why I entreat you:
For my respects are better than they seem;
And my appointments have in them a need,
Greater than shows itself, at the first view,
To you that know them not. This to my mother:
[*Giving a letter.*
'Twill be two days ere I shall see you; so
I leave you to your wisdom.
Hel. Sir, I can nothing say,
But that I am your most obedient servant.
Ber. Come, come, no more of that.
Hel. And ever shall
With true observance seek to eke out that,
Wherein toward me my homely stars have fail'd
To equal my great fortune.
Ber. Let that go:
My haste is very great: Farewell; hie home.
Hel. Pray, sir, your pardon.
Ber. Well, what would you say?
Hel. I am not worthy of the wealth I owe;
Nor dare I say, 'tis mine; and yet it is;
But, like a timorous thief, most fain would steal
What law does vouch mine own.
Ber. What would you have?
Hel. Something; and scarce so much:—nothing, indeed.—
I would not tell you what I would: my lord—'faith, yes;—
Strangers, and foes, do sunder, and not kiss.
Ber. I pray you, stay not, but in haste to horse.

Hel. I shall not break your bidding, good my lord.
Ber. Where are my other men, monsieur?—Farewell.[94]
[*Exit* HELENA.
Go thou toward home; where I will never come,
Whilst I can shake my sword, or hear the drum:—
Away, and for our flight!
Par. Bravely, coragio! [*Exeunt.*

Notes to the Second Act.

[1] *And you, my lords, farewell.*

Tyrwhitt proposed to alter *lords* to *lord* both in this, and in the previous line, but Bertram was clearly not addressed, as he was not then going to the wars. The probability seems to be that the first persons addressed are the young lords generally, of whom several may be supposed to be on the stage, and that the lords referred to in the second line are the two who afterwards enter into the conversation. The stage-direction in the first folio is,—"Enter the King with *divers* yong lords taking leave for the Florentine warre: Count, Rosse, and Parolles."

[2] *And yet my heart.*

That is, as the common phrase runs, *I am still heart-whole;* my spirits, by not sinking under my distemper, do not acknowledge its influence.—*Steevens.*

[3] *Let higher Italy, those bated, &c.*

The King probably means to except some provinces of Italy to which he did not wish the young lords to give their services, but the exact meaning is obscure, and is possibly only to be unravelled by a further knowledge of the Italian wars of the middle-ages. The following are the notes of the commentators,—

The ancient geographers have divided Italy into the higher and the lower, the Apennine hills being a kind of natural line of partition; the side next the Adriatic was denominated the higher Italy, and the other side the lower: and the two seas followed the same terms of distinction, the Adriatic being called the upper Sea, and the Tyrrhene or Tuscan the lower. Now the Sennones, or Senois, with whom the Florentines are here supposed to be at war, inhabited the higher Italy, their chief town being Arminium, now called Rimini, upon the Adriatic. In the latter part, the author reflects upon the abject and degenerate condition of the cities and states which arose out of the ruins of the Roman Empire, the last of the four great monarchies of the world.—*Hanmer.*

Italy, at the time of this scene, was under three very different tenures. The emperor, as successor of the Roman emperors, had one part; the pope, by a pretended donation from Constantine, another; and the third was composed of free states. Now by the *last monarchy* is meant the *Roman*, the last of the four general monarchies. Upon the fall of this monarchy, in the scramble, several cities set up for themselves, and became free states: now these might be said properly to *inherit* the *fall* of the monarchy. This being premised, let us now consider

sense. The King says *higher* Italy;—giving it the rank of preference to France; but he corrects himself, and says, I except those from that precedency, who only inherit the fall of the last monarchy; as all the little petty states; for instance, Florence, to whom these volunteers were going. As if he had said, I give the place of honour to the emperor and the pope, but not to the free states.—*Warburton.*

Warburton's observation is learned, but rather too subtle; Hanmer's alteration is merely arbitrary. The passage is confessedly obscure, and therefore I may offer another explanation. I am of opinion that the epithet *higher* is to be understood of situation rather than of dignity. The sense may then be this: "Let upper Italy, *where you are to exercise your valour*, see that you come to gain honour, to the *abatement*, that is, to the disgrace and depression of those *that have now lost their ancient military fame, and* inherit but the fall of the last monarchy." To *abate* is used by Shakespeare in the original sense of *abatre*, to *depress*, to *sink*, to *deject*, to *subdue*. So, in Coriolanus:—"As most *abated* captives to some nation —That won you without blows." And *bated* is used in a kindred sense in the Merchant of Venice: "——in a bondman's key,—With *bated* breath and whisp'ring humbleness." The word has still the same meaning in the language of the law.—*Johnson.*

In confirmation of Johnson's opinion, that *higher* relates to situation, not to dignity, we find, in the third scene of the fourth Act, that one of the Lords says: "What will Count Rousillon do then? will he travel *higher*, or return again to France?"—*M. Mason.*

Those 'bated may here signify "those being *taken away* or *excepted.*" *Bate*, thus contracted, is in colloquial language still used with this meaning. This parenthetical sentence implies no more than "they excepted who possess modern Italy, the remains of the Roman empire."—*Holt White.*

In the first place, *'bate* is not, as Coleridge takes it, to except, but to overcome, put an end to (from *abattre*); as when we say, "abate a nuisance." In the next, we are to recollect that the citizens of the Italian republics were divided into two parties, the Guelf, or Papal, and the Ghibelline, or Imperial; and that the French always sided with the former. Florence, therefore, was Guelf at that time, and Siena of course was Ghibelline. The meaning of the king therefore is: By defeating the Ghibelline Sienese, let Italy see, &c. As a Frenchman, he naturally affects a contempt for the German empire, and represents it as possessing (the meaning of *inherit* at the time) only the limited and tottering dominion which the empire of the west had at the time of its fall. By "higher Italy," by the way, I would understand not Upper Italy, but Tuscany, as more remote from France; for when the war is ended, the French envoy says: "What will Count Rousillon do then? Will he travel *higher*, or return again into France?" The meaning is plainly: Will he go farther on? to Naples, for example.—*Keightley.*

The best interpretation of this difficult passage is found in the Oxford edition (Hanmer's): but the reading suggested by it, (for the change in that edition of *bated* to *bastards* is both violent and indelicate, and cannot be admitted) being of an obsolete cast, and therefore liable to objection, is not put into the text; but submitted to the publick opinion, in what is to follow, to do by it as they please. Italy is divided by geographers into *higher* and *lower* Italy, according to the seas that it lyes upon; which come also under the same distinction, *mare superum*, and *mare inferum*, the Adriatick being the higher: Florence and its territories are in the lower Italy, as lying upon a sea call'd from them, the Tyrrhene or Tuscan sea; and so are the *Senois* they are at war with: for these *Senois* are no *Sennones*, as that edition would have it; but the subjects of a little republick, of which Sienna was the capital, with whom the Florentines had frequent differences: here therefore the poet has made a little mistake, using *higher* where he should have said, *lower;*

but this is of no moment. Boccace calls these people, *Sanesi;* his translator, *Senesi;* Painter (his translator too, but through the medium of a French one) renders the word *Senois*, and from him Shakespeare had it. The Italians are all descended, in part, from the Romans; and their states form'd out of the ruins of that empire or monarchy, the last of the four great ones, which the poet calls—inheriting it's fall: but the people are not a little degenerated, *abated* in all kinds of virtue from the manners of the people they sprung from; May not, *'bated ones*, then be the true reading of the passage in question?—*Capell.*

[4] *Beware of being captives, before you serve.*

The word *serve* is equivocal; the sense is, "Be not captives before *you serve in the war*,"—be not captives before you are soldiers.—*Johnson.*

[5] *And no sword worn, but one to dance with.*

He means that he shall remain at home to *lead out ladies* in the dance, till honour, &c. In Titus Andronicus, Demetrius speaks of *a dancing rapier.* The custom of wearing swords in the dancing schools is exemplified in a curious story related in Newes from the North, 1579, 4to. where "Pierce Plowman sheweth how his neighbour and hee went to the tavern and to *the dauncing schoole* and what hapned there," in these words: "Now was there one man of our company that was as deaf as a doore naile. When we were come into the schoole; the musitions were playing and one dauncing of a galiard, and even at our entring hee was beginning a trick as I remember of sixteens or seventeens, I doo not very wel remember, but wunderfully hee leaped, flung and took on, which the deaf man beholding, and not hearing any noyse of the musick, thought verily that hee had been stark mad and out of his wit, and of pure pittie and compassion ran to him and caught him in his armes and held him hard and fast. The dauncer not knowing his good meaning, and taking it to the wurst, and having *a dagger*, drew it out, and smot the man a great blowe upon the hed, and brake his hed very sore." Another illustration of the subject is too interesting, from the picture of ancient manners which it exhibits, to stand in need of any apology for its insertion. It is from Stafforde's Briefe Conceipt of English Pollicy, 1581, "I thinke wee were as much dread or more of our enemies, when our gentlemen went simply and our serving men plainely, without cuts or gards, bearing their heavy swordes and buckelers on their thighes insted of cuts and gardes and *light daunsing swordes;* and when they rode, carrying good speares in theyr hands in stede of white rods, which they cary now more like ladies or gentlewomen then men; all which delicacyes maketh our men cleane effeminate and without strength."—*Douce.* The annexed illustration was kindly furnished me by Mr. Singer. It is traced from an ornament on a pistol of the Shaksperian era, preserved in the Meyrick collection of armour. See also the plate of the dances, Passo-e-mezo and the Pavana.

[6] *Our parting is a tortured body.*

I read thus—"Our parting is *the parting of* a tortured body." Our parting is as the disruption of limbs torn from each other. Repetition of a word is often the cause of mistakes: the eye glances on the wrong word, and the intermediate part of the sentence is omitted.—*Johnson.*

We two growing together, and having, as it were, but one body, "like to a double cherry, seeming parted," our parting is a tortured body; that is, cannot be effected but by a disruption of limbs which are now common to both.—*Malone.*

So, in Henry VIII. "—— it is a sufferance, panging—As soul and body's severing."—*Steevens.*

From Bertram's first words, "I grow to you," there would almost seem to be an allusion intended to a sort of monster, two bodies growing together, a kind of unnatural formation exceedingly familiar to the readers of Shakespeare's day. We are, says Bertram, so grown together in one body, a separation entails excessive torture.

[7] *One captain Spurio, with his cicatrice.*

In the old copies, the word *with* is erroneously put after *cicatrice.* As is observed by Theobald, Parolles only means, "you shall find one captain Spurio in the camp, with a scar on his left cheek, a mark of war that my sword gave him." It is worthy of remark that a character named Spurio is introduced in the Revengers Tragædie, 1608.

[8] *They do muster true gait.*

There do is the reading of the old copies, which appears to be incorrect, unless, indeed, we suppose *there* to refer to the Court, and the pronoun to be understood, in which case the passage may thus be explained,—the lords living at Court, and deporting themselves in the height of fashion, do there learn true gait, &c. The notes of the commentators are, however, added,—

The main obscurity of this passage arises from the mistake of a single letter. We should read, instead of *do* muster, *to* muster. "To wear themselves in the cap of the time," signifies "to be the foremost in the fashion:" the figurative allusion is to the gallantry then in vogue, of wearing jewels, flowers, and their mistress's favours in their caps.—"There to muster true gait," signifies "to assemble together in the high road of the fashion." All the rest is intelligible and easy.—*Warburton.*

I think this emendation cannot be said to give much light to the obscurity of the passage. Perhaps it might be read thus:—"*They do muster* with the *true gait*," that is, "they have the true military step." Every man has observed something peculiar in the strut of a soldier.—*Johnson.* Possibly the poet might have written, "There *do master* true *gait*," that is, there they make themselves masters of a genteel carriage.—*Heath.* To *master* anything, is to learn it perfectly. So, in King Henry IV. Part I.:—"As if he *master'd* there a double spirit—Of teaching and of learning ——." Again, in King Henry V.:—"Between the promise of his greener days,—And those he *masters* now." In this last instance, however, both the quartos, viz., 1600 and 1608, read *musters.*—*Steevens.*

The obscurity of the passage arises only from the fantastical language of a character like Parolles, whose affectation of wit urges his imagination from one allusion to another, without allowing time for his judgment to determine their congruity. The *cap of time* being the first image that occurs, *true gait*, manner of *eating*, *speaking*, &c., are the several ornaments which they *muster*, place, or arrange in *time's cap.* This is done *under the influence of the most received star;* that is, the person in the highest repute for setting the fashions:—and though the devil were to lead the measure or *dance* of fashion, such is their implicit submission, that even he must be followed.—*Henley.*

[9] *I'll see thee to stand up.*

So in all the early folios, but Theobald altered *see* to *fee*, without necessity, although either reading is somewhat strange. Another conjecture is *free.* Theobald's lection is not likely to be correct, as it may be gathered, from the turn Lafeu gives to the relative positions of the speakers, that the King had *bid* him to stand up. On this supposition, the older reading, equivalent to, I would prefer to see you stand rather than kneel, may be preferred.

[10] *Good faith, across.*

This is said probably in allusion to tilting, to the phrase of the spear being *broken across* the body of an opponent, instead of by the direct passage of the point of it against the armour. To break across was, then, a failure, and hence the metaphorical application in the present passage. "For when he most did hit, he ever yet did miss; One said he *brake across*, full well it so might be," Sir P. Sydney. Davies, however, gives an entirely different explanation of the passage in the text,—"The King, not being, through infirmity, able to raise Lafeu from kneeling, says he will 'fee him to stand up.' Lafeu wishes that the King, even on the humiliating condition of asking pardon of him, his subject, could stand as firmly. 'So would I,' replied the King, 'though I had broken your pate at the same time, and asked your pardon for it.' The answer, of 'Good faith, across,' is as much as to say, 'With all my heart, sir, though you had broken my head across;' which, in the language of those days, signified a very severe blow or contusion on the head; Twelfth Night, act v. scene 5."

[11] *Yes, but you will, my noble grapes.*

The words, "my noble grapes," seem to Warburton and Hanmer to stand so much in the way, that they have silently omitted them. They may be, indeed, rejected without great loss, but I believe they are Shakespeare's words. "You will eat," says Lafeu, "no grapes. Yes, but you will eat such noble grapes, as I bring you, if you could reach them."—*Johnson.*

[12] *I have seen a medicine.*

Shakespeare seems here to use the term *medicine* in the French sense. "*Medecine*, a she phisition," Cotgrave.

[13] *And make you dance canary.*

An account of this quick and lively dance is given by Thoinot Arbeau, cited by Douce,—"A lady is taken out by a gentleman, and after dancing together to the cadences of the proper air, he leads her to the end of the hall; this done, he retreats back to the original spot, always looking at the lady. Then he makes up to her again, with certain steps, and retreats as before. His partner performs the same ceremony, which is several times repeated by both parties, with various strange fantastic steps, very much in the savage style. The dance was sometimes accompanied by the castagnets. "*Castagnette*, little shels, such as they use that daunce the canaries, to make a noise, or sound, or clack, with their fingers," Florio's Worlde of Wordes, 1598. The annexed engraving of a gentleman and lady dancing the canary is taken by Mr. Fairholt from a work by C. Negri, Nuove Inventioni di Balli, fol. 1604. Nash mentions a merchant's wife who "jets it as gingerly as if she were dancing the *canaries*," Pierce Pennilesse, 1595.

In the translation of Leo's Description of Africa, by Pory, 1600, folio, there is an additional account of the Canary islands, in which the author, speaking of the inhabitants,

says, "They were and are at this day delighted with a kind of dance which they use also in Spain, and in other places, and because it took originall from thence, it is called *the Canaries*." Thoinot Arbeau likewise mentions this opinion, but is himself, in common with some others, inclined to think that the dance originated from a ballet composed for a masquerade, in which the performers were habited as kings and queens of Morocco, or as savages with feathers of different colours.—*Douce.*

As to the air itself, it appears, by the example in the Opera of Dioclesian, to be a very sprightly movement of two reprises, or strains, with eight bars in each. The time three quarters in a bar, the first pointed. That it is of English invention, like a country dance, may be inferred from this circumstance, that none of the foreign names that distinguish one kind of air from another, correspond in the least with this. Nay, farther, the appellation is adopted by Couperin, a Frenchman, who, among his lessons, has an air which he entitles *Canarie*."—*Hawkins.*

Sinne, that all day durst not shew his head, came reeling out of an ale-house, in the shape of a drunkard, who no sooner smelt the winde, but he thought the ground under him danced the *canaries;* houses seemed to turne on the toe, and all things went round; insomuch, that his legges drew a paire of indentures between his body and the earth, the principal covenant being, that he, for his part, would stand to nothing, whatever he saw: every tree that came in his way did he justle, and yet challenge it the next day to fight with him.—*Decker's Wonderfull Yeare*, 1603.

To be short, such strange mad musick doe they play upon their sacke-buttes, that if Candle-light beeing over-come with the steeme of newe sweete wines, when they are at worke, shoulde not tell them tis time to goe to bedde, they would make all the hogges-heads that use to come to the house, to daunce the *cannaries* till they reeld againe.—*Decker's Seven Deadly Sinnes of London*, 1606.

The sound of the cimball did not please any of them; Clerantes therefore was constrained to leave off his unprofitable musick; and going directly before me, he had the garb and every posture of a juggler so directly, that had I not known him, I should have taken him for the greatest Hocus Pocus in the world. Being in the court of the castle, I played the *canaries*, which almost all the company danced; after that I played galliards and currantoes.—*The Comical History of Francion*, 1655.

Law ye, what a happy day would that be, to see us with our best cloaths on at Church, and the parson saying, I Hodge, take thee Joan, and by the Mass I would take thee, and hug thee, and lug thee too, and then hey away to the ale-house, and hey for the musicianers, and the *canaries*, and the sullybubs, and the shoulder a' mutton and gravey, With a hey down derry, and a diddle diddle dee.—*Academy of Compliments*, 1714.

[14] *Is powerful to araise King Pepin.*

Araise, to raise up, to upraise. "And so forthewith they sent al about to arredy and *arays* the people by a certayne day," Arrival of King Edward IV., p. 23. This verb frequently occurs in Malory's Morte d'Arthur, ii. 54, 85, 432, 436, &c.

[15] *And write to her a love-line.*

Malone proposed to read, "and *cause him* write," and *and* is altered to *to* in the Perkins MS. There are several other instances in Shakespeare where the construction alters in the same sentence, and the auxiliary verb is understood.

[16] *Her years, profession, wisdom, and constancy.*

Constancy, says Capell, is constancy in profession, or in what she professes. By

profession, observes Warburton, is meant her declaration of the end and purpose of her coming.

[17] *Than I dare blame my weakness.*

In other words, my amazement is too great for me to accuse my weakness of creating it; I cannot impute my surprise to my credulity. Theobald, in a letter to Warburton, proposes to alter *blame* to *blaze*.

[18] *As a triple eye.*

Triple seems here to be used in the sense of *third*. So the "triple-turn'd whore," turned for the third time, Antony and Cleopatra.

[19] *Ransome nature from her inaidable estate.*

Ransome in all the early editions, incorrectly altered to *answer* in some of the later ones. *Inaidable*, eds. 1623, 1632; *unaidable*, eds. 1663, 1685.

[20] *When judges have been babes.*

The allusion is probably to the third chapter of Isaiah,—"For loe, the Lorde God of Hostes will take away from Jerusalem, and from Judah, the stay and the strength . . . . the strong man, and the man of warre, the judge and the prophet, the prudent and the aged . . . and I wil appoint children to be their princes, and babes shall rule over them," Isaiah, iii. Geneva Bible, ed. 1597. Compare also St. Matthew, xi. 25, and 1 Cor. i. 27. One critic thinks there is an allusion to Daniel's judging, when "a young youth," the two Elders in the story of Susannah.

[21] *Great floods have flown from simple sources.*

An allusion to Moses smiting the rock in Horeb, Exod. xvii. 6, which is followed by another to the passage made for the Israelites through the Red Sea, "when miracles have by the greatest been denied," that is, been disowned or disregarded by Pharaoh, who was the greatest earthly power in contradistinction to the Israelites, the weakest, whose sole hope was in the favour of God. Perhaps the sense would be clearer, if *by* were altered to *to*.

[22] *Where hope is coldest, and despair most fits.*

The last word of this line is printed *shifts* in all the editions of the seventeenth century, altered by Pope, in 1723, to *sits*, the reading adopted by Theobald, although the latter critic, in his letters to Warburton, says, "I think rather, *fits*, that is, is most fitting or reasonable." This last-named reading is also found in Lord Ellesmere's annotated folio, and in the Perkins MS., but *sits*, in old English, was often used in nearly the same sense. "It sytteth, it becometh, *il siet;* it sytteth nat for your estate to weare so fyne furres," Palsgrave, 1530. Theobald thinks a line, which rhymed to *there*, is lost; but it was a frequent practice with our old dramatists to conclude a speech with one line of blank verse and a couplet.

[23] *I am not an impostor.*

Impostrue, eds. 1623, 1632; *impostor*, eds. 1663, 1685. Capell reads *imposture*, an old form of *impostor*, but in two other places in ed. 1623, in the Tempest and in Macbeth, the modern orthography of the word is used.

[24] *Proclaim myself against the level of mine aim.*

The level of the impostor's aim must be supposed to be reward in case of success. Whenever, therefore, the impostor vaunts his skill and ability, at the same time that he is conscious of his own deficiency in those respects, and that he

must miscarry when they are put to the trial, he may be properly said to proclaim himself against the level of his aim.—*Heath.*

[25] *The greatest grace lending grace.*

The greatest grace is, of course, the divine grace. So, in Macbeth, "by the grace of Grace," where the word is personified. It has been proposed to omit the first *grace* in the passage in the text, but this kind of repetition is common in Shakespeare and in contemporary writers. Mason fancies that the following speech in Fletcher's Woman Hater, 1607, is a burlesque imitation of the present one,—

> Full eight and twenty severall almanackes
> Hath been compyled, all for severall yeares,
> Since first I drew this breath, foure prentiships
> Have I most truly served in this world:
> And eight and twenty times hath Phœbus carre
> Runne out his yearely course since.

[26] *The worse of worst extended.*

Ne worse, ed. 1623; *no worse*, eds. 1632, 1663, 1685; *the worst*, Hanmer; *no worse of worse*, Davies; *or, worse to worst*, Capell. The reading *ne*, nor, although a strained sense may be derived from the passage with it, is unlikely to be Shakespeare's word. "The worse of worst," a grammatical peculiarity in the sense of, the very worst, literally, something worse than the utmost degree of ill. We should now write, "the worst of worse," but every kind of inversion was practised by the writers of the Shaksperian period. The original text is so obscure, I add the notes of the commentators:—

One of these two regulations, I believe, will restore us some glimmering of sense. I submit them:

> —— a divulged shame;
> Traduc'd by odious ballads my maid'n's name,
> Sear'd otherwise no worse of worst: extended
> With vilest torture, let my life be ended.

Or,

> —— a divulged shame;
> Traduc'd by odious ballads; my maid'n's name
> Sear'd, otherwise no worse of worst extended;
> With vilest torture let, &c.—*Theobald's Letters.*

This passage is apparently corrupt, and how shall it be rectified? I have no great hope of success, but something must be tried. I read the whole thus:

> *King.* What dar'st thou venture?
> *Hel.* Tax of impudence,
> A strumpet's boldness; a divulged shame,
> Traduc'd by odious ballads my maiden name;
> Sear'd otherwise, to worst of worst extended;
> With vilest torture let my life be ended.

When this alteration first came into my mind, I supposed Helen to mean thus: First, I venture what is dearest to me, my maiden reputation; but if your distrust *extends* my character *to the worst of* the *worst*, and supposes me *seared* against the sense of infamy, I will add to the stake of reputation, the stake of life. This certainly is sense, and the language as grammatical as many other passages of Shakespeare. Yet we may try another experiment:

Fear otherwise to worst of worst extended;
With vilest torture let my life be ended.

That is, let me act under the greatest terrors possible. Yet once again we will try to find the right way by the glimmer of Hanmer's emendation, who reads thus: —" my maiden name—Sear'd; otherwise the worst of worst extended," &c. Perhaps it were better thus:—" my maiden name—Sear'd; otherwise the worst to worst extended;—With vilest torture let my life be ended."—*Johnson.*

It is impossible to make sense of these lines as they now stand, and therefore Warburton prudently passes them over in silence. Perhaps our poet might have given them thus:

A strumpet's boldness, a divulged shame;
Traduc'd by odious ballads my maiden name,
Fear, otherwise, to worst of worse extended,
With vilest torture let my life be ended.—*Heath.*

This passage is evidently erroneous, and none of the amendments proposed appear satisfactory, even to those who offer them: I shall, therefore, hazard a conjecture also, and read it thus:

My maiden's name
Fear'd o' the wise; no worse, if worst extended
With vilest tortures let my life be ended.

Fear'd o' the wise, therefore, means, dreaded and shunned by the chaste part of the sex.—The meaning of the latter part of the sentence is this:—Let my life be ended with the vilest tortures, which, if even extended to the worst, would not be more dreadful to me, than such shame and disgrace.—*M. Mason.*

I cannot think that justice has been done to the purity of Helena's sentiment. I explain it thus: Let me be stigmatized as a strumpet, and in addition (although that would not be worse, or a more *extended* evil than what I have mentioned, the loss of my honour, which is the worst that could happen), let me die with torture. *Ne* is *nor.*—*Boswell.*

Bi Appolyn, that sitteth on hie!
A fairer childe never I *ne* sye,
Neither of lengthe *ne* of brede,
Ne so feire lemys hede.—*Beves of Hamtoun, MS.*

Grammar, in this speech, is made extremely free with; and the sense of it will sooner be found out by the guesser, than the attender to its construction. What the speaker means to say, seems to be this:—" That she would venture *tax of impudence*, of *a strumpet's boldness;* venture to have some *shame divulged* of her, to be *traduc'd by odious ballads*, or to have her *maiden name sear'd* some other way."—*Capell.*

" Tax of impudence," that is, to be charged with having the boldness of a strumpet:—" a divulged shame;" that is, to be traduced by odious ballads:—" my maiden's name seared otherwise;" that is, to be stigmatized as a prostitute:—" no worse of worst extended;" that is, to be so defamed that nothing severer can be said against those who are most publickly reported to be infamous. Shakespeare has used the word *sear* and *extended* in the Winter's Tale, both in the same sense as above: " —— for calumny will *sear*—Virtue itself ——!" And " the report of her is *extended* more than can be thought."—*Henley.*

The old copy reads, not *no*, but *ne*, probably an error for *nay*, or *the*. I would wish to read and point the latter part of the passage thus:

—— my maiden's name
Sear'd otherwise; *nay*, *worst* of worst, extended
With vilest torture, let my life be ended.

That is, let me be otherwise branded;—and (what is *the worst of worst*, the consummation of misery,) my body being extended on the rack by the most cruel torture, let my life pay the forfeit of my presumption. So, in Daniel's Cleopatra, 1594: "—— the *worst of worst* of ills." Again, in the Remedie of Love, 4to. 1600:

If she be fat, then she is swollen, say;
If browne, then tawny as the Africk Moore;
If slender, leane, meagre and worne away;
If courtly, wanton, *worst of worst* before.—*Malone.*

Let us try, if possible, to produce sense from this passage without exchanging a syllable. I would bear, says she, the tax of impudence, which is the denotement of a strumpet; would endure a shame resulting from my failure in what I have undertaken, and thence become the subject of odious ballads; let my maiden reputation be otherwise branded; and, no worse of worst extended, *i. e.*, provided nothing worse is offered to me, meaning violation, let my life be ended with the worst of tortures. The poet for the sake of rhyme has obscured the sense of the passage. The worst that can befal a woman, being extended to me, seems to be the meaning of the last line.—*Steevens.*

It is, on the whole, extremely unlikely that Helena should allude to the violation of herself, for, to say nothing of the indelicacy of the thought on the present occasion, there would be no meaning in it as a set punishment. If the reading *no* be adopted, the sentence may be interpreted thus,—nothing worse amidst the worst being extended to me, implying that the stigma of a seared name was the worst misfortune that could befal a maiden.

[27] *His powerful sound, within an organ weak.*

That is, the powerful sound of the blessed spirit referred to, speaks within an organ weak. Warburton ingeniously, but no doubt incorrectly, reads,—*his power full sounds.* Some critics explain the original text to mean,—his powerful sound being contained within an organ weak. *Within*, ed. 1623; *wherein*, eds. 1632, &c.

[28] *And what impossibility would slay, &c.*

That is, impossibility would destroy, applied to common sense, that belief which I now entertain by another process of mind, through the aid of which I feel convinced of your power.

[29] *That happiness and prime can happy call.*

Prime is, youth, the dawn or spring of life. *Happiness and prime* is equivalent to, youthful happiness. See cognate examples in vol. i. p. 282. So, in Henry IV., "the voice and echo," the echoing voice. As Mr. Smibert observes, the King wished to describe, and does describe, Helena, as not only enjoying happiness, and enjoying it along with all personal advantages, but also at that period of life when the capacity for tasting felicity is at the height. Tyrwhitt proposes to alter *prime* to *pride*, and Monck Mason thinks we should read, "That happiness *in* prime," that is, in the highest perfection.

I think, with Dr. Johnson, that *prime* is here used as a substantive, but that it means, that *sprightly vigour* which usually accompanies us in the prime of life. So, in Montaigne's Essaies, translated by Florio, 1603, b. ii. c. 6: "Many things seeme greater by imagination, than by effect. I have passed over a good part of

my age in sound and perfect health. I say, not only sound, but blithe and wantonly-lustful. That state, full of lust, of *prime* and mirth, made me deeme the consideration of sicknesses so yrksome, that when I came to the experience of them, I have found their fits but weak."—*Malone.* The original word in Montaigne is *verdeur.* So, in Hamlet;—"A violet in the *youth* of *primy* nature." —*Boswell.*

[30] *Or flinch in property.*

In *property* seems to be here used, with much laxity, for—*in the due performance.* In a subsequent passage it seems to mean either a thing possessed, or a subject discriminated by peculiar qualities:—"The *property* by what it is should go,—Not by the title."—*Malone.*

[31] *And my hopes of help.*

The King could have but a very slight hope of *help* from her, scarce enough to swear by: and therefore Helen might suspect he meant to equivocate with her. Besides, observe, the greatest part of the scene is strictly in rhyme: and there is no shadow of reason why it should be interrupted here. I rather imagine the poet wrote:—"Ay, by my sceptre, and my hopes of *heaven.*"—*Thirlby.*

It may be right for that reason; but Thirlby's objection to the old text is unfounded. The King had expressed the strongest confidence in her *help.*— *Boswell.*

[32] *With any branch or image of thy state.*

Warburton assures us that "Shakespeare unquestionably wrote, *impage.*" For my own part, I hold it to be a point much more unquestionable, that he himself is the only English writer that ever seriously committed the word to paper. The common reading was, *image*, which may with great propriety be applied to Princes of the blood, as, in their several degree, they may be said to represent, and exhibit an image of the state and majesty of, their royal head.— *Heath.*

Image is surely the true reading, and may mean "any representative of thine;" that is, "any one who resembles you as being related to your family, or as a prince reflects any part of your state and majesty." There is no such word as *impage;* and as M. Mason observes, were such a one coined, it would mean nothing but the art of grafting. Henley adds, that *branch* refers to the *collateral* descendants of the royal blood, and *image* to the *direct* and *immediate line.*—*Steevens.*

[33] *Highly fed, and lowly taught.*

An allusion perhaps to the common old proverb, better fed than taught. So, in Heywood's Epigrammes upon Proverbes, 1577,—

> Thou art better fed then taught, I undertake,
> And yet art thou skin and bone, leane as a rake.

The proverb is recorded in Ray's collection, ed. 1678, p. 243. Parolles may possibly again allude to it in the fourth scene of the present act, when he calls the Clown, "a good knave, and well fed."

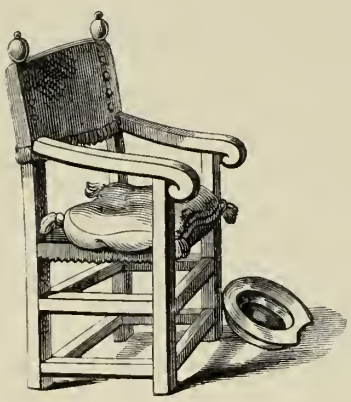
[34] *He that cannot make a leg, put off's cap.*

To make a leg, that is, an obeisance, a bow made by throwing out a leg.

"A Jewe never weares his cap threedbare with putting it off; never bends i' th' hammes with casting away a leg," Decker's Gulls Hornbooke, 1609. "I would salute him, but I feare I should make a curtesie instead of a legge," Lilly's Gallathea. The annexed interesting example of a finished courtier, such a one as is alluded to in the text, is copied by Mr. Fairholt from a Venetian picture of the sixteenth century in the possession of Lord Londesborough. The picture represents a lady of noble birth landing from her gondola, and receiving the courtesies of the gentleman whose figure is here engraved.

[35] *It is like a barber's chair, that fits all buttocks.*

Andrew Cranewise, barber, of Bury, in his will, dated 1558, bequeaths several "barbors chaires" to his relatives. Gosson, in his "Apologie of the Schoole of Abuse" appended to his Ephemerides of Phialo, 1579, speaking of Venus, says she "made herself as common as a barbar's chayre."—"And nere a Dicke Harvey or cathedrall doctor of them all can read a more smooth succinct Lipsian lecture of short haire than thou over thy barbars chaire, if thou bee so disposed, nor stand and encounter all commers so constantly," Nashe's Have with you to Saffron-Walden, 1596. "It fortuned not long since that a souldier, comming to a barber's shop to be trimed, sitting in the barber's chair, the better to passe away the time began to relate unto the barber some strange passages which in the wars he had beene a spectator of," Pasquil's Jests, with the Merriments of Mother Bunch, n. d. The annexed early representation of a barber's chair is taken from an engraving in Johannis de Brunes Emblemata, ed. 1636. "The barber's chaire is the verie Royall Exchange of newes," Trimming of Thomas Nashe, 1597. Rowlands, in his Letting of Humors Blood in the Head-Vaine, 1611, thus mentions the barber's chair and cushion,—



Fine Phillip comes unto the barbers shop,
Where's nittie locks must suffer reformation;
The chaire and cushion entertaines his slopp.

"The barber, after a finnicall congratulation, biddes them welcome, and provides his chaire and his napkins, his combs and his sizers, his balls and his spunges," Fennor's Compters Commonwealth, 1617. "Boats are like *barbars chayres*, hackneyes, or whores: common to all estates,"—Taylor's Workes, 1630.

Moreover sattin sutes he doth compare
Unto the service of a *barber's chayre;*

As fit for every Jack and journeyman,
As for a knight or worthy gentleman.—*More Fooles Yet*, 1610.

A worshipfull occupation indeed, to keep a bawdy-house, and be as common as a *barber's chaire* for every rake-shame to clap his breech in.—*The New Brawle, or Turnmill-Street against Rosemary Lane*, 1654.

The press of late became as common
As *barbers chair* or naughty woman.
Verses pref. to Bold's Poems, 1664.

In Shakespeare's time, the painted striped pole was in use as a sign for a barber's shop, as is still to be seen at the present day in country towns and villages, and the bason, as well as sets of teeth, were displayed at the window. Several writers also mention that the barbers had a peculiar dexterity in snapping their fingers. Ben Jonson, in the Silent Woman, speaks of one, who did not own this accomplishment, as a great rarity. "There I espied barbers knacking of their fingers," Trimming of Thomas Nashe, 1597. "Venus, a notorious strumpet, as common as a barber's chaire," Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy, ed. 1632, p. 666.

That she but one day more his youth would spare,
Eare he came bound unto the *barbers chayre.*
Heywood's Troia Britanica, or Great Britaines Troy, 1609.

My writings I reade not but to my friends, to any,
Nor eachwhere, nor to all, nor but desir'd; yet many
In market-place reade theirs,
In bathes, in barbers' chaires.—*Montaigne*, ed. Florio, 1603.

The barber gathered by this signe that the poore fellow had pain in his teeth, and desired to have one pluckt out; willed him to sit downe in his chaire, and approached with his dismall instruments towards the fellows chaps.—*Pasquils Jests, with the Merriments of Mother Bunch*, n. d.

"Like a barber's chair, fit for every buttock," Ray's Proverbs, ed. 1678, p. 66, the same phrase which occurs in the text. "A whore's as common as a barber's chair," ibid. Rabelais shows that it might be applied to anything in very common use, Progn. ch. 5, Ozell, vol. 5. p. 258. "One barber's chaire" is mentioned in the inventory of the goods at Ludlow Castle, 1650.

In former times, the barber's shop was a much more favorite place of resort than it is at the present day. Even a century after Shakespeare's time, some of the old characteristics were retained, as will be observed in the accompanying engraving, where the chair seems to be a less prominent object than might have been expected, but the subject itself is a curious illustration of the old custom of the person who was waiting for his turn playing on the ghittern. There are innumerable allusions to this practice in our old dramatists: — "A barber's cittern for every serving-man to play upon," Dekker's Honest Whore, Second Part, 1630. Stubbes, 1583, mentioning barbers and

shaving, says:—"You shall have also your orient perfumes for your nose, your fragrant waters for your face, wherewith you shall bee all to besprinkled; your *musicke* againe and pleasant harmonie shall sound in your eares, and all to tickle the same with vaine delight." The author of Useful Transactions in Philosophy, 1709, says the barbers were then beginning to forget "their cittern and their musick," and to take to making periwigs.

[36] *The pin-buttock, the quatch-buttock.*

Quatch is probably a corruption, or provincial form, of *squat*, flat; but no example of the word in this sense has occurred.

[37] *As your French crown for your taffata punk.*

Taffata was a distinguishing material for the dress of a courtezan. So Prince Henry, in Henry the Fourth, speaks of "a fair hot wench in flame-colour'd taffata." In Wits Recreations, 1640, is the following curious declension of a gallant,—

Nominativo hic, gallant asse.
Genitivo hujus, brave.
Dativo huic, if he get a licke.
Accusitivo hunc, of a *taffaty punck.*
Vocativo O, he 's gone if he cry so.
Ablativo ab hoc, he hath got the pock.

All the silk-wormes are dead, and an edict made,—Unbenefic'd ministers must give o're their sattin,—And damask cassacks, and weare friers habits;—Punks must not trade in taffata's; serving-men—Must rip out the plush intrailes of their liveries,—And lay 'em up for their masters.—*Davenant's Newes from Plimouth*, p. 23.

[38] *As Tib's rush for Tom's forefinger.*

It was formerly the custom amongst lovers in the humbler paths of life to interchange rush-rings as tokens of affection, the girl usually making the offering to the object of her love. So, in Spenser's Pastorals,—

O thou greate shepheard Lobbin, how great is thy grief!
Where bene the nosegayes that she dight for thee,
The colourd chaplets wrought with a chiefe,
The knotted *rush rings* and gilt rosemarie?
For she deemed nothing too deere for thee. . . .

Cloe, in the Faithful Shepherdess, i. 3, addressing the Shepherd, offers to "gather rushes, to make many a ring for thy long fingers." Again, in the Two Noble Kinsmen,—

. . . . . *Rings* she made
Of *rushes* that grew by, and to 'em spoke
The prettiest posies: *thus our true love's ty'd;*
This you may loose, not me; and many a one.

The passage in the text cannot well refer to a marriage or contract with a rush-ring, unless the suggestion of Hawkins, to reverse the positions of the names of Tib and Tom, be adopted. It seems that it was formerly the practice to deceive maidens by a pretended union accomplished by the means of a rush-ring, as may be gathered from the following passage in the constitutions of the Bishop of Salisbury in 1217, which forbids any thing of the kind with either a ring of rush or other material, and insinuates that the bond may not be so slight as the seducer might imagine,—"Nec quisquam *annulum de junco* vel *quacunque vili materia vel*

pretiosa, *jocando* manibus innectat muliercularum, ut liberius cum eis fornicetur: ne dum jocari, se putat, honoribus matrimonialibus se astringat." It is a curious circumstance that in France, at a later period, the rush-ring, or, rather, a ring of straw, was actually used in the marriage of persons who had lived together in concubinage. This fact is thus mentioned by Du Breul, in his Theatre des Antiquitez de Paris, 1612,—"Quant a la Cour de l'Official, il se presente quelquns personnes qui ont forfaict a leur honneur, la chose estant averée, si l'on n'y peult remedier autrement pour sauver l'honneur des maisons, l'on a accoustomée d'amener en ladicte eglise l'homme et la femme qui ont forfaict en leur honneur, et là estans conduicts par deux sergents (au cas qu'ils n'y veulent venir de leur bonne volontè) *il sont espousez ensemble par le curè dudict lieu avec un anneau de paille:* leur enjoignant de vivre en paix et amitié, et ainsi couvrir l'honneur des parens et amis ausquels ils appartiennent, et sauver leurs ames du danger où ils s'estoient mis par leur peché et offense." In Greene's Menaphon is this passage: "Well, 'twas a good worlde when such simplicitie was used, sayes the old women of our time, when a *ring of a rush* would tie as much love together as a gimmon of golde." The allusions to a rush-ring marriage in English works are, however, generally of a jocose character. Thus in a well-known song in a play written by Sir William D'Avenant, called the Rivals:—"I'll crown thee with a garland of straw then,—And I'll marry thee with a *rush-ring*."

Pert Stephen was kind to Betty,
And blith as a bird in the Spring;
And Tommy was so to Kitty,
And wedded her with a *rush-ring*.
The Winchester Wedding, an old ballad.

It appears that the use of rush-rings, either in jest, or as tokens of affection, continued in Ireland until a very recent period. Mr. Fairholt has favored me with the following memorandum in confirmation of this,—"My late friend, Crofton Croker, preserved among other curious minor articles in his museum, a series of rush ornaments, made by the peasantry of the South of Ireland very many years ago; and which he obtained there while collecting materials for his Fairy Legends. He considered them as the last memorials retained by the peasantry of the days described by Moore, "when Malachi wore the torque of gold," inasmuch as these twisted withes of rush are similar in conformation to the twisted ornaments of gold, which formed the torque of the old Irish nobility. The antique rings of a very ancient period, occasionally found in Ireland, are frequently formed in the same manner. Mr. Croker possessed several of these neck-bands, armlets, and finger-rings, all made of twisted rush; but the custom of wearing them has died away in the course of the last fifty years."

Tib and Tom were generic names for a wench and common man. "A tib, *mulier sordida;* he struck at Tib, and down fell Tom," Coles. Tib is the diminutive of Isabel. In the morality of Like will to like quoth the Devil to the Collier, Nicholas Newfangle says,

By the mas for thee he is so fit a mate
As *Tom* and *Tib* for Kit and Kate.

So, in Churchyard's Choise:—"Tushe, that's a toye; let *Tomkin* talke of *Tibb*." Again, in the Queenes Majesties Entertainment in Suffolk and Norfolk, &c. by Tho. Churchyard, 4to. no date:—"*Cupid.* And doth not *Jove* and *Mars* bear sway? Tush, that is true.—*Philosopher.* Then put in *Tom* and *Tibbe*, and

all bears sway as much as you." Thomas Drant in his translation of Horace's Arte of Poetrye, 1567, 4to, has Englished *fricti ciceris et nucis emptor*, by *Tom and Tib*, &c. "Kitt and Kate—There will waite,—*Tibb* and *Tom* will take their pleasure," Old Song of the Shepherd's Holyday. "When *Tib* and *Tom* upon a holy-day,—Make fair assault on such good things as they," Poor Robin, 1689; and in A Satyr against Satyrs, or St. Peter's vision transubstantiated, 1680, 4to, are these lines:—"O' th same bead-string with fryar hang'd a nun,—What, would not you have *Tib* to follow *Tom?*" Hence, doubtless, these familiar names were transferred to those two cards at gleek. Thus, in Randolph's Poems, 1643,—

> And those which modesty can meane,
> And dare not speak, are Epicene.
> That gamester needs must overcome,
> That can play both *Tyb and Tom.*

[39] *As a pancake for Shrove-tuesday.*

To eat pancakes and fritters on Shrove Tuesday is a custom from time immemorial, and the great bell which used to be rung on Shrove Tuesday, to call the people together for the purpose of confessing their sins, was called *pancake-bell*, a name which it still retains in some places where this custom is still kept up. Of the pancake-bell, Taylor, the water-poet, in his works, 1630, has a curious account,—"Shrove-Tuesday, at whose entrance in the morning all the whole kingdome is in quiet; but by that time the clocke strikes eleven, which (by the helpe of a knavish sexton) is commonly before nine, then there is a bell rung, cal'd the Pancake-bell, the sound whereof makes thousands of people distracted, and forgetfull either of manner or humanitie; then there is a thing cal'd wheaten flowre, which the sulphory necromanticke cookes doe mingle with water, egges, spice, and other tragicall, magicall inchantments, and then they put it by little and little into a frying-pan of boyling suet, where it makes a confused dismall hissing, like the Lernean Snakes in the reeds of Acheron, Stix, or Phlegeton, untill at last, by the skill of the cooke, it is transform'd into the forme of a Flap-Jack, cal'd a Pancake, which ominous incantation the ignorant people doe devoure very greedily." In Vox Graculi, 1623, Shrove-Tuesday is called, "sole monarch of the mouth, high steward to the stomach, prime peere of the pullets, first favourite to the frying-pans, greatest bashaw to the batter-bowles, protector of the pancakes, first founder of the fritters, baron of bacon-flitch, earle of the egg-baskets, &c. This corpulent commander of those chollericke things called cookes will show himself to be but of ignoble education: for, by his manners you may find him better fed than taught, wherever he comes." The following allusion occurs in Poor Robin's Almanac for 1699,—

> Shrove-Tide is come, the Pancake Bell
> Doth ring; by which, and by the smell
> Brought to your nose with a West wind,
> Pancakes and fritters you may find
> In every house that can be told,
> Where you may eat, hold belly hold.

In Gayton's Festivous Notes upon Don Quixote, p. 99, speaking of Sancho Panza's having converted a cassock into a wallet, our pleasant Annotator observes; "It were serviceable after this greasie use for nothing *but to preach at a Carnivale or Shrove-Tuesday, and to tosse pancakes in after the exercise.*"—*Brand.*

As thou doest love me, let them lacke neither pudding-pies nor pancakes, and looke what other good cheere is to be bestowed, I refer it to your discretion.

Whereupon it was appointed that, at the ringing of a bell in every parish, the prentices should leave worke and shut in their shops for that day, the which being ever since yearly observed, it is called the pancake bell.—*Deloney's Pleasant History of the Gentle Craft*, 1598.

At the door they meet a crowd of Wapping seamen, Southwark broom-men, the inhabitants of the Bank-Side, with a butcher or two prick't in among them. There awhile they stand gaping for the master of the show, staring upon the suburbs of their dearest delight, just as they stand gaping upon the painted cloath before they go into the poppet-play. By and by they hear the Bunch of Keys, which rejoyces their hearts like the sound of the Pancake-Bell.—*Wit and Drollery.*

This month also is Shrove-tide found,
When pancakes and fritters abound.
Now when you hear the *Pancake-Bell*,
Think that it is for hunger's knell.
Who pancakes eat, this is his luck,
Hunger to kill as dead as duck.—*Poor Robin*, 1693.

The pancake-bell is mentioned in many numbers of Poor Robin's Almanac. As late as the year 1755, Saint Pancake Day is marked in the calendar of that popular annual, with the following observation,—"Now loud rings forth the pancake-bell, And fritters from the kitchen smell."

When *Shrove-tuesday* was come, then maides must abroad with young men for *fritters*. Meg, with two more of her companions, and Harry the ostler of the house, would needs to Knightsbridge a *shroving*, where they had good cheere, and payed frankly.—*Life of Long Meg of Westminster*, 1635.

All. The pancake-bell rings, the pancake bell! Tri lill, my hearts.—*Firke.* O brave, Oh sweet bell, O delicate pancakes! Open the doore, my hearts, and shut up the windowes, keepe in the house, let out the pancakes. Oh rare, my hearts, let's march together for the honor of S. Hugh to the great new hall in Gracious street corner, which our master, the new Lord Mayor, hath built. *Rafe.* O the crew of good fellowes that will dine at my Lord Mayor's cost to-day. *Hodge.* The Lord Mayor is a most brave man. How shall prentises be bound to pray for him and the honour of the Gentlemen Shooemakers! Let's feed and bee fat with my Lord Mayor's bountie.—*Firke.* O musicall bell still! O Hodge, O my brethren, there's cheere for the heavens! venison pasties walke up and downe piping hot like serjeants; beefe and brewes comes marching in drifattes; fritters and pancakes come trowling in wheele-barrowes; hens and orenges hopping in porters' baskets; collops and egges in scuttles, and tarts and custards comes quavering in malt shovels.—*All.* Whoop, looke here.—*Hodge.* How now, mad lads, whither away so fast?—1 *Pren.* Whither? Why, to the great new hall. Know you not why? The Lord Mayor hath bidden all the prentises in London to breakefast this morning.—*All.* Oh brave shooemaker! Oh brave lord of incomprehensible good fellowship! Whoo! Hearke you, the pancake-bell rings!—*Firke.* Nay more, my hearts, every Shrove Tuesday is our yeare of jubile, and when the pancake-bell rings, we are as free as my Lord Mayor; we may shut up our shoppes, and make holiday.—*The Shoo-makers Holyday, or the Gentle Craft, with the humorous life of Simon Eyre.*

[40] *A morris for May-day.*

The annexed engraving, which is one of the earliest and most curious representations of a May morris known to exist, "is a copy from an exceedingly scarce engraving on copper by Israel Von Mecheln, or Meckenen, so named from the

place of his nativity, a German village on the confines of Flanders, in which latter country this artist appears chiefly to have resided; and therefore in most of

his prints we may observe the Flemish costume of his time. From the pointed shoes that we see in one of the figures, it must have been executed between the year 1460, and 1470; about which latter period the broad-toed shoes came into fashion in France and Flanders. It seems to have been intended as a pattern for goldsmiths' work, probably a cup or tankard. The artist, in a fancy representation of foliage, has introduced several figures belonging to a Flemish May game morris, consisting of the lady of the May, the fool, the piper, two morris dancers with bells and streamers, and four other dancing characters, for which appropriate names will not easily be found," Douce. The morris-dance appears, as the name implies, to have been originally derived from some dance of a cognate description in use amongst the Moors, from whom, through Spain, it probably spread to most parts of Europe. This etymology was accepted at a very early period. Thus, in Prince Henry's book of payments, under June 8th, 1609, is the following entry,—"to *Moreish* dancers, be command, 10*s*.," MSS. Rolls House. The morris-dance was well known in France in the fifteenth century. "In the accounts of Olivier le Roux, treasurer to Arthur III., duke of Bretagne, in 1457, is this article: "à certains compaignons qui avoient fait plusieurs esbatemens de *morisques* et autres jeux devant le duc à Tours, vi. escus."—Id. 1205. At a splendid feast given by Gaston de Foix at Vendôme in 1458, "foure yong laddes and a damosell attired like savages daunced (by good direction) an excellent *Morisco*, before the assembly."—Favines Theater of Honour, p. 345; and see Carpentier, Suppl. ad. Glossar. Ducangian. v. Morikinus. Coquillart, a French poet, who wrote about 1470, says that the Swiss danced the *Morisco* to the beat of the drum, Œuvres, p. 127," Douce. The dance became popular in England in the latter part of the fifteenth century. In the accounts of the Carpenters' Company, 22 Henry VII., the sum of eightpence is noted as "payd to the morys daunsers." Several notices of them occur in the account-books of Kingston-on-Thames, e. g., in 1509, "silver paper for the Mores dawnsars;" in 1537,—"Mem. lefte in the keping of the Wardens now beinge, a fryer's cote of russet, and a kyrtle of worsted weltyd with red cloth, a mowren's cote of buckram, and 4 Morres daunsars cotes of white fustain spangelyd, and two gryne saten cotes, and a dysardd's cote of cotton, and 6 payre of garters with bells."

It appears from these, and from other entries in the same manuscripts, that the morris-dancers of this early period were attired in gilt leather and silver paper,

and that they had garters to which bells were attached. In the accounts of the revels at Richmond, at Christmas, 1514, mention is made of an interlude, "in the wheche conteyned a moresko of vj. persons and ij. ladys," who, as appears from the same documents, were profusely furnished with bells and adorned with tinsel, MSS. Rolls-house. The following curious notice is taken from the original accounts of St. Giles', Cripplegate, 1571, preserved in MS. Addit. 12222, f. 5,—"Item, paide in charges by the appointment of the parisshioners, for the settinge forth of a gyaunt morres daunsers with vj. calyvers, and iij. boies on horsback, to go in the watche befoore the Lorde Maiore uppon Midsomer even, as may appere by particulers for the furnishinge of the same, vj. *li.* ix. *s.* ix. *d.*"

According to Junius, the morris-dancers blackened their faces with soot. He thus describes the dance,—"faciem plerumque inficiunt fuligine, et peregrinum vestium cultum assumunt, qui ludicris talibus indulgent, ut Mauri esse videantur, aut e longius remotâ patriâ credantur advolasse, atque insolens recreationis genus advexisse." The dancers are thus very curiously described in Stubbes' Anatomie of Abuses, 1595,—"they bedecke themselves with scarffes, ribbons and laces, hanged all over with golde ringes, precious stones, and other jewels: this done, they tie about either legge twentie or fourtie belles, with rich handkerchiefe in their handes, and sometimes laide a crosse over their shoulders and neckes, borrowed for the most part of their pretie Mopsies and loving Bessies, for bussing them in the darke. Thus all things set in order, then have they their hobby-horses, their dragons and other antiques, togither with their baudie pipers, and thundering drummers, to strike up the Devils Daunce withall: then marteh this heathen company towards the church and church-yarde, their pypers pypyng, their drummers thundering, their stumpes dauncing, their belles jyngling, their handkercheefes fluttering about their heades like madde men, their hobbie-horses, and other monsters skirmishing amongst the throng: and in this sorte they goe to the church, though the minister be at prayer or preaching, dauncing and swinging their handkerchiefes over their heades in the church like devils incarnate, with such a confused noise, that no man can heare his owne voyce." Kemp, in his Nine Daies Wonder, 1600, speaks of a morris-dancer having napkins on her arms as an "olde fashion," but they are alluded to in works published many years after the appearance of that curious tract. "To borrow a few ribbandes, bracelets, care-rings, wyertyers, and silke girdles, and handkerchers for a morice," Sampson's Vow Breaker, 1636. These napkins or handkerchiefs are seen in the annexed woodcut of a "maurice-dancer" which occurs in Witts Recreations, 1654, to adorn a copy of verses which commence with the lines,—"With a noyse and a din, Comes the maurice-dancer in." In the Knight of the Burning Pestle, the napkins are mentioned as having been fastened to the shoulders of the morris-dancer, and not held in the hands. In the comedy of Women Pleased, rings, ribbands, and "clean napkins" are named as part of the outfit of a morris-dancer; and in Shirley's Lady of Pleasure, 1637, it is said they "sweate through twenty scarffes and napkins." Higins, in the Nomenclator, 1585, p. 299, translates *chironomia* by the morris-dance. "But to give you a tast of the great Meursius, I find his Chironomia to be in use amongst us in various particulars; it is that motion in a dance, which makes the hands bear a correspondence with the feet, and both complete a saltatrical, or, as I may call it, a dancitive sort of gesture: the learned Hadrianus Junius takes notice of the Saltatio Chironomica, which our best criticks interpret of Morris Dancing, where the toss of the handker-

chief, and extension of the hands, give a graceful turn to the whole performance," Useful Transactions in Philosophy, 1709. It is not impossible that the streamers, which are seen fluttering from the arms and shoulders of some of the characters in the ancient Flemish print above engraved, were the originals of the handkerchiefs used in the more recent morris-dance. In the pamphlet called Old Meg of Herefordshire for a Mayd Marian, 1609, the following curious account is given of the costume of the morris-dancers,—"But will you know what fashion was observed amongst the musitians, and what habit the dauncers tooke upon them, here take a view of both. The musitians and the twelve dauncers had long coates of the old fashion, hie sleeves gathered at the elbowes, and hanging sleeves behind: the stuffe, red buffin, stript with white, girdles with white, stockings white, and redde roses to their shooes: the one sixe, a white Jewes cap with a jewell, and a long red feather: the other, a scarlet Jewes cap, with a jewell and a white feather; so the hobbi-horse, and so the Maide-Marrion was attired in colours; the wiflers had long staves, white and red. And after the daunce was ended, diverse courtiers that won wagers at the race, tooke those colours, and wore them in their hats."

In Warner's Albions England, the north countryman says, "at Paske begun our Morrise, and ere Penticost our May." In Shakespeare's time, the morris-dance was one of the usual accompaniments to the rejoicings on May-day. In a tract called Plaine Percevall the Peace-maker of England, mention is made of a "stranger, which, seeing a quintessence (beside the Foole and the Maid Marian) of all the picked youth, strained out of a whole endship, footing the Morris about a May-pole, and he not hearing the minstrelsie for the fidling, the tune for the sound, nor the pipe for the noise of the tabor, bluntly demaunded if they were not all beside themselves, that they so lip'd and skip'd without an occasion." In the ancient painted window, which is engraved in vol. ii. p. 144, the may-pole appears in connexion with the characters of the morris-dance, a clear proof that the May celebration of the dance was of early origin. In the Knight of the Burning Pestle, 1613, a character, speaking of May, mentions the morris and the hobby-horse as features of that month; and Hall, in his Funebriæ Floræ, 1660, alludes to the morris-dance round the May-pole. "On May-day and at Whitsuntide was wont to be *morisk*, commonly called *morrice*, but properly Morish dancing, that is, dancing after the manner of the Moors, from whom the name is derived. It was much used in England before the late Civil Wars, and though the custom be mostly laid aside, it is observed in some parts of the nation to this day, wherein there are usually five young men, clad in white waistcoats or shirts, and caps, having their legs adorned with bells, which gingle merrily as they leap or dance, and a boy dressed in girl's cloaths called the Maid Merrion or Morion," An Agreeable Companion, 1742. Other writers speak of this dance as more frequent at a later period of the year. "Bacchus' triumphes, much like to our morice-daunces in sommer," marginal note in Phaer's translation of Virgil, ed. 1600. So, in a rare poem, Friar Bacon's Prophesie, 1604,—

> But till the harvest all was in,
> The *moris-daunce* did not begin.

And, again, in Taylor's Workes, 1630,—"in the fairest weather it will heave, set, wince, kicke, fling, and curvet, like a *Midsummer Morris-dancer*, or as if the devill were practizing a French Lavolta or Corranto." The celebrated morris-dance, described in Old Meg of Herefordshire for a Mayd Marian, 1609, took place in the month of May. In Ramsey's Practise of the Divell, the morris and the May-pole are mentioned in connexion with the Robin Hood games, amusements which were also generally celebrated at that period of the year,—

And howe it was merrie, when Robin Hoods playes
Was in everie towne, the *morrice* and the foole,
The May poll, and the drum, to bring the Calfe from schoole.

An anonymous writer, in a curious account of the May-games celebrated in Oxfordshire about a century ago, says,—"To these festivals the Morris-dancers came in sets far and near; those from a distance, commonly on horseback, with the manes and heads of the horses decorated with flowers, &c. They usually wore a shirt closely pleated, buckskins, or white linen breeches, cotton stockings, and pumps. Six bells, fixed upon the outside of each leg, the whole dress tastefully adorned with ribbons and white handkerchiefs, or napkins, to use in dancing. In procession, first came the fool, next the piper, and then the dancers; of whom twelve seem to have been the customary number. It was not uncommon for persons to attend them, whose only task was the care of their cloaths. There were also the dancers of the Bedlam Morris. They did not wear bells, and were distinguished by high peaked caps, such as are worn by clowns in pantomimes, adorned with ribbons. Each carried a stick about two feet long, which they used with various gesticulation during the dance, and, at intervals struck them against each other. A clown and piper attended them." One of the most curious notices of the morris, as practised in modern times, is given by Waldron, who says that, in the summer of 1783, he "saw, at Richmond in Surrey, a company of Morrice-Dancers from Abington, accompanied by a Fool in a motley-jacket, &c. who carried in his hand a staff or truncheon, about two feet long, having a blown-up bladder fastened to one end of it; with which he either buffeted the croud to keep them at a proper distance from the dancers, or played tricks for the spectators' diversion. The Dancers and the Fool were Berkshire husbandmen, taking an annual circuit, collecting money from whoever would give them any; and (I apprehend) had derived the appendage of the bladder from custom immemorial; not from old plays, or the commentaries thereon."

[41] *As the nun's lip to the friar's mouth.*

This proverbial simile was not peculiar to Shakespeare. It was afterwards altered to, "as fit as a pudding for a frier's mouth," Ray's English Proverbs, 1678, p. 284.

[42] *To be young again, if we could.*

The lady censures her own levity in trifling with her jester, as a ridiculous attempt to return back to youth.—*Johnson.*

[43] *O Lord, sir.*

The Clown's amusing ridicule of this fashionable phrase, which was used most inappropriately and profanely on all occasions, may be well illustrated by the speeches of Orange, in Every Man out of his Humour, whose replies mostly consisted of, "O God, sir," and, "O Lord, sir." He is described "as drie an orange as ever grew; nothing but salutation, and, O God, sir; and, It pleases you to say so, sir." The former phrase is also used by Onion, in the Case is Altered; and again occurs in Marston. Cleaveland, in one of his songs, makes his Gentleman—"Answer, *O Lord, sir!* and talk *play-book* oaths."

[44] *To make modern and familiar, things &c.*

Theobald, observing that the comma was incorrectly placed after *things*, explains it,—"For this, I think, is the property of philosophy to make seeming-strange and præternatural phænomena familiar, and reducible to cause and reason," Letters to Warburton; but Lafeu is speaking ironically against the excess of philosophy, and rather means to say that the philosophers think they do this,

though I myself fancy we merely, in following them, wrap ourselves in apparent knowledge, when it would become us better to submit patiently to a faith in matters beyond our comprehension. *Modern*, common, ordinary; a frequent sense of the word in old writers. Shakespeare, says Coleridge, "inspired, as it might seem, with all knowledge, here uses the word *causeless* in its strict philosophical sense; cause being truly predicable only of *phenomena*,—that is, things natural, and not of *noumena*, or things supernatural." In one edition is printed, "*yet* we have."

[45] *Ensconcing ourselves into seeming knowledge.*

Into, in, within. To *ensconce* literally signifies to secure as in a fort. So, in the Merry Wives of Windsor: "I will *ensconce* me behind the arras." So, in Orlando Furioso, 1591,—"Ay, sirs, *ensconce* you how you can." Again:—"And here *ensconce* myself, despite of thee."—*Steevens.*

[46] *Of all the learned and authentic fellows.*

Authentic physicians were those who were allowed to practise publicly, *authentice licentiatus* in the language of the diploma; in other words, legitimate practitioners, in contradistinction to empirics. "That I may choose to give my dogge, or cat, fish, for feare of bones: or any other nutriment, that (by the judgement of the most *autenticall* physicians, where I travaile) shall be thought dangerous," Every Man out of his Humour. The term seems to have been a favorite one in the sense of, able, accurate, possessing authority, dexterous, &c. "Those grave and still authentick sages," Drayton's Owle, 1604. "I tell you in truth, that when I was a young man, I read in a booke, held very *authentick* in Italy," Passenger of Benvenuto, 1612. "I will have some cloaths of valew, though they be but to pawne in a vacation; for this purpose, I have sent this morning to consult with the *authenticall* judgements, of my taylor, sempster and haberdasher; and now am I studying with what state I shall use them," Marmyon's Fine Companion, 1633. "These are the most *authentique* rebels, next Tyrone, I ever read of," Beaumont and Fletcher. "Take him thus, and he is the inquisition of the purse; an *authentick* gypsie, that nips your bung with a canting ordinance," Cleaveland's Poems, 1651. Chapman even, in his version of the Iliad, applies the term to a weapon, and speaks of Nestor's "authentique sword." Dr. Johnson, observing that the whole merriment of this scene consists in the pretensions of Parolles to knowledge and sentiments which he has not, proposes to regulate the passage as follows,—"*Laf.* To be relinquished of the artists—— *Par.* So I say.—*Laf.* Both of Galen and Paracelsus, of all the learned and authentick fellows—— *Par.* Right, so I say."

[47] *A showing of a heavenly effect, &c.*

This, says Warburton, is the title of some pamphlet; meaning,—one that existed; but more probably, 'tis a title of Lafeu's invention: who is so pleas'd with his companion's impertinence, that he lays traps for him; suffers himself to be interrupted, and interrupts him in his turn, on purpose to shew him away.—*Capell.*

We should read, I think: "It is, indeed, if you will have it *a* showing—you shall read it in what do you call there—."—*Tyrwhitt.* Does not, if you will have it *in* showing, signify *in* a demonstration or statement of the case?—*Henley.*

[48] *Your dolphin is not lustier.*

Lafeu is alluding to the king, and implies that he is so perfectly recovered, he has become as playful and merry as a dolphin. "The dolphin, saith Isidore, hath a fit name or vocable, fetched from a man his speach or sound, or for that they

cluster togither, and are all in one companie, hearing the sweete sound of any instrument; there is no fish in the whole sea so swift as this is, for oftentimes through that light and nimble leaping that they have, they mount over the tops of ships; Tullie saith that they are so much delighted with musicke, that they have taken and caried the musitian from out of the perill of the sea to the sea-bancks, as when Arion Methimnæus was throwen out of the ship into the sea, the dolphins, being their readie, tooke him on their backs, and caried him to land," Maplet's Greene Forest, or a Naturall Historie, 1567. The annexed hideous woodcut, of what are intended for dolphins, is copied from an example in the Hortus Sanitatis, ed. 1536. The sportiveness of the dolphin is again alluded to in Antony and Cleopatra, v. 2. Some critics have unnecessarily supposed that there is in the text an allusion to the Dauphin of France, a title that was frequently spelt *dolphin* in old books. Steevens has well observed that, in the colloquial language of Shakespeare's time, *your* was frequently employed as it is in this passage. So, in Hamlet, the Grave-digger observes that "*your* water is a sore decayer of *your* whorson dead body." Again, in As You Like It: "*Your* if is the only peace-maker." Lafeu would scarcely have used this familiar style of speaking, if he had intended to refer to the eldest son of his sovereign.

[49] *He is of a most facinorous spirit.*

This word is used in Heywood's English Traveller, 1633:—"And magnified for high *facinorous* deeds." *Facinorous* is *wicked.* The old copy spells the word *facinerious*; but as Parolles is not designed for a verbal blunderer, I have adhered to the common spelling.—*Steevens.*

[50] *Which should, indeed, give us a further use, &c.*

I believe Parolles has again usurped words and sense to which he has no right, and I read this passage thus:—"*Laf.* In a most weak and debile minister, great power, great transcendence; which should, indeed, give us a further use to be made than the mere recovery of the king.—*Par.* As to be———.—*Laf.* Generally thankful."—*Johnson.*

Warburton is of opinion that, between the word *us* and *a*, something has been dropped, of which the purpose, he tells us, is "notice, that there is of this," but he is really more scrupulously provident than is necessary; for the expression, *give us*, in the common reading, which means the same as, suggest to us, conveys singly the whole sense intended to be supplied by our critick's interpolation.—*Heath.*

[51] *Lustique, as the Dutchman says.*

Lustig, Dutch for, lusty, cheerful, pleasant. In the old comedy of the Weakest Goeth to the Wall, first published in 1600, a Flemish peasant says,—"Come, yffrow, dye man is away gane, but ource be frolick, *lustick*, high speel, zing and daunce;" and again, in the same play,—"Well, well, hah mien skone friester, mien lieff, dow sall met mie blieven, and di mannykin a weigh lope, heigh loustick." Again, in Hans Beer-Pot his Invisible Comedie of See me and See me not, 1618,—"can walk a mile or two—As *lustique* as a boor—." In the

narrative of the cruelties committed by the Dutch at Amboyna, in 1622, it is said, that after a night spent in prayer, &c., by some of the prisoners, "the Dutch that guarded them offered them wine, bidding them drink *lustick*, and drive away the sorrow, according to the custom of their own nation." The word again occurs in Brome's Jovial Crew, or the Merry Beggars, 1652,—"as lustick and frolick as lords in their bowers;" and Steevens says that the burden also of one of our ancient medleys is—"Hey *Lusticke*."

I am hee, whom all the brave blades of the country use to whet their wits upon: sweet Mr. Shakstone, dainty Mr. Bantam, and dainty Mr. Arthur, and how, and how—what all *lustick*, all froligozone? I know you are going to my uncles to dinner, and so am I too.—*Heywood's Late Lancashire Witches*, 1634.

[52] *Why, he's able to lead her a coranto.*

At last, the Earle requested one of them to choose out his beloved mistris, and *lead* her some stately *caranta*: likewise requesting that none would bee offended, what lady soever hee did affect to grace with that courtly pastime: at which request all of them were silent, and silence is commonly a signe of consentment; therefore he imboldned himselfe the more to make his desires knowne to the beholders. Then with exceeding courtesie, and great humilitie, he kissed the beautious hand of Sabra; who, with a blushing countenance and bashfull looke, accepted his curtesie, and like a kind lady disdained not to daunce with him. So when the musicians strained forth their inspiring melodie, the lustfull Earle led her the first course about the hall, in as great majestie as Mavors did the Queene of Paphos to gaine her love: and shee followed with as much grace, as if the Queene of Pleasure had beene present to behold their courtly delights.—*Johnson's Famous History of the Seven Champions of Christendome*, 1608.

[53] *Mort du Vinaigre.*

"Mor du vinager," ed. 1623. Can this French oath consist of a profane allusion to an incident in the death-scene of our Saviour? The first two words may possibly be a corruption of another oath, Mort-Dieu!

[54] *Marry, to each but one.*

Tyrwhitt regards the latter exclamation as ludicrous, in consequence of Helena's limitation of *one* mistress to each lord, and would therefore give it to Parolles. M. Mason, on the contrary, is of opinion that the words *but one*, mean *except one;* that the person excepted is Bertram, whose mistress Helena hoped she herself should be; and that she makes the exception out of modesty, as otherwise it would extend to herself. Of these two opinions the first is the most probable, deriving considerable support from the *one* in the preceding line; for if Shakspeare had meant *except one*, he would have written "*a* fair and virtuous mistress." Helena's exception as stated by Mason might indeed have been made on the score of modesty so far as regarded her beauty; but she could not with propriety admit that she had no virtue.—*Douce.*

[55] *I'd give bay Curtal.*

"*Double courtaut*, a strong curtall; or, a horse of a middle size betweene th' ordinarie curtall, and horse of service.—*Courtaut*, curtall; being curtalled," Cotgrave. "Their knavery is on this manner; they have always good geldings and trusty, which they can make *curtailes* when they list, and againe set too large tailes, hanging to the fetlockes at their pleasure," Martin Marhall's Apologie to the Belman of London, 1610, sign. G, ap. Douce. A curtal is properly a docked horse, but the term is here used as a proper name for one. Webster speaks of Banks's horse as a curtal, in his play of the White Devil, 1612.

[56] *And writ as little beard.*

A very favourite expression. So Lafeu says afterwards in the same scene,—"I must tell thee, sirrah, I write man; to which title age cannot bring thee." Again, in Ram Alley, 1611,—"I never saw a man that sooner would captive my thoughts, since I writ widow." In King Lear,—"About it, and write happy when thou hast done," v. 3. "I protest, sir, if you can but get to bee acquainted with her, you may write yourselfe the happiest man alive," Noble Stranger, 1640. "I am honor'd in the embassie, and shall be proud to write myselfe your pensioner," Shirley's Opportunitie.

> Writes perfect cat and fiddle wantonly,
> Tickling her thoughts with masking bawdry.
> *Skialetheia, or a Shadowe of Truth*, 1598.

As soone as he came to write full and perfit man, he betooke himselfe unto the warres, was made commander of the Garland, one of Queene Elizabeth (of famous memorie) her best ships; and was Vice-Admirall of the first squadron.—*Markham's Honour in his Perfection*, 1624.

> Nor can ye ere be called men,
> Though ye *write* threescore and ten.
> *Don Zara del Fogo*, 1656.

And if when the apprentice *writes* man, and wears good cloaths, and money in his pocket, and comes near to the conclusion of the story, that his time is almost out.—*Kirkman's Unlucky Citizen*, 1673.

[57] *Let the white death sit on thy cheek for ever.*

In the original copy, these lines are pointed thus:—"We blush that thou shouldst choose, but be refused;—Let the white death sit on thy cheeke for ever," &c. This punctuation has been adopted in all the subsequent editions. The present regulation of the text appears to me to afford a much clearer sense. "My blushes," says Helen, "thus whisper me. We blush that thou should'st have the nomination of thy husband. However, choose him at thy peril. But, if thou be refused, let thy cheeks be for ever pale; we will never revisit them again." The blushes, which are here personified, could not be supposed to know that Helena would be refused, as, according to the former punctuation, they appear to do; and, even if the poet had meant this, he would surely have written "—*and* be refused," not "—*but* be refused." *Be refus'd* means the same as—"thou being refused,"—or, "be thou refused."—*Malone.*

The *white death* is a beautiful metonymy for the whiteness or paleness of death. Warburton hath betrayed his want of taste by degrading this expression, and substituting in its place the most unmeaning and enigmatical one that can well be imagined, "the *white dearth.*" Dearth of what?—*Heath.* The pestilence that ravaged England in the reign of Edward III. was called the *black death.*—*Steevens.*

A curious alteration is made in the third folio, where the King's speech is made to commence with the words, *We blush*, and the next line is printed thus,—"Let *not* white death sit on thy *cheeks* for ever."

[58] *All the rest is mute.*

So all the old editions, but Pope, in 1723, altered *is* to *are*. The phrase seems to have been conventional in the sense of,—there is no more to say. So Hamlet's dying words are,—"the rest is silence," quoted by Theobald and Steevens in illustration of the present line, though the words there may have a less

prosaic meaning. It is suggested by Theobald that the next speech belongs to Parolles.

[59] *Throw ames-ace for my life.*

Ames-ace, originally *ambes-ace* (A.N.), signifying the double ace, the lowest throw possible from two dice, and hence figuratively used for the worst luck, which Lafeu here contrasts with the best fortune. The expression occurs in the very early interlocutory poem of the Harrowing of Hell in MS. Digby 86, fol. 119,—"Stille, stille, Satanas! The is fallen *aunbesas*," where another early copy reads *ambes-aas*, MS. Harl. 2253. "Ac, ihered beo Jhesu Crist—Hi caste an *ambes as*,"—MS. Harl. 2277, f. 48. Other early instances occur in Robert of Gloucester, MS. cited at p. 51; Chaucer's Cant. Tales, 4544. "This were a hevy case, a chaunce of ambes-ase," Image of Ipocresy. "Post, pinion, and also aums-ase," are mentioned in the ancient English Interlude of Youth. "Who would have mark'd such a leap-frogge chance now? A very lesse then ames-ace on two dice!," Jonson's Bartholomew Fair. "*Faire ambezatz*, to cast aumes-ace," Cotgrave. "May I—At my last stake, when there is nothing else—To lose the game, throw *ames-ace* thrice together!," Cartwright's Ordinary. Howell tells us that when this throw was made, the dicers in London would say "ambling annes and trotting Joan," Proverbs, 1659, p. 19. "Nos hunc ludum recipientes a Normannis quo tempore fuerunt in Anglia, numero um seu jactuum proclamationem facimus lingua Gallica; ut six (size), cinque, cinque-quatre, *ambs-as*, doublets . . . . . *Ambs-as* quod Germani dicunt *alle-is*, seu *alle-aug*," Hyde's Syntagma Dissertationum. The expression continued in use in England till a very late period. "My cast is ames-ace then," Politick Whore, 1680. "When you had reduc'd him within ams-ace of hanging or drowning," Æsop, 1697. "And ames-ace loses what kind sixes won," Prior's Poems on Several Occasions, 1707. "No man can certainly foretell that sice-ace will come up upon two dies fairly thrown before *ambs-ace*: yet any one would choose to lay the former, because, in nature, there are twice as many chances for that as for the other," Wollaston's Religion of Nature. The term seems to be occasionally used as one of contempt, as in the Queen of Corinth, iv. 1, and in Durfey's Bath, or the Western Lass, 1701, p. 29. "Et si le dez ne vous veult aultrement dire que toujours *ambezas*, &c." Rabelais, ii. 137. ". . . . . desquels les plus grands bessons et accouplez, il nommoit senes, les plus petits, *ambesas*, les aultres, moyens, quines, quadernes, ternes, double deux, &c." v. 42. See other examples in the Pagan Prince, 1690, p. 82; Hudibras Redivivus, 1707, ii. 9. "In whom Dame Nature tries, to throw lesse then *aums ace* upon two dice," Cleaveland's Poems, 1651.

Remembring that in a great river fish is to be found, but then take heed you be not drown'd, for great undertakers are like forlorn hopes, *aut Cæsar aut nullus*, and in desperate casts 'tis very great odds that you throw not *ams ace*.—*A Cap of Grey Hairs for a Green Head*, p. 124.

Lafeu says,—I would rather take a wife, though I did not much like her, than run the risque of being hang'd, by throwing the lowest chance of the dice for my life; alluding, 'tis likely, to the following story in Sir Roger l'Estrange's fables, 2d part, fab. 15, intit'led, *Ambs Ace*.—"There were two prisoners sentenced to throw the dice for their lives; and the first caster threw *deuce ace*, which put him into such a fit of repentance, vows, promises, and resolutions that there never was so saint-like a penitent; while he was in the middle of his ejaculation, the other threw two *aces;* the dice were no sooner upon the table, but up starts the *new convert* from his prayers, with a bloody oath in his mouth, *ambs ace* by —— says he." This was the wish of Caster the gamester, in the comedy, intit'ld, the Ordinary, by Cartwright, act the 2d, sc. 3.—"If I e'er discover, may I want

money to pay my ordinary, may I at my last stake, when there is nothing else to lose the game, throw *ames ace* thrice together."—*Dr. Grey.*

The second folio reads, "than throw a deuce-ace for my life," a strange variation, for the phrase used in the first edition was not obsolete.

[60] *Do all they deny her?*

None of them have yet denied her, or deny her afterwards, but Bertram. The scene must be so regulated that Lafeu and Parolles talk at a distance, where they may see what passes between Helena and the lords, but not hear it, so that they know not by whom the refusal is made.—*Johnson.*

[61] *I am sure, thy father drank wine.*

Thy, ed. 1623; *my*, eds. 1632, 1663, 1685. This speech is divided by Theobald, Hanmer, and Warburton, between Lafeu and Parolles, without either authority or necessity. Theobald supposes the fourth Lord, who had given Helena a favourable answer, is here referred to, whereas in truth Bertram, who had not yet been asked the question, is the person intended. In this view I can see no objection to the propriety of this speech. Helena had given her answer already to all the young lords except Bertram. On which Lafeu says, there is one grape still left, meaning Bertram; and I am sure thy father drunk wine, that is, was no milksop, and consequently, if thou hast inherited thy father's nature, thou must have too good a taste to be indifferent to so much beauty and merit; but I am mistaken in thee if thou be not an ass; for I have had occasion to know thee already; alluding probably to Bertram's familiarity with and partiality for Parolles.—*Heath.*

[62] *'Tis only title thou disdain'st in her.*

That is, says Malone, *want of title*, but I believe this is an oversight in that ingenious commentator; title seems to stand here for designation, *peculiar distinction*, whether high or low.—*Seymour.*

[63] *Of colour, weight, and heat.*

Capell reads, *alike of*, and such an addition must be understood. He adds that "the expression is still elliptical, and these words should be added:—Strange is it, that our bloods,—which are alike of colour, weight, and heat; nay, which, pour'd all together, would quite confound distinction,—(could not be distinguish'd) yet stand off," &c.

[64] *Where great addition swells, and virtue none.*

Additions swell's, ed. 1623; addition swell's, ed. 1632; addition swells, eds. 1663, 1685, the last reading agreeing best with the commencement of the next line. *Swell's*, so printed, would mean, *swell us.*

[65] *Good alone is good, without a name; vileness is so.*

In other words, goodness by itself is good, though it may not be accompanied with a title, or with what the world calls a name; and the same observation equally applies to baseness, which is unchanged in effect either with or without its owner's position in society, or, speaking more generally, baseness is baseness in itself, without the addition of a name, as either virtue or vice take its nature from itself. Warburton reads,—"good alone is good; and, with a name, vileness is so;" and Dr. Johnson once suggested to alter *vileness* to *Helen.* Dr. Kenrick thus obscurely paraphrases the original text,—good by itself is good, and even so, if unadorned by titles, vileness were vileness.

[66] *In these to nature she's immediate heir.*

To be *immediate heir* is to inherit without any intervening transmitter: thus

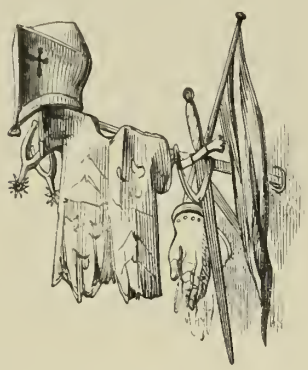
she inherits beauty *immediately* from *nature*, but honour is transmitted by ancestors.—*Johnson.*

[67] *Which challenges itself as honour's born.*

That is, born of honour. As is observed by Pye, Dryden, in his Virgil, always translates *Nate Dea*, goddess born. Malone unnecessarily proposes to read, *honour-born*, and Henley, with great improbability, thinks *born* is in this passage a form of *bairn.*

[68] *On every grave, a lying trophy.*

The following note on this passage was given me by Mr. Fairholt,—"The arms of a knight were usually suspended in form of a trophy over his tomb during the middle ages; and consisted of his helmet, tabard, pennon, sword, shield, gauntlets, and spurs. Sometimes a few of these articles were omitted; but the helmet, shield and sword, always appeared. The annexed cut represents a trophy of the time of Edward IV., which formerly existed in Gorleston church, Norfolk. Within the last twenty years most of these relics have been removed from our old churches, to swell the collections of armour; but Norfolk, Suffolk, and Kent, can still show, in their churches, many curious examples of the ancient practice."



[69] *And damn'd oblivion.*

Reproachful to the living who neglect monumental inscriptions to the meritorious dead. I am surprized that the commentators have left this obscure expression without a light.—*Griffiths.*

[70] *Which to defeat, I must produce my power.*

This is one of the many passages in Shakespeare, where the construction involves a verb that relates to an idea understood but not expressed. The word *defeat* here refers to the danger in which his honour is in. Theobald unnecessarily alters it to *defend.* Tyrwhitt takes a different view of the passage, observing,—"Notwithstanding Theobald's pert censure of former editors for retaining the word *defeat*, I should be glad to see it restored again, as I am persuaded it is the true reading. The French verb *defaire* (from whence our *defeat*) signifies *to free, to disembarrass*, as well as *to destroy. Defaire un nœud*, is to *untie a knot;* and in this sense, I apprehend, *defeat* is here used. It may be observed, that our verb *undo* has the same varieties of signification; and I suppose even Theobald would not have been much puzzled to find the sense of this passage, if it had been written;—My honour's at the stake, which to *undo* I must produce my power."

[71] *That canst not dream.*

Were you weigh'd together, and our favour thrown into the scale which you think so defective, you would turn out lighter than her, would "kick the beam," as Milton expresses it.—*Capell.* That canst not understand, that if you and this maiden should be weighed together, and our royal favours should be thrown into her scale, which you esteem so light, we should make that in which you should be placed, to strike the beam.—*Malone.*

[72] *Into the staggers.*

One species of the *staggers*, or the *horse's apoplexy*, is a raging impatience,

which makes the animal dash himself with a destructive violence against posts or walls. To this the allusion, I suppose, is made metaphorically for, staggering or agitating distress.—*Johnson.* Shakespeare has the same expression in Cymbeline, where Posthumus says:—"Whence come these *staggers* on me?"—*Steevens.* "Poor gentleman, he's troubled with the staggers," Beaumont and Fletcher's Mad Lover, ed. Dyce, p. 127. Mr. Singer is of opinion that the term is used in reference to the reeling and unsteady course of a drunken or sick man.

[73] *Shall seem expedient on the now-born brief.*

The King, desiring that there should be no opportunity for Bertram to relapse into his reluctance against the union with Helena, thinks the ceremony of marriage will suitably follow "the now-born brief," which words refer to Bertram's consent, "I take her hand," the term *brief* being used either in the legal sense of a grant or license, which is applicable to Bertram's consent, or perhaps merely with the meaning of a short speech, the term occurring in the latter sense in the fifth act. Rann, in 1787, reads *new-born*, an unnecessary alteration, though plausible at first sight, and one which might be supported by misprints of *now* for *new* in old English books. I add the notes of the commentators,—

This, if it be at all intelligible, is at least obscure and inaccurate. Perhaps it was written thus:—"*what* ceremony—Shall seem expedient on the now-born brief, —*Shall* be perform'd to-night; the solemn feast—Shall more attend——." The *brief* is the *contract of espousal*, or the *licence* of the church. The King means, What *ceremony* is necessary to make this *contract* a *marriage*, shall be immediately *performed;* the rest may be delayed.—*Johnson.*

The whole speech is unnaturally expressed; yet I think it intelligible as it stands, and should therefore reject Johnson's amendment and explanation. The word *brief* does not here denote either a contract or a license, but is an adjective, and means *short* or *contracted:* and the words *on the new-born*, signify *for the present*, in opposition to *upon the coming space*, which means *hereafter.*——The sense of the whole passage seems to be this:—"The King and Fortune smile on this contract; the ceremony of which it seems expedient to abridge for the present; the solemn feast shall be performed at a future time, when we shall be able to assemble the absent friends."—*Mason.*

Though I have inserted the foregoing note, I do not profess to comprehend its meaning fully. Shakespeare used the words *expedience*, *expedient*, and *expediently*, in the sense of *haste*, *quick*, *expeditiously*. A *brief*, in ancient language, means any short and summary writing or proceeding. The "now-born brief" is only another phrase for "the contract recently and suddenly made. The ceremony of it, says the king, shall seem to hasten after its short preliminary, and be performed to-night," &c.—*Steevens.*

Now-born, the epithet in the old copy, prefixed to *brief*, unquestionably ought to be restored. The "now-born brief," is the *breve originale* of the feudal times, which, in this instance, formally notified the king's consent to the marriage of Bertram, his ward.—*Henley.*

Our author often uses *brief* in the sense of a short note, or intimation concerning any business; and sometimes without the idea of writing. So, in the last act of this play:——"she told me—In a sweet verbal *brief*," &c. Again, in the Prologue to Sir John Oldcastle, 1600:—"To stop which scruple, let this *brief* suffice:—It is no pamper'd glutton we present," &c. The meaning therefore of the present passage, I believe, is: "Good fortune, and the king's favour, smile on this short contract; the ceremonial part of which shall *immediately* pass,—*shall follow close on the troth now briefly plighted* between the parties, and be performed this night; the solemn feast shall be delayed to a future time."—*Malone.*

Now borne, Collier. The clear meaning is obscurely expressed: if we take *now* (to which Shakespeare prefixes the definite article) to be used substantively, and if we derive *borne* from the verb *to bear*, the king says that the marriage shall not be deferred, "whose ceremony shall seem expedient *on the now*, (or on the instant,) to be borne briefly," or concluded without delay.—*Collier.*

[74] *Else, does err.*

In ed. 1623, *exeunt* is placed after these words, and then occurs separately the following curious stage-direction,—"Parolles and Lafew stay behind, commenting of this wedding," which is scarcely likely to be more than a play-house note, and one of questionable correctness, for the first words uttered by Lafeu prevent the assumption of any apparent conversation previously to the commencement of the spoken dialogue, which in itself hardly sanctions the direction. A similar stage-direction occurs in the Merchant of Venice, 1600, "A song the whilst Bassanio *comments* on the caskets to himselfe."

[75] *The scarfs, and the bannerets, about thee.*

Bannerets in the early editions, altered to *banners* in ed. 1663. The following note on this line was communicated to me by Mr. Fairholt,—"Soldiers, in the sixteenth century, who enjoyed any rank in the army, were much addicted to display; and the cost bestowed on the engraving and gilding of armour was sometimes excessive. Some degree of effeminacy was mixed with their displays in times of peace, and feathers, silks and lace, entered largely into their items of extravagance. It is this military foppery which seems to have been the most visible characteristic of Parolles; and it is well illustrated by prints of the Shaksperian era. The figure here engraved is copied from one by the German engraver Kuchlein, dated 1609, and represents the commander of a small battalion marching in front of his troopers; he wears not only an enormous scarf over his shoulders; but another round his hat and one round the arm; all being richly decorated with lace. The scarf across the shoulders is still worn by officers of the British army on certain occasions; and the scarf upon the arm, though that is restricted to one of black crape when there is Court mourning." Hall, in his Satires, iv. 6, thus speaks of a scarfed soldier,—

The sturdy ploughman doth the soldier see
All *scarfed* with pied colours to the knee.

[76] *Yet art thou good for nothing but taking up.*

That is, but for borrowing money, or taking commodities upon trust. So, in Ben Jonson's Every Man out of his Humour:—"I will *take up*, and bring myself into credit." So, again, in Northward Hoe, by Decker and Webster, 1607: "They will *take up*, I warrant you, where they may be trusted." Again, in the same piece: "Sattin gowns must be *taken up*." Again, in Love Restored, one of Ben Jonson's masques:—"A pretty fine speech was *taken up* o' the poet too, which if he never be paid for now, 'tis no matter."—*Steevens.*

And now I can *take up*, at my pleasure. Can you *take up* ladies, sir? No, sir, excuse me, I meant money.—*Ben Jonson.*

> —If he owe them money, that he may
> Preserve his credit, let him, in policy, never
> Appoint a day of payment; so they may hope still.
> But if he be to *take up* more, his page
> May attend them at the gate.—*Massinger.*

When Lafeu adds, "and that thou art scarce worth," he plays upon the phrase, meaning that he is hardly worth the picking up. "*Il ne vaut pas un zest*, hee is not worth the taking up," Cotgrave.

His servant for additions who stood behind him, stepped forth, and according to his precepts, with a great confidence said unto him, Nay, sir, it is well worth four thousand crowns. Ho, said Hortensius, turning aside to him, must you *take up* your master? If I should make it lesse, you ought not, sirrah, to gainsay me. Moreover, said he, I have a constitution of three thousand livres due to a denier; and the person that ows it me is very able to pay it.—*The Comical History of Francion*, 1655.

[77] *That I may say, in the default.*

Capell explains this,—"since I cannot say, I know he is a man, I may say, he is a man that I know." Dr. Johnson's explanation is simpler, that critic merely noting *in the default*, at a need.

[78] *For doing I am past.*

The sense, such as it is, seems to be plainly this;—I cannot do much, says Lafeu; doing I am *past:* as *I will by thee* in what motion age will give me leave, i. e., as I will *pass* by thee as fast as I am able; and he immediately goes out: it is a play on the word *past;* the conceit indeed is poor; but Shakespeare plainly meant it, and nothing more; and consequently nothing is left out, as conjectured by Warburton. In the very next speech Parolles considers it not as a challenge, but as an excuse on account of his age; and threatens to fight his son for it:—"Well, thou hast a son shall take this disgrace off me;" &c.—*Edwards.*

Doing is here used obscenely. So, in Ben Jonson's translation of a passage in an Epigram of Petronius:—Brevis est, &c. et fœda voluptas,—*Doing* a filthy pleasure is, and short.—*Steevens.*

The speech of Lafeu ends with a quibble upon *past*, that has humour in it, is suitable enough to the occasion, and to him that is speaking: it were plainer if *be* was inserted in it, thus; "as I will *be by* thee,—in what motion age will give me leave."—*Capell.*

[79] *Well, thou hast a son &c.*

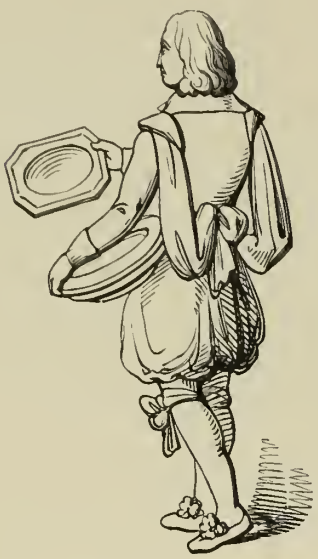
"This the poet makes Parolles speak alone; and this is nature. A coward should try to hide his poltroonry even from himself. An ordinary writer would have been glad of such an opportunity to bring him to confession," Warburton. Parolles rather mutters these words while Lafeu is leaving, who does not quit the stage till the former has completed the first sentence of his speech. Parolles then launches out as soon as he is quite gone, in the true spirit of cowardice,—Scurvy, &c.

[80] *He is my good lord.*

This speech is made to end thus in the second modern edition,—"He, my good lord, whom I serve above is my master," and the others have follow'd him; but with what propriety, let any one judge: it is almost an insult to the reader's understanding, to tell him that this *he* belongs to Bertram.—*Capell.*

[81] *Why dost thou garter up thy arms o' this fashion?*

The following observations on this line were communicated to me by Mr. Fairholt,—"the long hanging-sleeves appended to the shoulder of the dress, having become entirely useless as portions of apparel, were constantly worn by serving-men of the Shaksperian era; but are alluded to by earlier satirists as indicative of the same class, and worn to swell the ostentatious display of their masters. In the *Dialogus inter Occlyf et mendicam* (Harleian MS. 4826), the servants are noted for having more than enough to do to hold their sleeves out of the mire, and are consequently unable to help their masters, "the side-sleeves of penniless grooms" being able to sweep the streets clean of filth. The annexed engraving, copied from a painting executed at the commencement of the seventeenth century, and depicting a banquetting scene, represents a servant in attendance on the table, distributing fresh plates to the guests. His sleeves are gartered up, and tucked in the girdle, to be out of his way in the hurry and confusion consequent to a great dinner party. Pictorial examples might readily be multiplied of this custom in servants."



[82] *For men to breathe themselves upon thee.*

That is, to take exercise, which is in fact a trial of breath. The term is still in use, applied to horses, &c. "As swift as breathed stags," Taming of the Shrew.

He would every morning *breath* himself and his horse in running at the ring; after dinner he often danced in masks, and made sumptuous feasts, and in every thing he did shew himself so magnificent, that he charmed the hearts of all the Italians.—*History of Francion*, 1655.

[83] *France is a dog-hole.*

A paltry place, fitted only for a dog. The term seems to have been specially applied to a place not worth the attention of a warrior, so that Bertram's pettish observation would be particularly out of place, were it not explained by his state of mind. "*Bicoque*, a dogge hole, a place not able to withstand a siege," Hollyband's Dictionarie French and English, 1593.

[84] *That hugs his kicky-wicky here at home.*

Kicky-wicky is a ludicrous term for a jade, metaphorically applied to a woman. The second folio reads *kicksie-wicksie*, a lection followed in the two later folios. "A kicksy-wicksy, a cant name for a wife; so a tradesman of Exeter, in terrorem to his debtors in Cornwal, threat'ned them with an *hocksy-vocksy* which he carried about him in his pocket, which was only the head constable's short staff or truncheon," MS. Devon Gloss. One of Taylor's pieces, Workes, 1630, ii. 33, is entitled, "The Scourge of Basenesse, or the old lerry, with a new kicksey, and a new-cum twang, with the old winsey," where these odd words seem to be merely puerile forms of *kick* and *wince*. In the same work is a curious piece directed by Taylor against his debtors for subscriptions to his tracts, which he calls,

"A Kicksey Winsey, or a Lerry Come-twang, wherein John Taylor hath satyrically suted seven hundred and fifty of his bad debtors, that will not pay him for his returne of his journey from Scotland."

> I did produce such witnesses which crost
> The merchants sute, else you had quite beene lost,
> And (but for me) apparantly 'tis knowne,
> You had beene *Kicksie-winsie* overthrowne;
> And for my service and my much paines taken,
> I am cashier'd, abandon'd and forsaken.
> *The Workes of John Taylor, the Water-Poet*, 1630.

> Perhaps an Ignis fatuus now and then
> Starts up in holes, stincks, and goes out agen.
> Such *Kicksee winsee* flames shew but how dear,
> Thy great Light's resurrection would be here. [1687, p. 216).
> *Fletcher's Poems*, p. 168 (repeated in Cleaveland's Works,

[85] *To the dark house, and the detested wife.*

To, compared to. The old copies read *detected*, but the alteration in the text, first made by Rowe, seems to be indisputable. So, in a subsequent passage:—"'Tis a hard bondage to become the wife—Of a *detesting* lord." The dark house is a phrase usually applied to the prison room of a lunatic, but the commentators here explain it, the house which is the seat of gloom and discontent. Milton, as Dr. Johnson observes, says of *death* and the *king* of hell preparing to combat:

> So frown'd the mighty combatants, that hell
> Grew *darker* at their frown.

[86] *Will this capricio hold in thee.*

"*Cappriccio*, a sudden toie, a selfe conceite, a fantasticall humor," Florio's Worlde of Wordes, 1598. "Have you no other *capricions* in your head to entrap my sister in her frailtie," Chapman's Widdowes Teares, 1612. "'Tis the *capricio* of all old men, jealous of every thing that's younger than themselves," Manley's Lost Lover, 1696.

[87] *But puts it off to a compell'd restraint.*

Thus the original and only authentick ancient copy. The editor of the third folio reads, *by* a compell'd restraint; and the alteration has been adopted by the modern editors; perhaps without necessity. Our poet might have meant, in his usual licentious manner, that Bertram puts off the completion of his wishes *to* a future day, *till* which he is *compelled* to *restrain* his desires. This, it must be confessed, is very harsh; but our author is often so licentious in his phraseology, that change on that ground alone is very dangerous. In King Henry VIII., we have a phraseology not very different: "——All-souls day—Is the *determin'd respite* of my wrongs," that is, the day to which my wrongs are respited.—*Malone.*

[88] *Which they distil now in the curbed time.*

The *sweets* with which that *want* is *strewed*, I suppose, are compliments and professions of kindness.—*Johnson.*

The *sweets* which are distilled, by the restraint said to be imposed on Bertram, from "the want and delay of the great prerogative of love," are the sweets of *expectation.* Parolles is here speaking of Bertram's feelings, during this "curbed time," not, as Dr. Johnson seems to have thought, of those of Helena. The

following lines, in Troilus and Cressida, may prove the best comment on the present passage:

> I am giddy; *expectation* whirls me round.
> The *imaginary* relish is so *sweet*
> That it enchants my sense. What will it be,
> When that the watery palate *tastes indeed*
> Love's thrice-repured nectar? Death, I fear me,
> Swooning destruction, &c.—*Malone.*

Johnson seems not to have understood this passage, the meaning of which is merely this,—that the delay of the joys, and the expectation of them, would make them more delightful when they come. The *curbed time*, means the time of restraint. "Whose want" means *the want of which.* So, in the Two Noble Kinsmen, Theseus says: "—— A day or two—Let us look sadly,—*in whose end*, —The visages of bridegrooms we'll put on."—*M. Mason.*

[89] *I took this lark for a bunting.*

This is a fine discrimination between the possessor of courage, and him that only has the appearance of it. The bunting is, in feather, size, and form, so like the sky-lark, as to require nice attention to discover the one from the other; it also ascends and sinks in the air nearly in the same manner: but it has little or no song, which gives estimation to the sky-lark.—*Johnson.*

The word is mentioned in the play of Love's Metamorphosis, 1601: "— but foresters think all birds to be *buntings.*" Baret, in his Alvearie, or Quadruple Dictionary, 1580, gives this account of it: "Terraneola et rubetra, avis alaudæ similis, &c. Dicta terraneola quod non in arboribus, sed in terra versetur et nidificet." The following proverb is in Ray's Collection: "A gosshawk beats not a bunting."—*Steevens.*

The term is also applied metaphorically to men by Webster, in the Dutchesse of Malfy, 1623,—"These poore men, which have got little in your service, vow to take your fortune; but your wiser *buntings*, now they are fledg'd, are gon."

[90] *End ere I do begin.*

And ere, old eds. The important correction made in the text was discovered by Mr. Collier in an annotated copy of the first folio belonging to the Earl of Ellesmere. The expression was a common one, and occurs several times in Shakespeare, and frequently in contemporary writers. "Their lofty heads have leaden heeles, and end where they begun," Warner's Albions England.

> Shall then my joyes have an end ere they begin,
> And shall the terme of three daies being wife,
> For ever after cause a widdowhood?
> *The Famous Historye of Captaine Thomas Stukeley*, 1605.

> Opprobrious saint, and most angellicke fiend,
> Ere I begin thus doe I make an end.
> *The Knave in Graine new Vampt*, 1640.

The misprint of *and* for *end* again occurs in this play in the next act, in the line, "Come, night, *end* day," where *end* is printed *and* in ed. 1685.

[91] *At the latter end of a dinner.*

So, in Marlowe's King Edward II., 1598:—"*Gav.* What art thou?—2 *Poor Man.* A *traveller.*—*Gav.* Let me see; thou would'st well—To wait on my trencher, and *tell me lies at dinner-time.*"—*Malone.*

[92] *Like him that leaped into the custard.*

Leapt, ed. 1623; *leapes*, ed. 1632. This is no doubt in allusion to a real occurrence of the time. A custard of enormous size was generally made a conspicuous object at a great city feast, and numerous foolish tricks were played to the great delight of the barren spectators. Ben Jonson, in the Devil is an Ass, seems to allude to the same occurrence which is mentioned by Lafeu,—

> He may perchance, in taile of a sheriffes dinner,
> Skip with a rime o' the table, from New-nothing,
> And take his Almaine-leape into a custard,
> Shall make my Lad Majoresse, and her sisters,
> Laugh all their hoods over their shoulders.

and "the custard politic, the mayor's," mentioned in the Staple of News, may perchance be the same giant dish. The magnitude of the Lord Mayor's custard is thus alluded to in Glapthorne's Wit in a Constable, 1640,—

> And for your sake Ile write the City annals
> In famous meter, which shall far surpasse
> Sir Guy of Warwickes history, or John Stow's, upon
> The custard with the foure and twenty nooks
> At my Lord Major's feast.

[93] *Than you have, or will, to deserve.*

Something seems to have been omitted; but I know not how to rectify the passage. Perhaps we should read—"than you have *qualities* or will to deserve." The editor of the second folio reads—"than you have or will deserve—."—*Malone.* "Than you have (deserved) or are willing to deserve in future." —*Boswell.* The particle *to* is omitted in eds. 1632, 1663, the latter copy also reading *hands.*

[94] *Where are my other men, monsieur?—Farewell.*

In former copies:—"*Hel.* Where are my other men? *Monsieur, farewell.*" What other men is Helen here enquiring after? Or who is she supposed to ask for them? The old Countess, 'tis certain, did not send her to the court without some attendants; but neither the Clown, nor any of her retinue, are now upon the stage: Bertram, observing Helen to linger fondly, and wanting to shift her off, puts on a show of haste, asks Parolles for his servants, and then gives his wife an abrupt dismission.—*Theobald.*

This line has been always given to Bertram, contrary to the original. Theobald, who made the change, says, "What other men is Helen here inquiring after?" The men who are to accompany her "in haste to horse." The punctuation has been altered to meet this change; the line reading thus:—"*Ber.* Where are my other men, monsieur? Farewell." The civility of "Farewell" to Helena is scarcely compatible with Bertram's cold rudeness. It is Helena who bids "farewell" to her old acquaintance Parolles; and in so doing shows her self-command.—*C. Knight.*

Act the Third.

SCENE I.—Florence. *A Room in the* Duke's *Palace.*

Flourish. Enter the Duke *of* Florence, *attended; two* French Lords, *and soldiers.*

Duke. So that, from point to point, now have you heard
The fundamental reasons of this war;
Whose great decision hath much blood let forth,
And more thirsts after.
1 *Lord.* Holy seems the quarrel
Upon your grace's part; black and fearful
On the opposer.
Duke. Therefore we marvel much, our cousin France
Would, in so just a business, shut his bosom
Against our borrowing prayers.
2 *Lord.* Good my lord,
The reasons of our state I cannot yield,
But like a common and an outward man,[1]
That the great figure of a council frames,
By self-unable motion:[2] therefore dare not
Say what I think of it; since I have found
Myself in my uncertain grounds to fail
As often as I guess'd.
Duke Be it his pleasure.
2 *Lord.* But I am sure, the younger of our nature,[3]

That surfeit on their ease, will, day by day,
Come here for physie.
Duke. Welcome shall they be;
And all the honours, that can fly from us,
Shall on them settle. You know your places well;
When better fall, for your avails they fell:[4]
To-morrow to the field. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Rousillon. *A Room in the* Countess's *Palace.*

Enter Countess *and* Clown.

Count. It hath happened all as I would have had it, save, that he comes not along with her.

Clo. By my troth, I take my young lord to be a very melancholy man.

Count. By what observance, I pray you?

Clo. Why, he will look upon his boot, and sing; mend the ruff,[5] and sing; ask questions, and sing; pick his teeth, and sing: I know a man that had this trick of melancholy, sold a goodly manor for a song.[6]

Count. Let me see what he writes, and when he means to come. [*Opening a letter.*

Clo. I have no mind to Isbel, since I was at court; our old lings and our Isbels o' the country are nothing like your old lings and your Isbels o' the court: the brains of my Cupid's knocked out; and I begin to love, as an old man loves money, with no stomach.

Count. What have we here?

Clo. E'en that[7] you have there. [*Exit.*

Count. [reads.] "I have sent you a daughter-in-law: she hath recovered the king, and undone me. I have wedded her, not bedded her; and sworn to make the *not* eternal. You shall hear, I am run away; know it, before the report come. If there be breath enough in the world, I will hold a long distance. My duty to you.

"Your unfortunate son,

"BERTRAM."

This is not well, rash and unbridled boy,
To fly the favours of so good a king;

To pluck his indignation on thy head,
By the misprizing of a maid too virtuous
For the contempt of empire.[8]

Re-enter Clown.

Clo. O madam, yonder is heavy news within, between two soldiers and my young lady.

Count. What is the matter?

Clo. Nay, there is some comfort in the news, some comfort; your son will not be killed so soon as I thought he would.

Count. Why should he be kill'd?

Clo. So say I, madam, if he run away, as I hear he does: the danger is in standing to 't; that's the loss of men, though it be the getting of children. Here they come, will tell you more: for my part, I only hear, your son was run away.

[*Exit* Clown.

Enter HELENA *and two* Gentlemen.[9]

1 *Gen.* Save you, good madam.

Hel. Madam, my lord is gone, for ever gone.

2 *Gen.* Do not say so.

Count. Think upon patience.—'Pray you, gentlemen,—
I have felt so many quirks of joy, and grief,
That the first face of neither, on the start,
Can woman me[10] unto 't:—Where is my son, I pray you?

2 *Gen.* Madam, he's gone to serve the duke of Florence:
We met him thitherward; for thence we came,
And, after some despatch in hand at court,
Thither we bend again.

Hel. Look on his letter, madam; here 's my passport.
[Reads.] "When thou canst get the ring upon my finger,[11] which never shall come off, and show me a child begotten of thy body, that I am father to, then call me husband: but in such a *then* I write a *never*."
This is a dreadful sentence.

Count. Brought you this letter, gentlemen?

1 *Gen.* Ay, madam;
And, for the contents' sake, are sorry for our pains.

Count. I pr'ythee, lady, have a better cheer;
If thou engrossest all the griefs are thine,[12]
Thou robb'st me of a moiety: He was my son;

But I do wash his name out of my blood,
And thou art all my child.—Towards Florence is he?
2 *Gen.* Ay, madam.
Count. And to be a soldier?
2 *Gen.* Such is his noble purpose: and, believe 't,
The duke will lay upon him all the honour
That good convenience claims.
Count. Return you thither?
1 *Gen.* Ay, madam, with the swiftest wing of speed.
Hel. [reads.] "Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France."
'Tis bitter.
Count. Find you that there?
Hel. Ay, madam.
1 *Gen.* 'Tis but the boldness of his hand, haply, which
His heart was not consenting to.
Count. Nothing in France, until he have no wife!
There 's nothing here, that is too good for him,
But only she; and she deserves a lord,
That twenty such rude boys might tend upon,
And call her hourly, mistress. Who was with him?
1 *Gen.* A servant only, and a gentleman
Which I have some time known.
Count. Parolles, was 't not?
1 *Gen.* Ay, my good lady, he.
Count. A very tainted fellow, and full of wickedness.
My son corrupts a well-derived nature
With his inducement.
1 *Gen.* Indeed, good lady,
The fellow has a deal of that too much,
Which holds him much to have.[13]
Count. You are welcome, gentlemen.
I will entreat you, when you see my son,
To tell him, that his sword can never win
The honour that he loses: more I'll entreat you
Written to bear along.
2 *Gen.* We serve you, madam,
In that and all your worthiest affairs.
Count. Not so, but as we change our courtesies.[14]
Will you draw near? [*Exeunt* Countess *and* Gentlemen.
Hel. Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France.
Nothing in France, until he has no wife!
Thou shalt have none, Rousillon, none in France,

Extracts from a Manuscript of the seventeenth Century, exhibiting corrupted alterations of passages in All's Well that Ends Well, and in Twelfth Night.

Whose skill was allmost as great as his honesty; had it stretch'd so far, he would have made Nature immortall, and death should have plaid for lack of worke. Alls well y ends Well.

Madam I desire your holy wishes
May thy blood and vertue, contend for empire in thee, and thy goodnes share with thy birthright. Alls well &c

What more heaven will, that may furnish thee, and my prayers pluck downe, fall on thy head. Eod

Sr, It is a charge too heavy for my strength, but yet I'le strive to beare it for ~~your~~ your worthy sake, to th' extreme edg of hazard. Alls Well that ends Well

Let me not live after my flame lacks oyle, to be the snuff of yonger Spirits, whose apprehensive senses disdaine all things but new. Alls well y &c

Deserves a Lord, that twenty & such rude boyes might tend upon, & hourly call her Mistress. Alls well &c

We wound our modesty; and make soule the clearnes of our deservings, when we publish them of our selves. Alls well that &c

I wish, since I nor wax nor hony can bring home; I quickly were dissolved from my hive, to give some labourers roome. Alls well that &c

The Nature of his great offence is dead, and deeper then oblivion, we do bury the incensing reliques of it. Alls well &c

They move under the influence of the most receaved star: and though the Devill lead the measure, such are to be followed. Alls well that ends well.

At first I stuck my choice upon her, ere my heart durst make too bold a Herald of my tongue, where the imagination of mine eye enfixing. Alls well y

Most accomplished Lady, may the heavens raine odours on you. Twelf Night

O my deare Anthonio! how have the howres rack'd and tortur'd me since I lost ~~you~~ thee? Eod.

To whose ingrate and unauspitious Altars, my Soule hath pour'd out the faithfull'st Offerings, that ere devotion tender'd. Twelfe Night.

And all those sayings will I oversweare, and all those swearings keepe as true in Soul, as doth that orbed continent, the fire that severs night and day. Twelf night

I can no other answer make but thanks, and very oft good turns are shuffled off, with such unsurrant pay; but were my worth as firm as is my Conscience, you should find better dealing. Twelf Night.

My love, more noble then the world, prizes not quantities of dirty lands; the parts that Fortune hath bestow'd upon her, I hold as giddily as Fortune, but 'tis that miracle and Queene of jemm's, that Nature prancks her in, attracts my Soule. Twelf Night.

I am ready to distrust mine eye, & wrangle with my reason, that perswades me to any other trust but that I am mad. Twelf Night.

That very Envy, and the Tongue of Loss, cry'd fame and honour of him. Twelf Night

Since when my Watch hath told me, to my grave I have travail'd but two hours. Twelf Night.

I did redeem from the rude Seas enrag'd and foamy mouth. Twelf night.

Tis pitty that we the poorer born, whose stars do shut us up in wishes — Alls well that ends Well.

Ashbee & Dangerfield Fac-sim
22 Bedford Street, Covent Garden

face p 128

Then hast thou all again. Poor lord! is 't I
That chase thee from thy country, and expose
Those tender limbs of thine to the event
Of the none-sparing war? and is it I
That drive thee from the sportive court, where thou
Wast shot at with fair eyes, to be the mark
Of smoky muskets?[15] O you leaden messengers,
That ride upon the violent speed of fire,
Fly with false aim; move the still-piercing air,[16]
That sings with piercing, do not touch my lord!
Whoever shoots at him, I set him there;
Whoever charges on his forward breast,
I am the caitiff that do hold him to it;
And, though I kill him not, I am the cause
His death was so effected: better 'twere,
I met the ravin[17] lion when he roar'd
With sharp constraint of hunger; better 'twere
That all the miseries, which nature owes,
Were mine at once: No, come thou home, Rousillon,
Whence honour but of danger wins a scar,[18]
As oft it loses all; I will be gone:
My being here it is, that holds thee hence:
Shall I stay here to do 't? no, no, although
The air of paradise did fan the house,
And angels offic'd all: I will be gone,—
That pitiful rumour may report my flight,
To consolate thine ear.[19] Come, night; end, day!
For, with the dark, poor thief, I'll steal away. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—Florence. *Before the* Duke's *Palace.*

Flourish. *Enter the Duke of* Florence, BERTRAM, PAROLLES, Lords, *Officers, Soldiers, and others.*

Duke. The general of our horse thou art; and we,
Great in our hope, lay our best love and credence,
Upon thy promising fortune.
Ber. Sir, it is
A charge too heavy for my strength; but yet
We'll strive to bear it for your worthy sake,
To the extreme edge of hazard.[20]

Duke. Then go thou forth;
And fortune play upon thy prosperous helm,[21]
As thy auspicious mistress!
Ber. This very day,
Great Mars, I put myself into thy file:
Make me but like my thoughts; and I shall prove
A lover of thy drum, hater of love. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—Rousillon. *A Room in the* Countess's *Palace.*

Enter Countess *and* Steward.

Count. Alas! and would you take the letter of her?
Might you not know, she would do as she has done,
By sending me a letter? Read it again.
Stew. "I am St. Jaques' pilgrim,[22] thither gone:
Ambitious love hath so in me offended,
That bare-foot plod I the cold ground upon,
With sainted vow my faults to have amended.
Write, write, that from the bloody course of war,
My dearest master, your dear son may hie;
Bless him at home in peace, whilst I from far,
His name with zealous fervour sanctify:
His taken labours bid him me forgive;
I, his despiteful Juno, sent him forth
From courtly friends, with camping foes to live,
Where death and danger dog the heels of worth:[23]
He is too good and fair for death and me;
Whom I myself embrace, to set him free."
Count. Ah, what sharp stings are in her mildest words!—
Rinaldo, you did never lack advice so much,
As letting her pass so; had I spoke with her,
I could have well diverted her intents,
Which thus she hath prevented.
Stew. Pardon me, madam:
If I had given you this at over-night,
She might have been o'erta'en; and yet she writes,
Pursuit would be but vain.
Count. What angel shall
Bless this unworthy husband? he cannot thrive,
Unless her prayers, whom heaven delights to hear,

And loves to grant, reprieve him from the wrath
Of greatest justice.—Write, write, Rinaldo,
To this unworthy husband of his wife:
Let every word weigh heavy of her worth,
That he does weigh too light: my greatest grief,
Though little he do feel it, set down sharply.
Despatch the most convenient messenger:—
When, haply, he shall hear that she is gone,
He will return; and hope I may, that she,
Hearing so much, will speed her foot again,
Led hither by pure love: which of them both
Is dearest to me, I have no skill in sense
To make distinction:—Provide this messenger:—
My heart is heavy, and mine age is weak;
Grief would have tears, and sorrow bids me speak. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*Without the Walls of* Florence.

A tucket afar off. Enter an old Widow *of* Florence, DIANA, VIOLENTA, MARIANA, *and other Citizens.*

Wid. Nay, come; for if they do approach the city, we shall lose all the sight.

Dia. They say, the French count has done most honourable service.

Wid. It is reported that he has taken their greatest commander; and that with his own hand he slew the duke's brother. We have lost our labour; they are gone a contrary way: hark! you may know by their trumpets.

Mar. Come, let's return again, and suffice ourselves with the report of it. Well, Diana, take heed of this French earl; the honour of a maid is her name; and no legacy is so rich as honesty.

Wid. I have told my neighbour, how you have been solicited by a gentleman his companion.

Mar. I know that knave; hang him; one Parolles: a filthy officer he is in those suggestions for the young earl.—Beware of them, Diana; their promises, enticements, oaths, tokens, and all these engines of lust, are not the things they go under:[24] many a maid hath been seduced by them; and the misery is, example, that so terrible shows in the wreck of maidenhood, cannot, for

all that, dissuade succession, but that they are limed with the twigs that threaten them. I hope, I need not to advise you further; but, I hope, your own grace will keep you where you are, though there were no further danger[25] known, but the modesty which is so lost.

Dia. You shall not need to fear me.

Enter HELENA *in the dress of a Pilgrim.*

Wid. I hope so.——Look, here comes a pilgrim: I know she will lie at my house: thither they send one another; I'll question her.—
God save you, pilgrim! Whither are you bound?

Hel. To Saint Jaques le grand.
Where do the palmers[26] lodge, I do beseech you?

Wid. At the Saint Francis here, beside the port.

Hel. Is this the way?

Wid. Ay, marry, is it.—Hark you! [*A march afar off.*
They come this way:—If you will tarry, holy pilgrim,
But till the troops come by,
I will conduct you where you shall be lodg'd;
The rather, for, I think, I know your hostess
As ample as myself.

Hel. Is it yourself?

Wid. If you shall please so, pilgrim.

Hel. I thank you, and will stay upon your leisure.

Wid. You came, I think, from France?

Hel. I did so.

Wid. Here you shall see a countryman of yours,
That has done worthy service.

Hel. His name, I pray you.

Dia. The count Rousillon; Know you such a one?

Hel. But by the ear, that hears most nobly of him:
His face I know not.

Dia. Whatso'er he is,
He's bravely taken here. He stole from France,
As 'tis reported, for the king had married him
Against his liking: Think you it is so?

Hel. Ay, surely, mere the truth;[27] I know his lady.

Dia. There is a gentleman, that serves the count,
Reports but coarsely of her.

Hel. What's his name?

Dia. Monsieur Parolles.

Hel. O, I believe with him,
In argument of praise, or to the worth
Of the great count himself, she is too mean
To have her name repeated; all her deserving
Is a reserved honesty, and that
I have not heard examin'd.
Dia. Alas, poor lady!
'Tis a hard bondage, to become the wife
Of a detesting lord.
Wid. Ay, right;[28]—good creature, wheresoe'er she is,
Her heart weighs sadly: this young maid might do her
A shrewd turn, if she pleas'd.
Hel. How do you mean?
May be, the amorous count solicits her
In the unlawful purpose.
Wid He does, indeed;
And brokes[29] with all that can in such a suit
Corrupt the tender honour of a maid:
But she is arm'd for him, and keeps her guard
In honestest defence.

Enter with drum and colours, a party of the Florentine *army,* BERTRAM *and* PAROLLES.

Mar. The gods forbid else!
Wid. So, now they come:
That is Antonio, the duke's eldest son;
That, Escalus.
Hel. Which is the Frenchman?
Dia. He;
That with the plume: 'tis a most gallant fellow;
I would, he lov'd his wife: if he were honester,
He were much goodlier:—Is 't not a handsome gentleman?
Hel. I like him well.
Dia. 'Tis pity, he is not honest: Yond's that same knave,
That leads him to these places;[30] were I his lady,
I'd poison that vile rascal.
Hel. Which is he?
Dia. That jack-an-apes with scarfs:[31] Why is he melancholy?
Hel. Perchance he 's hurt in the battle.
Par. Lose our drum! well.[32]
Mar. He 's shrewdly vexed at something: Look, he has spied us.

Wid. Marry, hang you!
Mar. And your courtesy, for a ring-carrier!
[*Exeunt* BERTRAM, PAROLLES, Officers, *and* Soldiers.
Wid. The troop is past: Come, pilgrim, I will bring you
Where you shall host:[33] of enjoin'd penitents
There 's four or five, to great Saint Jaques bound,
Already at my house.
Hel. I humbly thank you:
Please it this matron, and this gentle maid,
To eat with us to-night, the charge, and thanking,
Shall be for me: and, to requite you further,
I will bestow some precepts of this virgin,[34]
Worthy the note.
Both. We 'll take your offer kindly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*Camp before* Florence.

Enter BERTRAM, *and the two* French Lords.

1 *Lord.* Nay, good my lord, put him to 't; let him have his way.
2 *Lord.* If your lordship find him not a hilding, hold me no more in your respect.
1 *Lord.* On my life, my lord, a bubble.
Ber. Do you think, I am so far deceived in him?
1 *Lord.* Believe it, my lord, in mine own direct knowledge, without any malice, but to speak of him as my kinsman, he 's a most notable coward, an infinite and endless liar, an hourly promise-breaker, the owner of no one good quality worthy your lordship's entertainment.
2 *Lord.* It were fit you knew him; lest, reposing too far in his virtue, which he hath not, he might, at some great and trusty business, in a main danger fail you.
Ber. I would, I knew in what particular action to try him.
2 *Lord.* None better than to let him fetch off his drum, which you hear him so confidently undertake to do.
1 *Lord.* I, with a troop of Florentines, will suddenly surprise him; such I will have, whom I am sure, he knows not from the enemy: we will bind and hoodwink him so, that he shall suppose no other but that he is carried into the leaguer[35] of the adversaries,

when we bring him to our own tents: Be but your lordship present at his examination; if he do not, for the promise of his life, and in the highest compulsion of base fear, offer to betray you, and deliver all the intelligence in his power against you, and that with the divine forfeit of his soul upon oath, never trust my judgment in anything.

2 *Lord.* O, for the love of laughter, let him fetch his drum; he says, he has a stratagem for 't: when your lordship sees the bottom of this success in 't, and to what metal this counterfeit lump of ore[36] will be melted, if you give him not John Drum's entertainment,[37] your inclining cannot be removed. Here he comes.

Enter PAROLLES.

1 *Lord.* O, for the love of laughter, hinder not the humour of his design: let him fetch off his drum in any hand.[38]

Ber. How now, monsieur? this drum sticks sorely in your disposition.

2 *Lord.* A pox on 't, let it go; 'tis but a drum.

Par. But a drum! Is 't but a drum? A drum so lost!—There was an excellent command! to charge in with our horse upon our own wings, and to rend our own soldiers.

2 *Lord.* That was not to be blamed in the command of the service; it was a disaster of war that Cæsar himself could not have prevented, if he had been there to command.

Ber. Well, we cannot greatly condemn our success; some dishonour we had in the loss of that drum; but it is not to be recovered.

Par. It might have been recovered.

Ber. It might, but it is not now.

Par. It is to be recovered: but that the merit of service is seldom attributed to the true and exact performer, I would have that drum or another, or *hic jacet.*[39]

Ber. Why, if you have a stomach to 't, monsieur, if you think your mystery in stratagem can bring this instrument of honour again into his native quarter, be magnanimous in the enterprise, and go on; I will grace the attempt for a worthy exploit: if you speed well in it, the duke shall both speak of it, and extend to you what further becomes his greatness, even to the utmost syllable of your worthiness.

Par. By the hand of a soldier, I will undertake it.

Ber. But you must not now slumber in it.

Par. I 'll about it this evening: and I will presently pen down my dilemmas,[40] encourage myself in my certainty, put myself into my mortal preparation, and, by midnight, look to hear further from me.

Ber. May I be bold to acquaint his grace, you are gone about it?

Par. I know not what the success will be, my lord; but the attempt I vow.

Ber. I know, thou art valiant; and, to the possibility of thy soldiership,[41] will subscribe for thee. Farewell.

Par. I love not many words.[42] [*Exit.*

1 *Lord.* No more than a fish loves water.—Is not this a strange fellow, my lord? that so confidently seems to undertake this business, which he knows is not to be done; damns himself to do 't, and dares better be damned than to do 't.

2 *Lord.* You do not know him, my lord, as we do: certain it is, that he will steal himself into a man's favour, and, for a week, escape a great deal of discoveries; but when you find him out, you have him ever after.

Ber. Why, do you think, he will make no deed at all of this, that so seriously he does address himself unto?

1 *Lord.* None in the world; but return with an invention, and clap upon you two or three probable lies: but we have almost emboss'd[43] him, you shall see his fall to-night; for, indeed, he is not for your lordship's respect.

2 *Lord.* We 'll make you some sport with the fox, ere we case him.[44] He was first smoked[45] by the old lord Lafeu: when his disguise and he is parted, tell me what a sprat[46] you shall find him; which you shall see this very night.

1 *Lord.* I must go look my twigs; he shall be caught.

Ber. Your brother, he shall go along with me.

1 *Lord.* As 't please your lordship: I 'll leave you.[47] [*Exit.*

Ber. Now will I lead you to the house, and show you
The lass I spoke of.

2 *Lord.* But, you say, she's honest.

Ber. That's all the fault: I spoke with her but once,
And found her wondrous cold; but I sent to her,
By this same coxcomb that we have i' the wind,[48]
Tokens and letters which she did re-send;
And this is all I have done: She's a fair creature;
Will you go see her?

2 *Lord.* With all my heart, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—Florence. *A Room in the* Widow's *House.*

Enter HELENA *and* Widow.

Hel. If you misdoubt me that I am not she,
I know not how I shall assure you further,
But I shall lose the grounds I work upon.[49]
Wid. Though my estate be fallen, I was well born,
Nothing acquainted with these businesses;
And would not put my reputation now
In any staining act.
Hel. Nor would I wish you.
First, give me trust, the count he is my husband;
And, what to your sworn counsel I have spoken,
Is so, from word to word; and then you cannot,
By the good aid that I of you shall borrow,
Err in bestowing it.[50]
Wid. I should believe you;
For you have show'd me that, which well approves
You are great in fortune.
Hel. Take this purse of gold,
And let me buy your friendly help thus far,
Which I will over-pay, and pay again,
When I have found it. The count he wooes your daughter,
Lays down his wanton siege before her beauty,
Resolves to carry her; let her, in fine, consent,
As we'll direct her how 'tis best to bear it,
Now his important blood will nought deny[51]
That she 'll demand: A ring the county wears,
That downward hath succeeded in his house,
From son to son, some four or five descents
Since the first father wore it: this ring he holds
In most rich choice; yet, in his idle fire,[52]
To buy his will, it would not seem too dear,
Howe'er repented after.
Wid. Now I see
The bottom of your purpose.
Hel. You see it lawful then: It is no more,
But that your daughter, ere she seems as won,
Desires this ring; appoints him an encounter;

In fine, delivers me to fill the time,
Herself most chastely absent; after this,
To marry her, I'll add three thousand crowns
To what is past already.
Wid. I have yielded:
Instruct my daughter how she shall persever,
That time and place, with this deceit so lawful,
May prove coherent. Every night he comes
With musics of all sorts, and songs compos'd
To her unworthiness: It nothing steads us,
To chide him from our eaves; for he persists,
As if his life lay on't.
Hel. Why then, to night
Let us assay our plot; which, if it speed,
Is wicked meaning in a lawful deed,[53]
And lawful meaning in a lawful act;
Where both not sin, and yet a sinful fact.
But let's about it. [*Exeunt.*

Notes to the Third Act.

[1] *Like a common and an outward man.*

The term *outward* is here used in the opposite sense to *inward*, familiar, admitted to secrets. An outward man, that is, one without the pale of confidence.

[2] *By self-unable motion.*

Theobald, in a letter to Warburton, proposed to read,—"*From* self-unable *notion*," the last word being also suggested by Upton and Warburton, explained, —from my own narrow conception or comprehension. *Self-unable*, unable in itself. A somewhat similar compound, *self-ued*, occurs in Sylvester's translation of Dubartas, p. 226.

[3] *The younger of our nature.*

That is, as we say at present, our young fellows. The modern editors read, *nation*. I have restored the old reading.—*Steevens.*

[4] *For your avails they fell.*

Grammatical construction requires us to read, *they fall*, instead of, *they fell*, otherwise the discourse, as it relates to a future time, is nonsense. An attempt towards a rhime seems to have occasioned this faulty reading; but this scene is not in rhime.—*Heath.*

Fell has been objected to, but upon no good grounds: the scene closes, as many others do, with a rime; nor does grammar forbid the expression, which means, when the things talk'd of are fallen, you may then assuredly say of them, "they fell for your avail."—*Capell.*

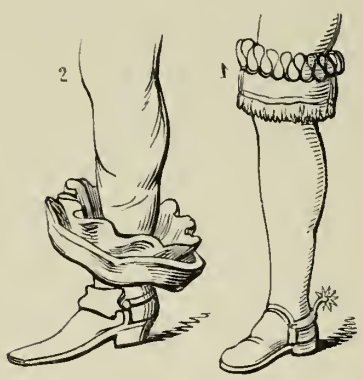
[5] *Mend the ruff, and sing.*

The tops of the boots, in our author's time, turned down, and hung loosely over the leg. The folding is what the Clown means by the *ruff*. Ben Jonson calls it *ruffle;* and perhaps it should be so here. "Not having leisure to put off my silver spurs, one of the rowels catch'd hold of the *ruffle* of my boot," Every Man out of his Humour.—*Whalley.* "He has learnt to *ruffle* his face from his

boote; and takes great delight in his walk to heare his spurs gingle," Earle's Characters, 1638.

And for our amorous gallant, whose cinnamon rinde is worth all the body beside; hee is so continually practising in the Schoole of Complement; first, for accommodating himselfe in an handsome dresse, then how to weare it when he has crept into it; how to *ruffle his boote*, and make a gingling with his heele, as if all his patrimony were behind him; how to powder his lockes, and sweeten those constant creatures which familiarly attend him; how to besprinkle his effeminate face with lady-like love-spots, which cannot chuse but be as so many lures to draw the eyes of his lightest Livia to looke on him. These, I say, being his daily exercise, will not admit him so much time as to talke with an author; till his long training in the schoole of vanity hath taught him so much, as he needes no other tutor then his owne mis-spent time to admonish him of his irregular course. —*Brathwait's Survey of History, or a Nursery for Gentry*, 1638.

Mr. Fairholt has furnished me with the following observations on this fashion: —"The fashion of wearing ruffs round the top of the boot originated in France, and first appeared toward the end of the sixteenth century. Its resemblance to the ruff worn round the neck will be detected at a glance in fig. 1, which is one of the earliest forms of the fashion, copied from a French print of 1603. In the course of the next thirty years, this extravagant fashion increased inordinately; the boots were made to hang low, and wide about the ancle, and fully display the ruff: of as delicate material, and as expensively laced, as that which surrounded a lady's neck. Fig. 2 is an English example copied from Marshall's engraved title-page to, Miscellanea Spiritualia, or Devout Essayes composed by the Honble. Walter Mountague, Esq., 1648. The fashion reached its culmination during the reign of Louis XIV.; and was adopted by our Charles II.; but it died out on both sides the channel about 1670."



[6] *Sold a goodly manor for a song.*

Hold, eds. 1623, 1632; *sold*, eds. 1663, 1685. The reading of the later folios seems best to agree with the context, the Clown evidently referring to the great passion of melancholy men for music,—they sing, whatever they are doing, and I know one melancholy man who positively sold a manor for a song, in allusion perhaps to some story current in Shakespeare's time. There is still a proverbial phrase current, to sell anything for a song, that is, for a trifling consideration. Mr. Harness ingeniously suggests to read,—"*holds* a goodly *manner* for a song," that is, has an excellent habit of singing; but here the climax of the speech is lost.

[7] *E'en that.*

The old copy reads—*in that;* evidently a mistake for *e'en*, which was formerly written *e'n*. The two words are so near in sound, that they might easily have been confounded by an inattentive hearer. The same mistake has happened in many other places in our author's plays. So, in Antony and Cleopatra:—"No more, but *in* a woman." Again, in Twelfth Night:—"Tis with him *in* standing water, between boy and man." Again, in Romeo and Juliet, 1599:—"Is it *in* so?," and in the Merchant of Venice, quarto, 1600: "We were Christians enow before, *in* as many as could well live one by another."—*Malone.*

[8] *For the contempt of empire.*

Contempt, eds. 1623, 1632, 1663; *content*, ed. 1685. The original text implies that Helena was too good even to be despised by a sovereign.

[9] *Enter Helena and two Gentlemen.*

So the folios; where also, when these Gentlemen speak, you find the word *French*, and the letters *E*, and *G*, prefix'd to their speeches in way of distinction: and the very same initials are found too before the speeches of those Lords who enter with the French King: those the Duke of Florence converses with, and the Lords who are Bertram's companions; but in these the word *Captain*, not *Lord*, accompanies the initials. We are not to infer, from this circumstance, that two persons only are represented in all these places, for they are apparently six: those in the present scene are persons of inferior condition, *Gentlemen*, as they are call'd, sent with dispatches; those who enter first, Lords about the King's person, of stay'd years, and seemingly of his council: the other two Lords are those youthful ones who take their leave of the King, and appear afterwards at Florence; where they are call'd *Captains*, as serving the duke of that place in his wars with the Senois; this inference we may indeed make, and safely, that all these six personages were presented by two players only, and that the names of those players begun with *E*, and with *G*: in a list that is before the first folio, of performers' names, you have an Ecclestone, a Gough and a Gilburne.—*Capell.*

[10] *Can woman me unto 't.*

That is, affect me suddenly and deeply, as my sex are usually affected.—*Steevens.* So, in Henry V.:—"And all the woman came into my eyes."—*Malone.*

[11] *When thou canst get the ring upon my finger.*

That is, when thou canst get the ring, which is on my finger, into thy possession. The Oxford editor, who took it the other way, to signify, when thou canst get it on upon my finger, very sagaciously alters it to—"When thou canst get the ring *from* my finger."—*Warburton.* I think Dr. Warburton's explanation sufficient; but I once read it thus: "When thou canst get the ring upon *thy* finger, which never shall come off *mine*."—*Johnson.* Were any alteration necessary, Hanmer's reading might be supported by the lines in the fifth act, where Helena again repeats the substance of this letter. In the old novel of Giletta of Narbona, the words are,—"Lette her doe what she list: for I doe purpose to dwell with her, when she shall have this ryng, meanyng a ryng which he wore, upon her finger, and a soonne in her armes begotten by me."

[12] *If thou engrossest all the griefs are thine.*

Monck Mason proposed to alter *are* to *as*, a reading also found in the Perkins MS. This sentiment is elliptically expressed, but, observes Steevens, means no more than—"If thou keepest all thy sorrows to thyself;" i. e. "all the griefs *that* are thine," &c.

The countess, to give her words in plain prose, says—if you keep to yourself all the griefs which are thine, you rob me of my share of them. The context seems to have misled the old corrector. He appears to have supposed that the countess had griefs of her own, occasioned by the conduct of her son Bertram, and that she protests against Helena's monopolising these together with her own. This is the only ground on which *as* can be defended. But the answer is, that although the countess may have had such griefs, she was too proud to express them. She merely expresses her desire to participate in the afflictions which *are* Helena's. This is one of the innumerable instances in which Shakespeare shows

his fine knowledge of human nature. Whatever grief a proud mother may *feel* on account of a disobedient son, anger is the only sentiment which she will *express* towards him. The word *as*, however, had the countess used it, would have been equivalent to an expression of grief, and not merely of indignation: and therefore we strongly advocate its rejection, and the retention in the text of the word *are*. —*Blackwood's Magazine.*

[13] *Which holds him much to have.*

In other words, literally,—the fellow has a deal too much of that, meaning vice, which enables him to have much, that is, is turned to his profit. The speaker intends to insinuate that Parolles makes a profitable use of his abundant capabilities of vice. Another interpretation is, this fellow hath a deal too much of *that* which alone can hold or judge that he has much in him, folly and ignorance. "The fellow, indeed, has a deal too much vanity, lying, boasting; but it holds him much to have such qualities; i. e., it stands him in great stead, is of great service to him, and what he cannot do without. For these were the arts that Parolles used to get into Bertram's favour; and when once they were discover'd, he was set a-drift, and undone," Dodd. Theobald, who, however, in a letter to Warburton, suggested to alter *holds* to *soils*, that is, he has so many bad qualities, that having them is a great soil and disreputation to him. Hanmer makes a prosaic sense by reading,—"Which *hoves* him *not* much to have," and a similar change occurs in the Perkins MS.,—"Which '*hoves* him much to *leave*."

[14] *Not so, but as we change our courtesies.*

"The gentlemen declare that they are servants to the Countess; she replies,—No otherwise than as she returns the same offices of civility," Johnson. A similar exchange of courtesies occurs in Hamlet,—"Your poor servant ever.—Sir, my good friend, I'll change that name with you."

[15] *To be the mark of smoky muskets.*

The musket, as an instrument of warfare, was beginning to be earnestly recommended by English military writers towards the close of the sixteenth century, to which period belongs the accompanying specimen, selected by Mr.

Fairholt from the valuable collection of Lord Londesborough. The stock is of mahogany inlaid with ivory.

[16] *Move the still-piercing air, that sings with piercing.*

"Move the still-peering aire That fings with piercing," ed. 1623; "move the *still-piercing* aire That *stings* with piercing," eds. 1632, 1663, 1685. *Fings* is an obvious error for *sings*, occasioned by the use of the *long s*. That the reading *still-piercing* is correct seems probable both from the context, and from the peculiar love of Shakespeare for jingling repetitions of words in involved passages of this kind. *Still-piercing* is used, with grammatical license, for *still-pierced*, being continually pierced, and the sense of the whole is,—O you leaden messengers, fly with false aim, move the ever pierced air, which sings in its piercing, or on account of its being pierced, do not touch my lord! The more the air is pierced, the oftener it will thus sing, and therefore she wishes it to be still-pierced, continually penetrated by the leaden messengers. *Still-piecing*, the reading usually adopted, greatly weakens the force of the passage, and is hardly consistent

with what follows, for why should she speak of the still-closing air, when she is merely bent on invoking the atmosphere to shriek or sing,—do not touch my lord! Dr. Warburton supposes that the words have become accidentally "shuffled into nonsense," and that the following transposition would rectify the passage:—"*Pierce the still-moving air, that sings with piercing*," that is, pierce the air, which is in perpetual motion, and suffers no injury by piercing. *Still-piecing*, the reading advocated by Tyrwhitt and Steevens, may, as an epithet to *air*, be supported by other passages. A similar compound, *still-closing*, occurs in the Tempest, applied to water. "The wind that still doth join," play cited by Malone. "As when an arrow is shot at a marke, it parteth the aire, which immediately commeth together againe, so that a man cannot knowe where it went thorow," Wisdom of Solomon, Genevan version, ed. 1595. *Piece* was sometimes spelt *peece*, as in Twelfth Night, ed. 1623, col. 1; Cotgrave, in v. *Vent*, &c., so that the alteration merely involves the change of a single letter. Tyrwhitt, who adopts this emendation, also proposes to change *move* to *rove*, an archery term signifying, to shoot at marks of uncertain length; and in the Perkins MS., *move* is altered to *wound*, the corrector of that volume having probably in his recollection the passage in the Tempest above alluded to. Some editors retain the old reading, *still-peering*, still-appearing, appearing still and silent, but which sings by means of the whizzing of the bullet. This lection is certainly supported by the antithesis between *move* and *still*, but, on the whole, no commentary altogether satisfactory has yet appeared upon this difficult passage.

[17] *I met the ravin lion.*

Ravine, eds. 1623, 1632, 1663; *raving*, ed. 1685; *rav'ning*, Theobald. *Ravin*, in the sense of ravening or devouring, is a very rare adjective. The verb is sufficiently common. Beaumont and Fletcher, in the Maid in the Mill, use the substantive *ravin*, a ravenous creature.

Another line has suffer'd damage in all of them, by change of a word which adds much to the strength of it, namely, the word *ravin;* a substantive indeed, but by the poet us'd adjectively, to heighten (as seems to me) an image which he meant to set forth in all it's horror: for the idea convey'd by it is this; that the lion, constrain'd by hunger, and roaring, is not ravinous barely, but very ravin itself.—*Capell.*

[18] *Whence honour but of danger wins a scar.*

The sense is, from that abode where all the advantage that honour usually reaps from the danger it rushes upon, is only a scar in testimony of its bravery, as, on the other hand, it often is the cause of losing all, even life itself.—*Heath.*

[19] *To consolate thine ear.*

> But, my swolne brest, shut-up thy sighe's sad gate:
> Stop, stop, mine eyes, the passage of your tears:
> Cast-off, my heart, thy deep despairing fears;
> That which most grieves me, most doth *consolate.*
>
> *Du Bartas, translated by Sylvester.*

> But looke on heaven, and how the sunne is faire,
> Which seemes to invite and *consolate*,
> Other cares, other thoughts, and it
> Sheweth that other cares, other complaints.
>
> *The Passenger of Benvenuto*, 4to. Lond. 1612.

[20] *To the extreme edge of hazard.*

So, in our author's 116th Sonnet:—"But *bears* it out even to the *edge* of doom."—*Malone.* Milton has borrowed this expression, Par. Reg. b. i.:—"You see our danger on the utmost *edge*—Of hazard."—*Steevens.* In the Paradise Lost, he speaks of "the perilous edge of battle."

[21] *And fortune play upon thy prosperous helm.*

So, in King Richard III.:—"*Fortune* and victory sit on thy *helm!*" Again, in King John:—"And victory with little loss doth *play*—Upon the dancing banners of the French."—*Steevens.*

[22] *I am Saint Jaques' pilgrim.*

I do not remember any place famous for pilgrimages consecrated in Italy to St. James, but it is common to visit St. James of Compostella, in Spain. Another saint might easily have been found, Florence being somewhat out of the road from Rousillon to Compostella.—*Johnson.* From Dr. Heylin's France Painted to the Life, 8vo, 1656, p. 270, 276, we learn that at Orleans was a church dedicated to St. Jacques, to which Pilgrims formerly used to resort, to adore a part of the cross pretended to be found there.—*Reed.* It may be just worth notice, as a coincidence, that Moryson, in his Itinerary, 1617, p. 143, mentions having met in his travels, when near Florence, with a lady and her attendants, "all in the habit of Franciscan friers, and not onely going on foote, but also bare-footed, through these stonie waies."

[23] *Where death and danger dog the heels of worth.*

"Death and Vengeance dog'd thee at thy heeles," Maides Revenge, 1639. "I fear the dread events that dog them both," Comus, 405. To *dog*, to dodge, is very common. "I dogge one, I folowe hym to espye whyder he gothe, *je espie;* he hath dogged me these foure houres, whatsoever he meaneth by it," Palsgrave, 1530.

[24] *Are not the things they go under.*

The meaning is, says Dr. Johnson, they are not the things for which their names would make them pass. Warburton omits *not*, and Hanmer alters it to *but*, the latter making the sense thus, are the cloaks under which they disguise their knavery. "That is, have neither the sincerity nor goodness they seem to have; are not, as Polonius is made to express himself, of that dye which their investments show," Capell.

[25] *There were no further danger known.*

Warburton alters *known* to *found.* The sense of both readings is precisely the same, nor has this innovation any other advantage in point of the expression, besides that of introducing an antithesis; a figure which, though Shakespeare did not disdain the use of it, ought not therefore to be crammed upon him at every turn. Warburton indeed principally insists upon a distinction, between the "consequences of a woman's losing her honour, and Diana's experience of the matter in her own case," but the play represents Diana as virtuous, and not to have lost her honour, and that the loss of honour is not the thing intended in this place, but that imputation, which the very attempt itself, though unsuccessful, brings upon modesty.—*Heath.*

[26] *Where do the palmers lodge.*

"*Pilgrim* (*peregrinus*) one that travels into strange countries, commonly taken

for him that goes in devotion to any holy place: a *Pilgrim* and a *Palmer* differ thus; the *Pilgrim* had some dwelling place, the *Palmer* none; the *Pilgrim* travelled to some certain place, the *Palmer* to all, and not to any one in particular; The *Pilgrim* might go at his own charge, the *Palmer* must profess wilful poverty; The *Pilgrim* might give over his profession, the *Palmer* must be constant, till he had obtained the *Palm;* that is, Victory over his spiritual enemies, and life, by death," Blount's Glossographia, ed. 1681. "Some," says Camden, "are named from what they commonly carried, as *Palmer*, that is pilgrim, for that they carried *palme* when they returned from Hierusalem," Remaines, ed. 1629, p. 107. In the old ballad of Little John and the Beggars, the palmer is mentioned "with a staff, and a coat, and bags of all sorts." The annexed curious figure of St. Jaques is copied by Mr. Fairholt from a specimen in jet in the museum of Mr. C. Roach Smith. It is one third the size of the original. The saint is represented in the habit of a pilgrim, with a staff in one hand, a book in the other, while to the girdle is fastened a bottle made in the form of a gourd. Two devotees kneel by his side, the ground being completed by the emblem of a cockle-shell.

[27] *Mere the truth.*

That is, absolutely the truth. The adjective is so often used adverbially, there is no necessity for Warburton's alteration,—*merely truth.*

[28] *Ay, right.*

I write, ed. 1623; *I right*, eds. 1632, 1663, 1685. There is little doubt but that the earliest reading is a misprint, arising from similarity of sound, made unconsciously by the compositor reading from the MS. to himself, or originally in the copy of the latter taken from recitation. So in Much Ado about Nothing, ed. 1623, p. 117, col. 2, *right* is misprinted *rite*. In Coriolanus, *higher* is found instead of *hire;* and, according to an early MS. correction of the passage, in Middleton's Fair Quarrel, Works, ed. Dyce, iii. 470, "*no*, honour doubted," &c., should be, *know*, &c. Mr. Dyce clearly shows, by the following examples, the phrase to write one's-self anything could not be intended to be used in this passage,—in the Second Part of King Henry IV., act i. sc. 2, "As if *he had writ man* ever since his father was a bachelor," *i. e.*, *writ himself* man; in Belchier's Hans Beer-pot, His Invisible Comedie, 1618, sig. G 4, "His father neare gave armes, *writ good-man Clunch*," *i. e.*, *writ himself* good-man Clunch; in Beaumont and Fletcher's Wit at Several Weapons, act i. sc. 1, "When I scarce *writ man*," *i. e.*, *writ myself* man; in Fletcher's Queen of Corinth, act v. sc. 1, "in every family—That does *write lustful*, your fine bawd gains more," *i. e.*, *write itself* lustful; in Massinger's Duke of Milan, act v. sc. 2:—"These hands too, that disdain'd to take a touch—From any lip, whose owner *writ not lord*," *i. e.*, *writ not himself* lord; and in the Epistle Dedicatory to Hookes's Amanda, 1653, "You might better have *writ man* at fifteen," &c., *i. e.*, *writ yourself* man:—*therefore* the words, "*I write* good creature," can only signify,—*I write myself* good creature. Malone once proposed to read, *a right*, but so distinct an affirmation scarcely suits the context. The words, *good creature*, as they now stand, constitute merely a pitying epithet. It may perhaps be just worth notice that the phrase, "a right good creature," occurs in the Two Noble Kinsmen. Rowe reads, "Ah! right good creature!," a lection followed by Pope, Theobald, and Hanmer, the last

editor, however, placing a semicolon after the word *right*. The reading here adopted in the text was first given by Capell.

[29] *And brokes with all that can, &c.*

Broke, to deal, or transact a business, particularly of an amorous nature; to act as a procurer.

> But we do want a certain necessary
> Woman, to *broke* between them, Cupid said.
>
> *Fansh. Lusiad*, ix. 44.

And I shall hate my name, worse than the matter, for this base *broking*.—*B. & Fl. Coxcomb*, Act iii. p. 194.

Used also actively for, to seduce in behalf of another:

> 'Tis as I tell you, Colax, she's as coy
> And hath as shrewd a spirit, as quicke conceipt,
> As ever wench I *brok'd* in all my life.
>
> *Daniel, Queen's Arcadia*, iii. 3. p. 365.

This note is entirely taken from Nares.

[30] *That leads him to these places.*

"Theobald rightly observes that no mention had been made of any places, to which the words, *these places*, can have any possible reference. He therefore conjectures we should read, 'these *paces*,' that is, to such irregular steps, to courses of debauchery, to not loving his wife. But this expression is so extremely stiff, and remote from the common use of our language, that I think it much more probable that our poet might write, *these pranks*," Heath. There is surely no necessity for alteration. It is clear that Diana alludes to the places "where he brokes with all," &c., to which she is unwilling to make a more distinct reference.

[31] *That jackanapes with scarfs.*

The term jackanapes, applied to a coxcomb, is of great antiquity, and is perhaps derived from an ape dressed up in finery, as exhibited by itinerant showmen. This conjecture seems to be confirmed by a passage in Strype's Memorials, "he plays *Jack Monkey* at the altar," Bale, 1553. "He grynnes and he gapis, As it were Jack Napis," Skelton's Why Come ye Nat to Courte. "Mars call'd Cupid jackanapes, and swore he would him smother," Academy of Compliments, 1654.

[32] *Lose our drum! well.*

The following memorandum was communicated to me by Mr. Fairholt,—"We shall not fully understand Parolles' simulated distress at the loss of the drum, without we remember that the drums of the regiments of his day were decorated with the colors of the battalion. It was therefore equivalent to the loss of the flag of the regiment,—a disgrace all good soldiers deeply feel. The engraving represents a drum of this kind from a woodcut by Hans Burgmair, one of the series illustrating the Triumph of the Emperor Maximilian I. of Germany; and which were engraved between the years 1516 and 1519. The black spread-eagle of the house of Austria, the arms of the Emperor, are painted on its flag-covering, which is richly fringed. The custom of thus displaying coat-armour was also adopted to ornament

the trumpets of the military band; and this has been retained to the present day. The embroidered flag of the Royal Arms is still affixed to the kettle-drums of our own Royal band on great occasions, and is the last relic of the old fashion in England."

There is commonly two drums to every company, and one phife, to excite chearefulnes and alicrity in the souldier; one drum to attend the colours, another the marchings and troopings as occasion shall call them forth. They had neede be personable men and faithfull, expert in languages, and of good reputation, for they are many times imployed in honourable services, as summoning the enemy to a parley, redeeming and conducting of prisoners, delivering of messages, and such like. They must also be expert in their instrument, and practizers before the company, that the souldier may know the sound and call of all marches, charges, retreats, alarums, sommoning to parlyes, troopings, the stroke for burials, and such like pointes of warre necessary to be knowne.—*The Military Art of Trayning*, 1622.

[33] *I will bring you where you shall host.*

Voice, harp, and timbrel sound his praise together,
He 's held a prophet or an angel rather,
They say that God talks with him face to face,
Hoasts at his house, and to his happy race
Givs in fee-simple all that goodly land
Even from the Sea, as far as Tygris strand.—*Du Bartas.*

[34] *Some precepts of this virgin.*

Of, ed. 1623; *on*, ed. 1632. *Of* for *on* is of frequent occurrence, and there is, therefore, no necessity for any alteration. "How shall I feast him? What bestow of him?," Twelfth Night, ed. 1623, p. 267.

[35] *He is carried into the leaguer of the adversaries.*

Leaguer is the Dutch, or rather Flemish, word for a camp; and was one of the newfangled terms introduced from the Low Countries, generally applied to the camp of the assailants, not to a camp in general. This innovation on the English language is excellently noticed by Sir John Smythe, in Certain Discourses concerning the Formes and Effects of divers Sorts of Weapons, 4to. 1590. "These," the officers mentioned before, "utterlie ignorant of all our auncient discipline and proceedings in actions of armes, have so affected the Wallons, Flemings, and base Almanes discipline, that they have procured to innovate, or rather to subvert all our auncient proceedings in matters military: as for example, they will not vouchsafe in their speaches or writings to use our termes belonging to matters of warre, but doo call a *campe* by the Dutch name of *legar;* nor will not aford to say that such a towne or such a fort is beseiged, but that it is *belegard:*—as though our English nation, which hath been so famous in all actions militarie manie hundred yeares, were now but newly crept into the world; or as though our language were so barren, that it were not able of itself or by derivation to affoord convenient words to utter our minds in matters of that qualitie."—*Gifford.*

[36] *This counterfeit lump of ore.*

"Lump of *ours*" has been the reading of all the editions. *Ore*, according to my emendation, bears a consonancy with the other terms accompanying, viz., *metal*, *lump*, and *melted*, and helps the propriety of the poet's thought: for so one metaphor is kept up, and all the words are proper and suitable to it.—*Theobald.*

[37] *If you give him not John Drum's entertainment.*

To give a person John Drum's entertainment, or, as it was also called, Jack Drum's, Tom Drum's, or simply Drum's entertainment, is an old proverbial phrase signifying, to thrust him forcibly out of your company, to get rid of him, and sometimes, metaphorically, to treat a person very ill. The origin of the proverb is obscure, but it was in current use long before the present comedy was written, and it is here of course used with an allusion to the drum that Parolles engaged to recover. "Plato, when he saw the doctrine of these teachers neither for profit necessary, nor to bee wished for pleasure, gave them *all Drummes entertainment*, not suffering them once to shew their faces in a reformed common wealth," Gosson's Schoole of Abuse, 1579. "Packe hence away! Jacke Drum's intertainement! she will none of thee," Three Ladies of London, 1584. "His porter," speaking of one belonging to the Mayor of Dublin, "or anie other officer, durst not for both his eares give the simplest man that resorted to his house Tom Drum his interteinment, which is, to hale a man in by the head, and thrust him out by both the shoulders," Description of Ireland, ap. Holinshed's Chronicles, 1586. An historical explanation of the proverb is attempted in Deloney's Gentle Craft, 1598, in a story which is probably alluded to in some of the later uses of the phrase. See the extract given from this curious work in the Introduction, p. 17. Jack Drum was also made the hero of a comedy, entitled, "Jacke Drums Entertainment, or the Comedie of Pasquill and Katherine, as it hath bene sundry times plaide by the Children of Powles," published in 1601. A second edition appeared in 1616, which professes to be "newly corrected," but it does not appear to have proved a successful speculation, for copies of it were issued in 1618 with a new title-page, such copies not being even a reprint, but consisting merely of the edition of 1616, given to the public as a new impression. In Ayrer's Whitsun Plays, 1610, fol. 102, is one entitled, Der Uberwundene Trummelschläger, the Vanquished Drummer; but though from the name of one of the characters, John Posset, this piece is presumed to have been derived from an English source, it is not connected with the comedy just mentioned. In the English play, Jack Drum is represented as an intriguing servant, whose projects are always defeated. "In faith, good gentlemen, I think we shall be forced to give you right *John* Drum's entertainment, for he that composed the book we should present, hath snatched it from us at the very instant of entrance," pref. to the Comedy.

"Hee thrust him foorth of doores by head and shoulders, as they say, *Jacke Drums entertainement*," Withals' Dictionarie, ed. 1608, p. 104. Again, in Manners and Customs of All Nations, by Ed. Aston, 1611, 4to. p. 280: "— some others on the contrarie part, give them *John Drum's intertainment*, reviling and beating them away from their houses," &c. So, in verses in Coryat's Crudities, 1611,—"Odde is the combe from whence this cocke did come,—That crowed in Venice gainst the skinlesse Jewes,—Who gave him th' entertainement of *Tom Drum;*" and again, in Scot's Philomythie, 1616,—"Which ofttimes is repaide them when they come—Abroad from court, they'r welcom'd, like *Jacke drum*."—Again, in the curious old play of Apollo Shroving, 1627,—"it shall have Tom Drum's entertainment, a flap with a foxe-tayle." The phrase is used several times in the Workes of Taylor, the Water-Poet, 1630, and that writer gives Jack Drum in the amusing list of "authors" as "are simply mentioned in this worke," prefixed to his Sir Gregory Nonsence. "That when he dares but to the Court to come,—His entertainment will be like Jack Drum," Taylor's Workes, 1630. "Not like the entertainement of Jacke Drum,—Who was best welcome when he went his way," ibid. "Nor of the entertainment of Jacke Drum Ile not rehearse," ibid.

Hospitality is by his meanes turned into *Jacke Drom's entertainement*, and Laban and Nabal, two churles in the Scripture mentioned, having but one name preposterously taken, as being too many, are propagated into an infinite number.—*Malynes' Saint George for England*, 1601.

This same spyder which now we treate of, in times past, (it was when dogges and cats could speake, for now because there are so many languages in the world, they turne all to plaine barking) tooke a long journey into a strange country, and by good hap, fell into company with my Lady Podagra, although (beeing none of the best footers,) shee could hardly keepe way with the spyder, but legged still behind, and having now spent one whole day in travell, the night approching that they should take up their inne to lodge in, they resolved betwixt them two to betake themselves to sundry houses; so the spyder entering the towne, tooke up her lodging in the house of a certaine wealthy cittizen, (I suppose it was neere the signe of the Three Tunnes in Tower-hill-streete,) where when according to her usuall manner, hating lewd idlenes, shee began to buckle herselfe to her wonted taske, in weaving her fine tapistrie, and other wrought workes, beeing suddenly espyed of a company of corner-creepers, spyder-catchers, fault-finders, and quarrell-pickers, they presently beginne to expostulate the matter with her, and not staying to heare any reason for her just defence, they made no more adoe but gave her *Jack-drummes entertainement*, thrusting her out of doores by the head and shoulders, to seeke her lodging where she could find it; so that she lay abroad without doores a whole winter's-night in the raine and cold: and all this happened about Saint Nicholas time, when dayes are at the shortest.—*Topsell's Historie of Serpents*, 1608.

There let us leave them for a time:
Now to the subject of my rime,
Tom Tel-Troth simply witty:
Neither Tom Dingell, nor *Tom Drum*,
Tom Foole, Tom Piper, nor Tom Thum,
The scorne of towne and citie.
Verses appended to "Thomas Coriate Traveller for the English Wits, Greeting," 4to. 1616.

And now in the time of my visitation did my poore fearefull children come amongst you into the countrie for a little refuge or recreation, presuming upon the like welcome there as you found here, and did you give them *Jack Drumes* entertainment.—*Petowe's Countrie Ague*, 1626, p. 7.

A just contrary *error personæ* was committed at a play in Bellosite, where the epilogue was to be address'd to the emperor, but the ignorant actor, who was to deliver his speech upon the knee, lookt about for the greatest person among the auditors, which prov'd to be the hostesse of the inne where it was acted, shee was set upon the table in a great chair, unto whom with genuflexion, he spoke these lines:

With bended knees, great Cæsar, we
Addresse our Epilogue to thee,
Who hither in great state art come,
To see the *Comædy of Jack Drumme.*
Our knees doe render thee obeysance,
For deighning us thy dreadfull presence;
Maist thou grow greater still, and thrive,
Till thou art greatest thing alive.

O let thy loines so fruitfull be,
To sociate all Monarchy;
And may your next stupendious birth
Be the Leviathan o' th' earth.

The Hostesse extreamly netled, left her chaire of state, and ran after the epilogue-speaker, and gave him a very great and sound plaudit about the eares.—Had it been exhibited to a scholastick confluence; yet men come not to study at a play-house, but love such expressions and passages, which with ease insinuate themselves into their capacities. *Lingua*, that learned comædy of the contention betwixt the five senses for the superiority, is not to be prostituted to the common stage, but is only proper for an academy; to them bring *Jack Drumm's entertainment*, Greens tu Quoque, the Devill of Edmunton, and the like.—*Gayton's Festivous Notes on Don Quixote.*

Theobald observes that what is said here to Bertram is to this effect: "My lord, as you have taken this fellow (Parolles) into so near a confidence, if, upon his being found a counterfeit, you don't cashier him from your favour, then your attachment is not to be removed."

[38] *In any hand.*

Perhaps the more usual phrase was "at any hand," but either was used. "Be sure in any hand that the wind doe then blow from the west," Holland's translation of Pliny, 1601. "The man, thus delivered, must be a free citizen of Rome in any hand," ibid. "And in any hand before they begin to put forth flower," ibid. "Beware in any hand in curing of trees," ibid. "Methinkes the game's now in myn armes, in any hand a courtier's wife," History of the Two Maids of Moreclacke, 1609.

[39] *Hic jacet.*

It is hardly necessary to observe that these words are the usual beginning of epitaphs. I would, says Parolles, recover either the drum I have lost, or another belonging to the enemy; or die in the attempt.—*Malone.*

[40] *I will presently pen down my dilemmas.*

"*Dilemma*, an argument whiche on every parte convinceth hym to whome it is spoken," Elyotes Dictionarie, 1548. Hence *dilemmas* may here mean, infallible projects. The more obvious sense, *difficulties*, may also be accepted, notwithstanding its apparent inconsistency with the next sentence in which Parolles speaks of certainty. He may simply mean, I will note all the difficulties of the attempt, and assure myself of the certainty of overcoming them. The Host, in the Merry Wives of Windsor, uses the expression "doubtful dilemma" in the sense of, a difficulty involving doubts as to the best mode of acting.

[41] *To the possibility of thy soldiership.*

I will subscribe, says Bertram, to the *possibility* of *your* soldiership. His doubts being now raised, he suppresses that he should not be so willing to vouch for its *probability.*—*Steevens.* I believe Bertram means no more than that he is confident Parolles will do all that soldiership can effect. He was not yet certain that he was "a hilding."—*Malone.*

[42] *I love not many words.*

Parolles was the personification of talk, however he might disclaim it. Cotgrave gives both forms, *parolle*, *parole*, a word, the origin, doubtlessly, of the name.

[43] *We have almost embossed him.*

Embossed, a hunting term, applied properly to a deer when it foams at the mouth, but also used in the sense of, hunted till the chase is embossed. "As a dismayed deer in chase embost," Spenser's Faerie Queene. See further in vol. vi. p. 325. "To know when a stagge is weary, you shall see him imbost, that is, foaming and slavering about the mouth with a thicke white froth," Markham's Country Contentments, 1633, p. 32. In the drama of the Prisoners, 1641, the term is applied to a man, as in the passage in the text,—

> 'Twas he, he fled and left me to the multitude;
> O Hipparchus, pursue the chase, and if
> Thou overtake him thou wilt finde
> The coward *imboss'd* with running from me;
> If thou canst set him up, bay him till I come,
> And as thou lovest me let me not loose
> The honour of his fall.

Compare the play of Albumazar, 1615,—"I am emboss'd with trotting all the streets." Again, in Swetnam Arraign'd, 1620: "Hast thou been running for a wager, Swash?—Thou art horribly *emboss'd*." Again, in Warner's Albions England, 1602, b. vii. c. 36:—"For lo, afar my chased heart *imbost* and almost spent."

[44] *Ere we case him.*

Case, a hunting term, to skin an animal. "Else they had cased me like a cony too," Love's Pilgrimage. "*Terms of Fleaing, Stripping, and Casing of Beasts.*—The hart of all sorts of beasts is flean; and you must say, Take off the deers skin; Strip or case the hare: The fox, badger, and all manner of vermine are also cased; and you must begin at the snout or nose of the beast, and so turn his skin over his ears all along his body, until you come to his tail, and that must hang out to shew what beast it was," Gentleman's Recreation, 1686. The term now in use is *uncase*.

[45] *He was first smoked by the old lord Lafeu.*

Smoke, to find any one out; to discover anything meant to be kept secret. "The two free-booters, seeing themselves *smoakd*, told their third brother he seemd to be a gentleman and a boone companion; they prayed him therefore to sit downe with silence, and sithence dinner was not yet ready, hee should heare all," Dekker's Lanthorne and Candle-Light, 1620, sig. F. iv. "I alone smok't his true person," Chapman's Homer.

[46] *Tell me what a sprat you shall find him.*

Sprat was a term of contempt. "If there's one on the verticle point of a man's nose, it bespeaks another on his buttocks; and bespeaks him, not only perfidious, but a mere Ned, and a *sprat-brain'd* ridiculous Tom Fool," Lilly's Book of Fortune.

[47] *I'll leave you.*

This line is given in the old copy to the *second* lord, there called Captain G. who goes out; and the *first* lord, there called Captain E. remains with Bertram. The whole course of the dialogue shows this to have been a mistake. See before —"1 *Lord.* [i. e. Captain E.] I, with a troop of Florentines," &c.—*Malone.*

[48] *By this same coxcomb that we have 'i the wind.*

To have a person in the wind, is an old phrase in the sense of, to scent him, to find him out, to discover his tricks, or, generally, to discover anything about him.

"Let us go farther, Licio, she hath both us in the wind," Lilly's Mydas. "Shee has me i' the wind," Every Man in his Humour. "A soldier of the watch bring her victuals? Go to, brother, *I have you in the wind;* he's unharness'd of all his travelling accoutrements: I came directly from's house, no word of him there; he knows the whole relation; he's passionate: all collections speak he was the soldier," The Widow's Tears, v. 1.

I find by the stars that the world is still like to go as formerly, every one will be willing to own a rich man for his kinsman, let him be as vicious and ill-condition'd as the devil; but all fly from a vertuous man if they once have him *in the wind*, and find that he stinks of poverty.—*Poor Robin's Almanack*, 1694.

[49] *But I shall lose the grounds I work upon.*

That is, Helena can give the widow no other assurance of her being Bertram's wife, without discovering herself to the count, and thus destroying the grounds on which her scheme for winning him to his duty was founded.—*Harness.*

[50] *Err in bestowing it.*

Only give me credit, that all I have said to you is true; and then you cannot but acknowledge that the aid I would borrow of you, is to so good end, and for so good a purpose, that no blame can light upon you for lending it.—*Capell.*

[51] *Now his important blood will nought deny.*

Important, importunate. "And with important outrage him assailed," Faerie Queene, ap. Tyrwhitt; but the word in ed. 1590 is *importune*. *Blood*, heat or disposition of nature, amorous temperament. "Beauty is a witch, against whose charms faith melteth into blood," Much Ado about Nothing.

[52] *In his idle fire.*

So mention is made of "burning youth," in Measure for Measure, and "flaming youth" in Hamlet. "He measured the flames of youth by his own dead cinders," Greene's Never too Late, 1616.

[53] *Is wicked meaning in a lawful deed.*

The meaning of this, and the two following lines, is so obvious, an explanation would hardly be necessary, had not several alterations been suggested. The meaning was wicked on the part of Bertram, although the deed was in itself lawful as between man and wife; it was lawful on the part of Helena, and the act also was lawful; it was a case in which neither party sinned, and yet it was a sinful deed, as adultery was intended, and morally, though not actually, committed by Bertram. Warburton reads, in the second line, "and lawful meaning in a *wicked* act;" and Hanmer, "*unlawful* meaning in a lawful act." Both these alterations are made with a misapprehension of the author's intention. The first line refers to Bertram, the second to Helena, and the third to both conjoined.

Act the Fourth.

SCENE I.—*Without the* Florentine *Camp.*

Enter first Lord, *with five or six* Soldiers *in ambush.*

1 *Lord.* He can come no other way but by this hedge' corner: When you sally upon him, speak what terrible language you will; though you understand it not yourselves, no matter; for we must not seem to understand him; unless some one among us, whom we must produce for an interpreter.

1 *Sold.* Good captain, let me be the interpreter.

1 *Lord.* Art not acquainted with him? knows he not thy voice?

1 *Sold.* No, sir, I warrant you.

1 *Lord.* But what linsy-woolsy hast thou to speak to us again?

1 *Sold.* Even such as you speak to me.

1 *Lord.* He must think us some band of strangers i' the adversary's entertainment. Now he hath a smack of all neighbouring languages; therefore we must every one be a man of his own fancy; not to know what we speak one to another, so we seem to know,[1] is to know straight our purpose: chough's language, gabble enough, and good enough. As for you, interpreter, you must seem very politic. But couch, ho! here he comes; to beguile two hours in a sleep, and then to return and swear the lies he forges.

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. Ten o'clock; within these three hours 'twill be time enough to go home. What shall I say I have done? It must be a very plausive invention that carries it: They begin to smoke me: and disgraces have of late knocked too often at my door. I find, my tongue is too fool-hardy; but my heart hath the fear of Mars before it, and of his creatures, not daring the reports of my tongue.

1 *Lord.* This is the first truth that e'er thine own tongue was guilty of. [*Aside.*

Par. What the devil should move me to undertake the recovery of this drum; being not ignorant of the impossibility, and knowing I had no such purpose? I must give myself some hurts, and say, I got them in exploit: Yet slight ones will not carry it: They will say, Came you off with so little? and great ones I dare not give. Wherefore? what's the instance? Tongue, I must put you into a butter-woman's mouth, and buy myself another of Bajazet's mule,[2] if you prattle me into these perils.

1 *Lord.* Is it possible, he should know what he is, and be that he is? [*Aside.*

Par. I would the cutting of my garments would serve the turn; or the breaking of my Spanish sword.[3]

1 *Lord.* We cannot afford you so. [*Aside.*

Par. Or the baring of my beard; and to say, it was in stratagem.

1 *Lord.* 'Twould not do. [*Aside.*

Par. Or to drown my clothes,[4] and say, I was stripped.

1 *Lord.* Hardly serve. [*Aside.*

Par. Though I swore I leaped from the window of the citadel———

1 *Lord.* How deep? [*Aside.*

Par. Thirty fathom.

1 *Lord.* Three great oaths would scarce make that be believed. [*Aside.*

Par. I would, I had any drum of the enemy's; I would swear, I recovered it.

1 *Lord.* You shall hear one anon. [*Aside.*

Par. A drum now of the enemy's! [*Alarum within.*

1 *Lord.* Throca movousus, cargo, cargo, cargo.

All. Cargo, cargo, villianda par corbo, cargo.

Par. O! ransom, ransom:—Do not hide mine eyes.
[*They seize and blindfold him.*
1 *Sold.* Boskos thromuldo boskos.
Par. I know you are the Muskos' regiment,
And I shall lose my life for want of language:
If there be here German, or Dane, low Dutch,
Italian, or French, let him speak to me,
I will discover that which shall undo
The Florentine.
1 *Sold.* Boskos vauvado:
I understand thee, and can speak thy tongue:——
Kerelybonto:——Sir,
Betake thee to thy faith, for seventeen poniards
Are at thy bosom.
Par. Oh!
1 *Sold.* O, pray, pray, pray.——
Manka revania dulche.
1 *Lord.* Oscorbi dulchos volivorca.
1 *Sold.* The general is content to spare thee yet;
And, hood-wink'd as thou art, will lead thee on
To gather from thee: haply, thou may'st inform
Something to save thy life.
Par. O, let me live,
And all the secrets of our camp I 'll show,
Their force, their purposes: nay, I 'll speak that
Which you will wonder at.
1 *Sold.* But wilt thou faithfully?
Par. If I do not, damn me.
1 *Sold.* Acordo linta.——
Come on, thou art granted space.
[*Exit, with* PAROLLES *guarded.*
1 *Lord.* Go, tell the count Rousillon, and my brother,
We have caught the woodcock, and will keep him muffled,
Till we do hear from them.
2 *Sold.* Captain, I will.
1 *Lord.* He will betray us all unto ourselves;—
Inform 'em that.
2 *Sold.* So I will, sir.
1 *Lord.* 'Till then, I 'll keep him dark, and safely lock'd.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Florence. *A Room in the* Widow's *House.*

Enter BERTRAM *and* DIANA.

Ber. They told me, that your name was Fontibell.
Dia. No, my good lord, Diana.
Ber. Titled goddess;
And worth it, with addition! But, fair soul,
In your fine frame hath love no quality?
If the quick fire of youth light not your mind,
You are no maiden, but a monument:
When you are dead, you should be such a one
As you are now, for you are cold and stern;[5]
And now you should be as your mother was,
When your sweet self was got.
Dia. She then was honest.
Ber. So should you be.
Dia. No:
My mother did but duty; such, my lord,
As you owe to your wife.
Ber. No more of that!
I pr'ythee, do not strive against my vows:[6]
I was compell'd to her: but I love thee
By love's own sweet constraint, and will for ever
Do thee all rights of service.
Dia. Ay, so you serve us,
Till we serve you: but when you have our roses,
You barely leave our thorns to prick ourselves,
And mock us with our bareness.
Ber. How have I sworn?
Dia. 'Tis not the many oaths, that make the truth;
But the plain single vow, that is vow'd true.
What is not holy, that we swear not by,[7]
But take the Highest to witness: Then, pray you, tell me,
If I should swear by God's great attributes,
I lov'd you dearly, would you believe my oath,
When I did love you ill? this has no holding,
To swear by him whom I protest to love,
That I will work against him: Therefore your oaths

Are words, and poor conditions; but unseal'd;
At least, in my opinion.
Ber. Change it, change it;
Be not so holy-cruel: love is holy;
And my integrity ne'er knew the crafts,
That you do charge men with: Stand no more off,
But give thyself unto my sick desires,
Who then recover: say, thou art mine, and ever
My love, as it begins, shall so persever.
Dia. I see that men make ropes in such a scarre,[8]
That we 'll forsake ourselves. Give me that ring.
Ber. I 'll lend it thee, my dear, but have no power
To give it from me.
Dia. Will you not, my lord?
Ber. It is an honour longing to our house,
Bequeathed down from many ancestors,
Which were the greatest obloquy i' the world
In me to lose.
Dia. Mine honour's such a ring:
My chastity 's the jewel of our house,
Bequeathed down from many ancestors,
Which were the greatest obloquy i' the world
In me to lose: Thus your own proper wisdom
Brings in the champion honour on my part,
Against your vain assault.
Ber. Here, take my ring:
My house, mine honour, yea, my life be thine,
And I'll be bid by thee.
Dia. When midnight comes, knock at my chamber window;
I 'll order take, my mother shall not hear.
Now will I charge you in the band of truth,
When you have conquer'd my yet maiden bed,
Remain there but an hour, nor speak to me:
My reasons are most strong; and you shall know them,
When back again this ring shall be deliver'd:
And on your finger, in the night, I 'll put
Another ring; that, what in time proceeds,
May token to the future our past deeds.
Adieu, till then: then, fail not: You have won
A wife of me, though there my hope be done.
Ber. A heaven on earth I have won, by wooing thee. [*Exit.*

Dia. For which live long to thank both heaven and me!
You may so in the end.——
My mother told me just how he would woo,
As if she sat in his heart; she says, all men
Have the like oaths: he had sworn to marry me,
When his wife 's dead; therefore I 'll lie with him,
When I am buried. Since Frenchmen are so braid,[9]
Marry that will, I live and die a maid:[10]
Only, in this disguise, I think 't no sin
To cozen him, that would unjustly win. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*The* Florentine *Camp.*

Enter the two French Lords,[11] *and two or three* Soldiers.

1 *Lord.* You have not given him his mother's letter?

2 *Lord.* I have deliver'd it an hour since: there is something in 't that stings his nature; for on the reading it, he changed almost into another man.

1 *Lord.* He has much worthy blame laid upon him, for shaking off so good a wife, and so sweet a lady.

2 *Lord.* Especially he hath incurred the everlasting displeasure of the king, who had ever tuned his bounty to sing happiness to him. I will tell you a thing, but you shall let it dwell darkly with you.

1 *Lord.* When you have spoken it, 'tis dead, and I am the grave of it.

2 *Lord.* He hath perverted a young gentlewoman here in Florence, of a most chaste renown; and this night he fleshes his will in the spoil of her honour: he hath given her his monumental ring, and thinks himself made in the unchaste composition.

1 *Lord.* Now, God delay our rebellion; as we are ourselves, what things are we!

2 *Lord.* Merely our own traitors. And as in the common course of all treasons, we still see them reveal themselves, till they attain to their abhorred ends;[12] so he, that in this action contrives against his own nobility, in his proper stream o'erflows himself.[13]

1 *Lord.* Is it not meant damnable in us,[14] to be trumpeters of

our unlawful intents? We shall not then have his company to-night?

2 *Lord.* Not till after midnight; for he is dieted to his hour.

1 *Lord.* That approaches apace: I would gladly have him see his company anatomized; that he might take a measure of his own judgments,[15] wherein so curiously he had set this counterfeit.[16]

2 *Lord.* We will not meddle with him till he come; for his presence must be the whip of the other.

1 *Lord.* In the mean time, what hear you of these wars?

2 *Lord.* I hear, there is an overture of peace.

1 *Lord.* Nay, I assure you, a peace concluded.

2 *Lord.* What will count Rousillon do then? will he travel higher, or return again into France?

1 *Lord.* I perceive, by this demand, you are not altogether of his council.

2 *Lord.* Let it be forbid, sir! so should I be a great deal of his act.

1 *Lord.* Sir, his wife, some two months since, fled from his house: her pretence is a pilgrimage to Saint Jaques le grand; which holy undertaking, with most austere sanctimony, she accomplished: and, there residing, the tenderness of her nature became as a prey to her grief; in fine, made a groan of her last breath, and now she sings in heaven.

2 *Lord.* How is this justified?

1 *Lord.* The stranger part[17] of it by her own letters; which makes her story true, even to the point of her death: her death itself, which could not be her office to say is come, was faithfully confirmed by the rector of the place.

2 *Lord.* Hath the count all this intelligence?

1 *Lord.* Ay, and the particular confirmations, point from point, to the full arming of the verity.

2 *Lord.* I am heartily sorry, that he 'll be glad of this.

1 *Lord.* How mightily, sometimes, we make us comforts of our losses!

2 *Lord.* And how mightily, some other times, we drown our gain in tears! The great dignity, that his valour hath here acquired for him, shall at home be encountered with a shame as ample.

1 *Lord.* The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together: our virtues would be proud, if our faults whipped

them not; and our crimes would despair, if they were not cherish'd by our virtues.—

Enter a Servant.

How now? where 's your master?

Serv. He met the duke in the street, sir, of whom he hath taken a solemn leave; his lordship will next morning for France. The duke hath offered him letters of commendations to the king.

2 *Lord.* They shall be no more than needful there, if they were more than they can commend.

Enter BERTRAM.

1 *Lord.* They cannot be too sweet for the king's tartness. Here 's his lordship now. How now, my lord, is 't not after midnight?

Ber. I have to-night despatched sixteen businesses, a month's length a-piece, by an abstract of success:[18] I have conge'd with the duke, done my adieu with his nearest; buried a wife, mourned for her; writ to my lady mother, I am returning; entertained my convoy; and, between these main parcels of despatch, effected many nicer deeds; the last was the greatest, but that I have not ended yet.

2 *Lord.* If the business be of any difficulty, and this morning your departure hence, it requires haste of your lordship.

Ber. I mean, the business is not ended, as fearing to hear of it hereafter: But shall we have this dialogue between the fool and the soldier?——Come, bring forth this counterfeit module;[19] has deceived me,[20] like a double-meaning prophesier.

2 *Lord.* Bring him forth: [*Exeunt Soldiers.*] he has sat in the stocks all night,[21] poor gallant knave.

Ber. No matter; his heels have deserved it, in usurping his spurs so long.[22] How does he carry himself?

1 *Lord.* I have told your lordship already; the stocks carry him. But to answer you as you would be understood; he weeps like a wench that had shed her milk: he hath confessed himself to Morgan, whom he supposes to be a friar, from the time of his remembrance, to this very instant disaster of his setting i' the stocks: And what think you he hath confessed?

Ber. Nothing of me, has he?

2 *Lord.* His confession is taken, and it shall be read to his face: if your lordship be in't, as I believe you are, you must have the patience to hear it.

Re-enter Soldiers, *with* PAROLLES.

Ber. A plague upon him! muffled! he can say nothing of me; hush! hush!

1 *Lord.* Hoodman comes![23]—Porto tartarossa.

1 *Sold.* He calls for the tortures; What will you say without 'em?

Par. I will confess what I know without constraint; if ye pineh me like a pas*t*y, I can say no more.

1 *Sold.* Bosko chimurcho.

2 *Lord.* Boblibindo chicurmurco.[24]

1 *Sold.* You are a merciful general:—Our general bids you answer to what I shall ask you out of a note.

Par. And truly, as I hope to live.

1 *Sold.* "First demand of him how many horse the duke is strong." What say you to that?

Par. Five or six thousand; but very weak and unservieeable: the troops are all scattered, and the commanders very poor rogues, upon my reputation and credit, and as I hope to live.

1 *Sold.* Shall I set down your answer so?

Par. Do; I 'll take the sacrament on 't, how and which way you will.

Ber. All 's one to him.[25] What a past-saving slave is this!

1 *Lord.* You are deceived, my lord; this is monsieur Parolles, the gallant militarist, (that was his own phrase,) that had the whole theorie[26] of war in the knot of his scarf, and the practice in the chape of his dagger.[27]

2 *Lord.* I will never trust a man again, for keeping his sword clean; nor believe he can have everything in him, by wearing his apparel neatly.

1 *Sold.* Well, that 's set down.

Par. Five or six thousand horse, I said,—I will say true,—or thereabouts, set down,—for I 'll speak truth.

1 *Lord.* He 's very near the truth in this.

Ber. But I con him no thanks for 't,[28] in the nature he delivers it.[29]

Par. Poor rogues, I pray you, say.

1 *Sold.* Well, that 's set down.

Par. I humbly thank you, sir: a truth's a truth, the rogues are marvellous poor.

1 *Sold.* "Demand of him, of what strength they are a-foot." What say you to that?

Par. By my troth, sir, if I were to live this present hour,[30] I will tell true. Let me see: Spurio a hundred and fifty, Sebastian so many; Corambus so many, Jacques so many; Guiltian, Cosmo, Lodowick, and Gratii, two hundred fifty each: mine own company, Chitopher, Vaumond, Bentii, two hundred and fifty each: so that the muster-file, rotten and sound, upon my life, amounts not to fifteen thousand poll; half of the which dare not shake the snow from off their cassocks,[31] lest they shake themselves to pieces.

Ber. What shall be done to him?

1 *Lord.* Nothing, but let him have thanks. Demand of him my conditions, and what credit I have with the duke.

1 *Sold.* Well, that's set down. "You shall demand of him, whether one captain Dumain be i' the camp, a Frenchman; what his reputation is with the duke, what his valour, honesty, and expertness in wars; or whether he thinks, it were not possible, with well-weighing sums of gold, to corrupt him to a revolt." What say you to this? what do you know of it?

Par. I beseech you, let me answer to the particular of the intergatories: Demand them singly.

1 *Sold.* Do you know this captain Dumain?

Par. I know him: he was a botcher's prentice in Paris, from whence he was whipped for getting the sheriff's fool[32] with child; a dumb innocent,[33] that could not say him, nay.

[DUMAIN *lifts up his hand in anger.*

Ber. Nay, by your leave, hold your hands; though I know, his brains are forfeit to the next tile that falls.[34]

1 *Sold.* Well, is this captain in the duke of Florence's camp?

Par. Upon my knowledge, he is, and lousy.

1 *Lord.* Nay, look not so upon me; we shall hear of your lordship anon.

1 *Sold.* What is his reputation with the duke?

Par. The duke knows him for no other but a poor officer of mine: and writ to me this other day, to turn him out o' the band: I think, I have his letter in my pocket.

1 *Sold.* Marry, we 'll search.

Par. In good sadness, I do not know; either it is there, or it is upon a file, with the duke's other letters, in my tent.

1 *Sold.* Here 'tis; here 's a paper. Shall I read it to you?

Par. I do not know, if it be it, or no.

Ber. Our interpreter does it well.

1 *Lord.* Excellently.

1 *Sold.* Dian. "The count 's a fool, and full of gold,"[35]—

Par. That is not the duke's letter, sir; that is an advertisement to a proper maid in Florence, one Diana, to take heed of the allurement of one count Rousillon, a foolish idle boy, but, for all that, very ruttish: I pray you, sir, put it up again.

1 *Sold.* Nay, I 'll read it first, by your favour.

Par. My meaning in 't, I protest, was very honest in the behalf of the maid: for I knew the young count to be a dangerous and lascivious boy; who is a whale to virginity, and devours up all the fry it finds.

Ber. Damnable, both sides rogue!

1 *Sold.* "When he swears oaths, bid him drop gold, and take it;
After he scores, he never pays the score:
Half won, is match well made;[36] match, and well make it;
He ne'er pays after debts, take it before;
And say a soldier, Dian, told thee this,
Men are to mell with, boys are but to kiss:[37]
For count of this, the count's a fool, I know it,
Who pays before, but not when he does owe it.
"Thine, as he vow'd to thee in thine ear,
"PAROLLES."

Ber. He shall be whipped through the army, with this rhyme in his forehead.

2 *Lord.* This is your devoted friend, sir, the manifold linguist, and the armipotent soldier.[38]

Ber. I could endure anything before but a cat, and now he 's a cat to me.

1 *Sold.* I perceive, sir, by our general's looks, we shall be fain to hang you.

Par. My life, sir, in any case: not that I am afraid to die; but that, my offences being many, I would repent out the remainder of nature: let me live, sir, in a dungeon, i' the stocks, or anywhere, so I may live.

1 *Sold.* We 'll see what may be done, so you confess freely; therefore, once more to this captain Dumain: You have answered to his reputation with the duke, and to his valour: What is his honesty?

Par. He will steal, sir, an egg out of a cloister;[39] for rapes and ravishments, he parallels Nessus. He professes not keeping of oaths; in breaking them, he is stronger than Hercules. He

will lie, sir, with such volubility, that you would think truth were a fool: drunkenness is his best virtue: for he will be swine-drunk;[40] and in his sleep he does little harm, save to his bed-clothes about him; but they know his conditions, and lay him in straw. I have but little more to say, sir, of his honesty: he has everything that an honest man should not have; what an honest man should have, he has nothing.

1 *Lord.* I begin to love him for this.

Ber. For this description of thine honesty? A pox upon him for me! he is more and more a cat.

1 *Sold.* What say you to his expertness in war?

Par. Faith, sir, he has led the drum before the English tragedians,[41]—to belie him, I will not,—and more of his soldiership I know not; except, in that country, he had the honour to be the officer at a place there called Mile-end,[42] to instruct for the doubling of files:[43] I would do the man what honour I can, but of this I am not certain.

1 *Lord.* He hath out-villained villainy so far, that the rarity redeems him.

Ber. A pox on him! he 's a cat still.[44]

1 *Sold.* His qualities being at this poor price, I need not to ask you, if gold will corrupt him to revolt.

Par. Sir, for a cardecue[45] he will sell the fee-simple of his salvation, the inheritance of it: and cut the entail from all remainders, and a perpetual succession for it perpetually.

1 *Sold.* What's his brother, the other captain Dumain?

2 *Lord.* Why does he ask him of me?[46]

1 *Sold.* What's he?

Par E'en a crow of the same nest; not altogether so great as the first in goodness, but greater a great deal in evil. He excels his brother for a coward, yet his brother is reputed one of the best that is: In a retreat he out-runs any lackey;[47] marry, in coming on he has the cramp.

1 *Sold.* If your life be saved, will you undertake to betray the Florentine?

Par. Ay, and the captain of his horse, count Rousillon.

1 *Sold.* I'll whisper with the general, and know his pleasure.

Par. I'll no more drumming: a plague of all drums! Only to seem to deserve well, and to beguile the supposition[48] of that lascivious young boy, the count, have I run into this danger: Yet, who would have suspected an ambush where I was taken?

[*Aside.*

1 *Sold.* There is no remedy, sir, but you must die: the general says, you, that have so traitorously discovered the secrets of your army, and made such pestiferous reports of men very nobly held, can serve the world for no honest use; therefore you must die. Come, headsman, off with his head.[49]

Par. O Lord, sir; let me live, or let me see my death!

1 *Sold.* That shall you, and take your leave of all your friends. [*Unmuffling him.*

So, look about you; Know you any here?

Ber. Good morrow, noble captain.

2 *Lord.* God bless you, captain Parolles.

1 *Lord.* God save you, noble captain.

2 *Lord.* Captain, what greeting will you to my lord Lafeu? I am for France.

1 *Lord.* Good captain, will you give me a copy of the sonnet you writ to Diana in behalf of the count Rousillon? an I were not a very coward, I'd compel it of you; but fare you well.

[*Exeunt* BERTRAM, *Lords, &c.*

1 *Sold.* You are undone, captain: all but your scarf, that has a knot on't yet.

Par. Who cannot be crushed with a plot?

1 *Sold.* If you could find out a country where but women were that had received so much shame, you might begin an impudent nation. Fare ye well, sir; I am for France too; we shall speak of you there. [*Exit.*

Par. Yet am I thankful: if my heart were great,
'Twould burst at this: Captain, I'll be no more;
But I will eat and drink, and sleep as soft
As captain shall; simply the thing I am
Shall make me live. Who knows himself a braggart,
Let him fear this; for it will come to pass,
That every braggart shall be found an ass.
Rust, sword! cool, blushes! and, Parolles, live
Safest in shame! being fool'd, by foolery thrive!
There's place, and means, for every man alive.
I'll after them. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—Florence. *A Room in the* Widow's *House.*

Enter HELENA, Widow, *and* DIANA.

Hel. That you may well pereeive I have not wrong'd you,
One of the greatest in the Christian world
Shall be my surety; 'fore whose throne, 'tis needful,
Ere I ean perfeet mine intents, to kneel:
Time was, I did him a desired offiee,
Dear almost as his life; which gratitude
Through flinty Tartar's bosom would peep forth,
And answer, thanks: I duly am inform'd,
His grace is at Marseilles;[50] to which place
We have convenient convoy. You must know,
I am supposed dead: the army breaking,
My husband hies him home; where, heaven aiding,
And by the leave of my good lord the king,
We'll be, before our weleome.
Wid. Gentle madam,
You never had a servant, to whose trust
Your business was more welcome.
Hel. Nor your mistress,[51]
Ever a friend, whose thoughts more truly labour
To recompenee your love; doubt not, but heaven
Hath brought me up to be your daughter's dower,
As it hath fated her to be my motive[52]
And helper to a husband. But O strange men!
That can such sweet use make of what they hate,
When saucy trusting[53] of the cozen'd thoughts
Defiles the pitchy night! so lust doth play
With what it loaths, for that which is away:
But more of this hercafter:—You, Diana,
Under my poor instruetions yet must suffer
Something in my behalf.
Dia. Let death and honesty
Go with your impositions, I am yours
Upon your will to suffer.
Hel. Yet, I pray you,——
But with the word, the time will bring on summer,[54]
When briars shall have leaves as well as thorns,

And be as sweet as sharp. We must away;
Our waggon is prepar'd, and time revives us:[55]
All's well that ends well: still the fine's the crown;[56]
Whate'er the course, the end is the renown. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—Rousillon. *A Room in the* Countess's *Palace.*

Enter Countess, LAFEU, *and* Clown.

Laf. No, no, no, your son was misled with a snipt-taffata fellow there; whose villainous saffron[57] would have made all the unbaked and doughy youth[58] of a nation in his colour: your daughter-in-law had been alive at this hour; and your son here at home, more advanced by the king, than by that red-tailed humble-bee I speak of.

Count. I would, he had not known him![59] it was the death of the most virtuous gentlewoman, that ever nature had praise for creating: if she had partaken of my flesh, and cost me the dearest groans of a mother, I could not have owed her a more rooted love.

Laf. 'Twas a good lady, 'twas a good lady: we may pick a thousand salads, ere we light on such another herb.

Clo. Indeed, sir, she was the sweet-marjoram of the salad, or, rather the herb of grace.

Laf. They are not salad-herbs, you knave, they are nose-herbs.

Clo. I am no great Nebuchadnezzar, sir, I have not much skill in grass.[60]

Laf. Whether dost thou profess thyself; a knave or a fool?

Clo. A fool, sir, at a woman's service, and a knave at a man's.

Laf. Your distinction?

Clo. I would cozen the man of his wife, and do his service.

Laf. So you were a knave at his service, indeed.

Clo. And I would give his wife my bauble,[61] sir, to do her service.

Laf. I will subscribe for thee; thou art both knave and fool.

Clo. At your service.

Laf. No, no, no.

Clo. Why, sir, if I cannot serve you, I can serve as great a prince as you are.

Laf. Who's that? a Frenchman?

Clo. Faith, sir, he has an English name;[62] but his phisnomy is more hotter in France than there.[63]

Laf. What prinee is that?

Clo. The blaek prince,[64] sir, *alias*, the prinee of darkness; *alias*, the devil.

Laf. Hold thee, there's my purse: I give thee not this to suggest thee from thy master[65] thou talkest of; serve him still.

Clo. I am a woodland fellow, sir, that always loved a great fire; and the master I speak of, ever keeps a good fire. But, sure, he is the prince of the world, let his nobility remain in his court. I am for the house with the narrow gate, whieh I take to be too little for pomp to enter: some, that humble themselves, may; but the many will be too ehill and tender; and they'll be for the flowery way, that leads to the broad gate, and the great fire.

Laf. Go thy ways, I begin to be a-weary of thee; and I tell thee so before; beeause I would not fall out with thee. Go thy ways; let my horses be well looked to, without any tricks.

Clo. If I put any trieks upon 'em, sir, they shall be jades' trieks; which are their own right by the law of nature. [*Exit.*

Laf. A shrewd knave, and an unhappy.[66]

Count. So he is. My lord, that's gone, made himself much sport out of him: by his authority he remains here, whieh he thinks is a patent for his saueiness; and, indeed, he has no paee,[67] but runs where he will.

Laf. I like him well; 'tis not amiss; and I was about to tell you. Since I heard of the good lady's death, and that my lord your son was upon his return home, I moved the king, my master, to speak in the behalf of my daughter; whieh, in the minority of them both, his majesty, out of a self-graeious remembrance, did first propose: his highness hath promised me to do it: and, to stop up the displeasure he hath eoneeived against your son, there is no fitter matter. How does your ladyship like it?

Count. With very mueh eontent, my lord, and I wish it happily effected.

Laf. His highness comes post from Marseilles, of as able body as when he numbered thirty; he will be here to-morrow, or I am deeeived by him that in such intelligenee hath seldom failed.

Count. It rejoiees me, that I hope I shall see him ere I die.

I have letters, that my son will be here to-night: I shall beseech your lordship, to remain with me till they meet together.

Laf. Madam, I was thinking, with what manners I might safely be admitted.

Count. You need but plead your honourable privilege.

Laf. Lady, of that I have made a bold charter: but, I thank my God, it holds yet.

Re-enter Clown.

Clo. O madam, yonder's my lord your son with a patch of velvet on's face;[68] whether there be a scar under it, or no, the velvet knows; but, 'tis a goodly patch of velvet; his left cheek is a cheek of two pile and a half, but his right cheek is worn bare.

Laf. A scar nobly got,[69] or a noble scar, is a good livery of honour; so, belike, is that.

Clo. But it is your carbonadoed[70] face.

Laf. Let us go see your son, I pray you; I long to talk with the young noble soldier.

Clo. 'Faith, there's a dozen of 'em, with delicate fine hats, and most courteous feathers, which bow the head, and nod at every man. [*Exeunt.*

Notes to the Fourth Act.

[1] *So we seem to know, &c.*

I think the meaning, is,—"Our seeming to know what we speak one to another, is *to make him* to know our purpose immediately; to discover our design to him." To *know*, in the last instance, signifies to *make known*. Hanmer very plausibly reads—"to *show* straight our purpose."—*Malone.* The sense of this passage with the context I take to be this—"We must each fancy a jargon for himself, without aiming to be understood by one another, for provided we appear to understand, that will be sufficient for the success of our project."—*Henley.*

[2] *And buy another of Bajazet's mule.*

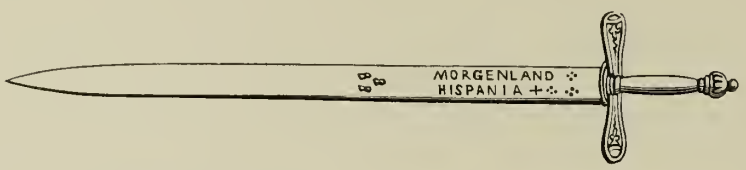
Mule, old editions; *mute*, Warburton. As a *mule* is as dumb by nature as the *mute* is by art, the reading may stand. In one of our old Turkish histories, there is a pompous description of Bajazet riding on a *mule* to the Divan.—*Steevens.* The alteration, which is slight, merely changing an *l* for a *t*, two letters easily confounded, may receive support from our author himself in Henry V.:——"or else our grave,—Like *Turkish mute*, shall have a tongueless mouth." Bajazet may, as Steevens observes, have had a mule which is mentioned somewhere in history; but he has stated no ground for supposing it to be less loquacious than mules in general or any other beast.—*Malone.* Perhaps there may be here a reference to the following apologue mentioned by Maitland, in one of his despatches to Secretary Cecil: "I think yow have hard the apologue off the philosopher who, for th' emperor's plesure, tooke upon him to make a *moyle* speak: in many yeares the lyke may yet be, eyther that the *Moyle*, the Philosopher, or Eamperor may dye before the tyme be fully ronne out," Haynes's Collection, 369. Parolles probably means, he must buy a tongue which has still to learn the use of speech, that he may run himself into no more difficulties by his loquacity.—*Reed.*

Parolles observes that he must put his tongue into a butter-woman's mouth, for which its prattle is suited, and where it would be harmless in its consequences, and purchase another one of Bajazet's mule, who was silent, and, unlike its master, did not involve himself in a scrape by loquacity. The probability is that there is a particular allusion in the text to some incident, which is introduced in a play or

work of Shakespeare's time. Warburton's reading, *mute*, is unlikely to be correct, a *mute* being generally taken for a person deprived of the tongue, one who has "a tongueless mouth," as the expression is in the passage above cited.

[3] *Or the breaking of my Spanish sword.*

The accompanying example of a genuine Spanish sword of the time of Queen Elizabeth, with the blade marked and stamped, is selected by Mr. Fairholt from the original preserved in Lord Londesborough's armoury at Grimston.



[4] *Or to drown my clothes.*

To drown, when applied to inanimate objects, to sink in water. "Galleys might be drowned in the harbour," Knolles. Prospero says he will drown his magic-book, meaning that he will sink it in the bottom of the sea.

[5] *For you are cold and stern.*

Our author had here, probably, in his thoughts some of the *stern* monumental figures with which many churches in England were furnished by the rude sculptors of his own time. He has again the same allusion in Cymbeline:—"And be her sense but as a *monument*—Thus *in a chapel lying*."—*Malone.* I believe the epithet *stern* refers only to the severity often impressed by death on features which, in their animated state, were of a placid turn.—*Steevens.* In the Perkins MS., *stern* is altered to *stone.*

[6] *Do not strive against my vows.*

Against his vows, I believe means—"against his determined resolution never to cohabit with Helena;" and this *vow*, or *resolution*, he had very strongly expressed in his letter to the countess.—*Steevens.* So, in Vittoria Corombona, 1612:—"Henceforth *I'll never lie with thee*,—My *vow* is fix'd."—*Malone.*

[7] *What is not holy, that we swear not by.*

The meaning of this speech is somewhat obscure, but the key to it seems to be in Bertram's next speech, when he remarks that "love *is* holy," that is, love in itself is holy, and I swear by Love. Bertram is unwilling to enter into the religious part of the question, and therefore contents himself with passionate entreaty, accompanied with attestations of his own freedom from the crafts of wicked men, and the asseveration that love is a holy thing, and to be reverenced in itself as such. Diana takes the higher argument, amounting in truth to this,—we swear not by that which is not holy, but take *the Highest* to witness; then pray you, tell me, even if I were to take this highest form of oath, to invoke the name of God for the truth of the sincerity of my love, would you believe my oath when I was really meditating to inflict a moral injury upon you (she is putting herself in Bertram's place); this will not hold, to swear by God, whom I solemnly declare to love and reverence, that I will work against his laws; therefore, your oaths, having no moral force, and being vitiated by the disobedience their accomplishment involves to the very being to whom alone a binding oath can be made, are mere words, and unsealed bonds, worthless deeds. The chief alteration made is substituting *God's* for *Jove's*, but the former was probably the original word, and the latter merely substituted for it here, as in many other

instances, in consequence of the statute of James I. which prohibited the use of the name of the Deity in stage-plays. A still more easy and natural interpretation of the line, "To swear by him whom I protest to love," is to consider *by* used, as in many other instances, for *of*. The sense would then be, "to swear respecting him whom I protest to love." As, however, various opinions of the meaning of the speech have been given, the notes of the commentators are subjoined:—

Diana's argument here, if it were put into syllogism, would run thus:—The Beings we commonly swear by are holy Beings, and the attestations we make by them are not to be credited unless made for holy purposes: I swear to you by the holiest of all those Beings for a purpose that is not holy; *Ergo*,—after which, she proceeds to tell Bertram, that, as he might justly discredit her oaths, if she should make any to him of such a tendency; so she has no faith in his, since his purpose in making them is plainly wicked:—"Therefore, your oaths—Are words, and poor conditions; but unseal'd;" which *unseal'd* is a word of great import, including more than appears at first view: for this, in few, is convey'd by it,—that oaths holily taken are as bonds made valid by witnessing, have the seal of the Almighty affix'd to them in way of witness: but *your* oaths, speaking to Bertram, are words only, and bonds of no force, being destitute of that sanction which is only given to oaths that are holy. The speaker's reasoning is clouded, by being part of it put in wrong place; for—"This has no holding,—To swear by him whom I protest to love,—That I will work against him:" is, in reality, a branch of her major: and again, by the ambiguity of one of her phrases,—"When I did love you ill;" whose common meaning is—when I had little love for you, but which means here—when I lov'd you in an *ill* or bad way: but when these are conceiv'd as they should be, the argument is as stated above.—*Capell.*

Bertram tells Diana that he loves her, and he swears to it *By love's own sweet constraint.* No, says Dr. Warburton, this is no oath; he only says he loves her by love's own sweet constraint; having said in the preceding line, speaking of Helena, "I was compell'd to her, but I love thee—By love's own constraint." But what is this but saying, "I was compelled to love Helena by my father, but I was compelled to love thee by Love himself." Besides, it does not appear that Bertram loves Helena at all. It is very presumable that Bertram *swore*, from Diana's taking him so roundly to task for the profanity of his oath. He said,—I was forced to wed Helena, but thou art the woman I love.—She was my father's choice, thou art mine.—Yes, by all the powers of love, by that power which influenced my choice, thou art.—To which power, compared with the tyrannical authority of his father, he was very aptly and naturally induced to give the name of *Love's own sweet constraint.* But, supposing he did not mean to swear by the powers or power of love at this particular conjuncture, it appears, I think, pretty evident, that this was his usual oath, or mode of vowing. Else, why should he answer, after being so severely schooled about his not swearing by the *Highest*, as the only holy object to swear by. What then becomes of Dr. Warburton's acute and excellent conjecture, to which Dr. Johnson hath done the honour of exalting it to the text? Dr. Warburton says, that Diana is not accusing Bertram for swearing by a Being not holy, but for swearing to an unholy purpose. Indeed, she is accusing him of both, and pleads the former as a proof of the latter. You cannot swear, says she, with any good design, or to any good purpose, when you swear by such profane objects. For, it is to be observed, that the words *truth* and *true* are not here confined to the mere veracity of the terms of the oath; but, as in Pandulph's speech, in the play of King John, where *truth*, applied also, in like manner, to an oath, relates, as Dr. Johnson himself observes, to *rectitude* of conduct. Thus, when Diana says,—"'Tis

not the many oaths that make the *truth;* But the plain single vow, that is vow'd *true;*"—she does not mean simply that a multiplicity of oaths will not make that true which is otherwise false: for this is not to be done at any rate; yet, what she means to say is confessedly to be effected by the plain single vow that is vow'd true. What she means, therefore, is this; *a multiplicity of vague and profane oaths* will not justify any immoral conduct or design; but that any questionable design is to be justified only by the *plain single vow, that is vowed true*, sworn in a regular and sacred manner. Diana did not doubt that Bertram had a love or a passion for her, according to the common acceptation of the term. But it may be asked, why doth Diana protest that she loves the supreme Being by whom she supposes herself to swear?—If we reflect, however, that this protestation is nothing more than that of her love to virtue, it is by no means improperly introduced to check Bertram's illicit passion, by depriving him of all hopes of success. For it is to be remarked, that though she barely mentions the ill consequences to herself of being afterwards abandoned by Bertram, the point on which she dwells upon most, and seems to lay the greatest stress, is the immorality of the act. It may be added also, that, as Bertram hath not here made use of that very expression in his vows to Diana, it is not impossible that she refers to some other conversation, in which he had not only sworn by love's own sweet constraint, but also by *her own sweet self*, in which case it is, with great propriety, she introduces, by way of antithesis, the protestation of her love to the God of truth and goodness, being opposed to any love she can possibly entertain for him.—And this supposition is not ill-founded, if we reflect on his calling her *titled goddess*, and his confessedly making use only of the oaths common to lovers.—*Kenrick.*

The sense is, We never swear by what is not holy, but swear by, or take to witness, the Highest, the Divinity. The tenor of the reasoning contained in the following lines perfectly corresponds with this; if I should swear by Jove's great attributes, that I loved you dearly, would you believe my oaths, when you found by experience that I loved you ill, and was endeavouring to gain credit with you in order to seduce you to your ruin? No, surely, but you would conclude that I had no faith either in Jove or his attributes, and that my oaths were mere words of course. For that oath can certainly have no tye upon us, which we swear by him we profess to love and honour, when at the same time we give the strongest proof of our disbelief in him, by pursuing a course which we know will offend and dishonour him. By not comprehending the poet's scope and meaning, Warburton hath been reduced to the necessity of fathering upon him such strange English as this:—"*What is not holy, that we swear*," to signify, *If we swear to an unholy purpose;* a sense those words will by no means bear. "*Not 'bides*," to signify, *the oath is dissolved in the making;* a meaning which can no more be deduced from the words than the former.—*Heath.*

Attributes, ed. 1623; *attribute*, ed. 1632. Amongst the various alterations that have been proposed are the following,—"*Love's* great attributes," Johnson, who thinks erroneously that reading is in some copies of the first folio; "to swear *to* him," Johnson; "to swear by him whom I *profess* to love," Harris; "to swear by him whom I *attest* to love," Johnson; "to swear by him, *when* I protest to *Love*," Singer. Dr. Johnson also proposed another alteration, viz., to give two lines of Diana's speech, the third and the fourth, to Bertram. Mr. Collier interprets part of the speech by inversion, thus,—This has no holding, to swear by him (Jove) that I will work against him whom I protest to love. There is a similar thought in King John, in the lines commencing,—"It is religion, that doth make vows kept;" &c.

[8] *I see that men make ropes in such a scarre.*

"I see that men make rope's in such a scarre," eds. 1623, 1632; "I see that men make ropes in such a scarre," ed. 1663, repeated in ed. 1685, with the exception that *scarre* is there printed *scar*. "A scar, cliff, *mons præruptus*," Coles. The meaning is perhaps this,—I see that men make themselves ropes to enable them to climb up even such a difficult precipice; metaphorically for, I see that men make assisting arguments to enable them to overcome apparently insuperable difficulties. A scarre is properly a bare and broken place on the side of a mountain, or in the high bank of a river. Ray explains it "the cliff of a rock, or a naked rock on the dry land," and thinks it is the origin of the name of Scarborough. The definition here given does not, however, quite convey the ancient meaning of *scar*, which must be interpreted a *precipice*. "Verie deepe *scarrie* rockes," Harrison's Britaine, p. 93. *Scarry*, full of precipices, Craven Glossary, ii. 102. Diana, at the moment of uttering this speech, is on the point of pretending to yield to Bertram's wishes; she has combated his assurances of sincerity in the vows of love, but apparently struck with the urgency of his arguments, she says, "I see that men make ropes in such a scarre, that we'll forsake ourselves;" I see that men make reasons to assist their views even in such a barren difficult subject, that we will desert ourselves, and yield to them. Then comes the result, "Give me that ring;" and no further solicitation is necessary on Bertram's part, who wins "a heaven on earth," by producing arguments for a course which no proper reasons could justify, in short, by making "ropes in such a scarre."

> He loked abowte; thanne was he warre
> Of an ermytage undir a *skerre*.—*MS. Lincoln* A. i. 17. f. 123.

Marry, even heaved over the *scarr*, and sent a swimming toward Burtholme, his old habitation, if it bee not intercepted by some seale, sharke, sturgeon, or such like.—*Hoffman*, 1631, where the word occurs several times, in three other places spelt *scarre*. "I stood upon the top of the high *scarre*, where I beheld the splitted ship," ibid.

Rowe, in 1709, failing to make sense of the original text, boldly altered it to, —"I see that men make *hopes* in such *affairs*," which readings were followed by Pope, Theobald, Hanmer, Capell, and others. "I see, that men make *hopes*, in such a *war*," Singer, who, however, afterwards adopted the original text, with the exception of changing *ropes* to *hopes*. Nothing, however, has yet been written upon this most difficult passage, which is quite satisfactory, and I am inclined to believe there is some very singular corruption that may continue to be a stumbling-block to the critics. The following notes of the commentators may be worth adding:—

The sense is,—I perceive that while our lovers are making professions of love, and *acting* their assumed parts in this kind of amorous *interlude*, they entertain hopes that we shall be betrayed by our passions to yield to their desires. So, in Much Ado about Nothing: "The sport will be, when they hold an opinion of one another's dotage, and no such matter,—that's the *scene* that I would see," &c. Again, in the Winter's Tale: "—— It shall be so my care—To have you royally appointed, as if—The *scene* you play, were mine." A corrupted passage in the first sketch of the Merry Wives of Windsor, suggested to me the emendation now introduced. In the fifth act, Fenton describes to the Host his scheme for marrying Anne Page:—"And in a robe of white this night disguised—Wherein fat Falstaff had [r. hath] a mighty *scare*,—Must Slender take her," &c. It is manifest, from the corresponding lines in the folio, that *scare* was printed by

mistake for *scene;* for in the folio the passage runs—"——fat Falstaff hath a great *scene.*" The expression, "to *make* hopes," though it now sounds oddly to our ears, is supported by similar phraseology in other places. So, in one of our poet's Sonnets we find—"the *faults I make.*" Again, in Measure for Measure, "What *offence* hath this man *made* you, sir?"—*Malone.*

Rowe's emendation is not only liable to objection from its dissimilarity to the reading of the four folios, but also from the awkwardness of his language, where the *literal* resemblance is most, like the words, rejected. "In such affairs," is a phrase too vague for Shakespeare, when a determined point, to which the preceding conversation had been gradually narrowing, was in question; and to "*make* hopes," is as uncouth an expression as can well be imagined. Nor is Malone's supposition, of *scene* for *scarre*, a whit more in point: for, first, *scarre*, in every part of England where rocks abound, is well known to signify "the detached protrusion of a large rock;" whereas *scare* is *terror* or *affright.* Nor was *scare*, in the first sketch of the Merry Wives of Windsor, a mistake for *scene*, but an intentional change of ideas; *scare* implying only *Falstaff's terror*, but *scene* including the spectator's entertainment. On the supposal that *make hopes* is the true reading, "in such a scarre," may be taken figuratively for "in such an extremity," in so desperate a situation.—*Henley.*

Scar is *a broken precipice*, used here metaphorically for *extremity.*—The old folio reads, "make *ropes in such a scarre*," which the modern authors have converted into *make hopes in such affairs.*—That *ropes* was misinterpreted for *hopes* is evident, and the emendation of Rowe is therefore continued; for the restitution of the word *scar* I have the authority of Archdeacon Nares, who observes, that though this reading "may not be quite satisfactory; yet, to go against the consent of the folios, twice in one sentence, appears still less so."—*Harness.*

The correction of *hopes* for *ropes* by Rowe is legitimate, because an easy typographical error; but so large a departure from the form of the old word as *suit* for *scarre* is inadmissible, without much better reasons than are here given for its adoption. But it is not necessary to change the word *scarre* at all; it here signifies any surprise or alarm, and what we should now write *a scare.* Shakespeare has used the same orthography of the participle *scarr'd* for *scar'd* in Coriolanus, and in the Winter's Tale. In Palsgrave, both the noun and verb are written *Scarre*, and Minsheu has it "*to scarre*, G. Ahurir." There can be no doubt that the word had then the broad sound it still retains in the north. Jamieson tells us that it was so pronounced, and used to signify "whatever causes alarm."—*Singer.*

Malone gives "in such *a scene*" for "in such a scarre." The MS. corrector proposes "in such a *suit.*" Mr. Singer says "that it is not necessary to change the word *scarre* at all: it here signifies any surprise or alarm, and what we should now write *a scare.*" We agree with Mr. Singer; and, following his suggestion, we give our vote for the following correction:—"I see that men make hopes, in such a *scare*—That we'll forsake ourselves," that is, I see that men expect that we (poor women) will lose our self-possession in the flurry or agitation into which we are thrown by the vehemence of their addresses.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

Tieck justly observes that to "make hopes" is a very weak expression, and, "in such affairs," equally trivial. "In such a scene" is little better. Looking at the tendency of Shakespeare to the use of strong metaphorical expressions, the original reading, however obscure, ought not to be lightly rejected; for unquestionably such a word as *scarre* was not likely to be substituted by the printer for a more common word, such as *scene* or *affairs.* A *scarre* is a rock—a precipitous cliff—and thus, figuratively, a difficulty to be surmounted. Men, says

Diana, pretend to show how we can overpass the obstacle. Such terms as "love is holy"—"my love shall persever"—are the ropes by the aid of which the steep rock is to be climbed. The ropes "that we 'll forsake, ourselves," are the supports of which we ourselves lose our hold, after we have unwisely trusted to them. If *hopes* is substituted for *ropes*, and *scarre* retained, the sense then may be, that men hope in such a position of difficulty, that we 'll forsake ourselves—cease to rely upon ourselves.—*Knight.*

"The roote of the felberd-tree, beyng a woorthy wood to make cups of, bravely set forth with *knottes* and *skarres*," Twyne's translation of Petrarch's Phisicke against Fortune, 1579. If *skarre* is here at all equivalent to *knot*, there may be some connexion in the passage in the text between that word, and *ropes*,—I observe men make ropes where there is nought but a hard twisted knot, they will unravel any difficulty. Other meanings of the word may be just worth notice. "*Scarrs*, *scarrds*, shreds, pieces, Bor., as pot-scarrs, *i. e.*, pot-sheards, or broken pieces of pots," Kennett's Glossary, MS. Lansd. 1033.

> They talked of the bunghole of Saint Knowles,
> Of Gilbathar and thousand other holes;
> If they might be reduc'd t' a *scarry* stuffe,
> Such as might not be subject to the cough.
>
> *First Book of Rabelais*, 1653.

There happened in Rome a great *scarre-fire:* whereby the palace and temple of Vesta, with most part of the citie, was laid even with the ground.—*Ammianus Marcellinus*, translated by Holland, 1609.

[9] *Since Frenchmen are so braid.*

Braid, impetuous; from the substantive *braid*. "Brayde, or hastynesse of mynde, *colle*," Palsgrave, 1530. "These hott Frenchemen," Sir Thomas More, a play, MS. Harl. 7368, ap. Dyce. "He charges like a Frenchman, thick and hotly," Cynthia's Revels. Although there can be little doubt of the correctness of the interpretation here given, the notes of the commentators are subjoined:

Braid signifies *crafty* or *deceitful*. So, in Greene's Never Too Late, 1616:—"Dian rose with all her maids,—Blushing thus at love his *braids;*" and in a MS. poem, temp. Elizabeth,—"Beware, good maydes, of all such braydes." Chaucer uses the word in the same sense; but as the passage where it occurs in his Troilus and Creseide is contested, it may be necessary to observe that *bred* is an Anglo-Saxon word, signifying *fraus*, *astus*. Again, in Drant's translation of Horace's Epistles, where its import is not very clear:—"Professing thee a friend, to plaie the ribbalde at a *brade*." In the Romaunt of the Rose, v. 1336, *braid* seems to mean *forthwith*, or, *at a jerk*. There is nothing to answer it in the French, except *tantost*. In the ancient song of Lytyl Thanke, MS. Cotton. Titus A. xxvi., "at a *brayd*" undoubtedly signifies—at once, on a sudden, in the instant:—"But in come ffrankelyn at a *brayd*."—*Steevens.*

Braid may mean, as Boaden observes to me, *fickle*, apt to *start away* suddenly from their engagements. To *braid*, for to *start*, is found in Lord Buckhurst, and many of our old writers. Possibly *braid* may be a contraction for *braided*, *i. e.*, *twisted*, by the same licence as *hoist* is put for *hoisted* in Hamlet, *heat* for *heated* in King John, and *exasperate* for *exasperated* in Macbeth; and may resemble the metaphor which we meet with in King Lear,—"Time shall unfold what *plaited* cunning hides."—*Boswell.*

"Since Frenchmen are so *braid*," *i. e.*, says Mr. John Horne Tooke, brayed, or pounded in a mortar;—at least, such I suppose is his meaning: for, after having

proved by six examples, what no one ever questioned, that the common word to *bray* means to *pound*, he adds the following curious comment, for which surely his name, had he never written another word, deserves to be immortal:—"The expression here (*braid*) alludes to this proverb: (Though thou should'st *bray* a fool in a mortar, &c., Prov. xxi. 20.) Diana does not confine herself merely to his craft or deceit; but includes also the other bad qualities of which she supposes Bertram to be compounded, and *which would not depart from him*, though *bray'd* in a mortar," The Diversions of Purley, ii. 50.—*Malone.* Horne Tooke's note does not deserve the honor, but it is illustrated by the annexed engraving of an early bronze mortar, dated 1554, copied by Mr. Fairholt from the original in the possession of Dr. Diamond, F.S.A. Around the rim in raised letters is the date, ANNO + DOMINI + 1554.

[10] *Marry that will, I live and die a maid.*

I live, eds. 1623, 1632; *I'll live*, eds. 1663, 1685. "Diana, in her present mood, full of indignation at the perfidious design of the Frenchman upon her chastity, had little better opinion of her own countrymen, and begun to entertain unfavourable thoughts of the whole sex," Heath. Warburton reads,—"Marry *'em* that will, *I'd* live and die a maid."

[11] *Enter the two French Lords.*

The latter editors have with great liberality bestowed *lordship* upon these interlocutors, who, in the original edition, are called, with more propriety, *capt.* E. and *capt.* G. It is true that *captain* E. in a former scene is called *lord* E. but the subordination in which they seem to act, and the timorous manner in which they converse, determines them to be only captains. Yet as the latter readers of Shakespeare have been used to find them lords, I have not thought it worth while to degrade them in the margin.—*Johnson.*

These two personages may be supposed to be two young French lords serving in the Florentine camp, where they now appear in their military capacity. In the first scene, where the two French lords are introduced, taking leave of the king, they are called in the original edition, Lord E. and Lord G. G. and E. were, I believe, only put to denote the players who performed these characters. In the list of actors prefixed to the first folio, I find the names of Gilburne and Ecclestone, to whom these insignificant parts probably fell. Perhaps, however, these performers first represented the French lords, and afterwards two captains in the Florentine army; and hence the confusion of the old copy. In the first scene of this act, one of these captains is called throughout, 1 *Lord E.* The matter is of no great importance.—*Malone.*

[12] *Till they attain to their abhorred ends.*

Ere they, Heath. There is no difficulty in the construction of this passage, but the observation contained in it seems to be the reverse of truth; for in every treason, except that of love, we find the conspirators endeavour to the utmost to conceal their designs, until they are accomplished, however they may afterwards boast of the part they acted in them. This consideration induced me, at first view, to think the passage erroneous, and to amend it by reading, "*when* they attain their ends," instead of "*till* they attain them;" but as, in the next speech, they are censured as trumpeters of their *intents*, not of their actions, I have no doubt

but it is right as it stands, and that the observation, whether well founded or not, is the observation of Shakespeare.—*M. Mason.* This may mean, observes Steevens,—they are perpetually talking about the mischief they intend to do, till they have obtained an opportunity of doing it.

[13] *In his proper stream o'erflows himself.*

That is, "betrays his own secrets in his own talk." The reply shows that this is the meaning.—*Johnson.*

[14] *Is it not meant damnable in us?*

Damnable for *damnably*, the adjective used adverbially, a very common practice in Shakespeare and his contemporaries. "Now so *evill* could she conceale her fire, and so wilfullie persevered she in it," Sir P. Sydney's Arcadia, 1613. Malone has remarked the same inaccuracy in Dryden, in his Address to the Reader before his Essay on Dramatick Poesy: "This I intimate, lest any should think me so *exceeding* vain, as to teach others an art which they understand much better than myself;" and Lowth has detected it in the writers of the reign of Queen Anne. So, in the Winter's Tale:—"That did but show thee, of a fool, inconstant,—And *damnable* ungrateful." Again, in Twelfth Night: "— and as thou drawest, swear *horrible*—." Again, in the Merry Wives of Windsor:—"Let the supposed fairies pinch him *sound*." Heath proposed to read,—Is it not *mean time* damnable; Monck Mason,—Is it not *mean and* damnable; and Malone originally conjectured,—Is it not *most* damnable.

[15] *He might take a measure of his own judgments.*

This is a very just and moral reason. Bertram, by finding how erroneously he has judged, will be less confident, and more easily moved by admonition.—*Johnson.*

[16] *Wherein so curiously he had set this counterfeit.*

Parolles is the person whom they are going to anatomize. *Counterfeit*, besides its ordinary signification,—a person pretending to be what he is not, signified also in our author's time a false coin, and a picture. The word *set* shows that it is here used in the first and the last of these senses.—*Malone.*

[17] *The stranger part of it by her own letters.*

Mr. Collier's folio proposes *stranger part* for *stronger part*, which is evidently right. It also has "*and* faithfully confirmed," for "was faithfully confirmed;" an unnecessary emendation, which results from a perversion of meaning, itself consequent upon improper punctuation. The speaker does not mean to say that her death "is come," but that her letters told her story up to the time of her death, and that as she could not, of course, announce that event herself, it was done by another,—"the rector of the place." Remove the comma after "say."—*R. G. White.*

[18] *By an abstract of success.*

This is, by narrating the several successes in their principal parts only—by giving a *view* of the success which attended the sixteen businesses, in its main substance, *abstracting* (to preserve the reference to the verb) from lesser matters—not dwelling, in the narration, on mere circumstantials.—*Anon.*

[19] *Bring forth this counterfeit module.*

"*Module*, a modell, or module; that whereby a whole worke is measured, proportioned, or squared," Cotgrave. The term is here used, as in King John, for

representation. Bertram says,—bring forth this counterfeit representation of a soldier.

You that have seen within this ample table,
Among so many *modules* admirable,
Th' admired beautics of the King of Creatures,
Com, com and see the womans rapting features.—*Du Bartas.*

Th' admiration, wondrous great content,
To see a child thus fortunately sent,
Sweete living picture *module* of himselfe.
Peyton's Glasse of Time, 1623.

[20] *Has deceiv'd me.*

So the original, the sentence, as is not unusual in Shakespeare, being elliptical. Modern editors insert *he*, I think without necessity.

We should read, I think, *he* has censured him, &c. In the MSS. of our author's time, and frequently in the printed copy of these plays, *he has*, when intended to be contracted, is written—*h'as*. Hence probably the mistake here. So, in Othello, 4to. 1622 :—" And it is thought abroad, that 'twixt my sheets—*H'as* done my office." Again, in Measure for Measure,—" *has* censur'd him already." See also Twelfth-Night, p. 258, edit. 1623 : " —*h'as* beene told so," for " *he has* been told so." Yet after all, as Shakespeare and the writers of his time frequently omit the personal pronoun, this emendation may be unnecessary. *Malone.*

[21] *He has sat in the stocks all night.*

The stocks is a kind of wooden prison for the legs, still occasionally used in villages as a punishment for petty offences. They may yet be seen in many places, though generally disused. They are introduced upon the stage in the old play of Hick Scorner, and in King Lear. The Worcester Journal of Jan. 19th, 1843, informs us that this old mode of punishment was recently revived at Stratford-on-Avon for drunkenness, and a passer-by asking a fellow who was doing penance how he liked it, the reply was—" I beant the first mon as ever were in the stocks, so I don't care a fardin about it." Holme describes the stocks, " a prison or place of security to keep safe all such as the constable finds to be night-walkers, common-drunkards and swearers, that have no money, and such like ; also petty thieves, strippers of hedges, robbers of hen-roosts, and light-fingered persons, who can let none of their masters or mistresses goods or cloaths lye before them ; also wandring rogues, gipsics, and such as love begging better than labour." The annexed engraving of a prisoner being tortured while confined in the stocks is copied from a woodcut in an old chap-book history of Fortunatus.

And twenty of thes odur ay in a pytt,
In *stokkes* and feturs for to sytt.—
MS. Cantab. Ff. ii. 38, f. 233.

Sinne is the baite of folly, and the scourge of villany, it bringes the begger to the *stockes*, the bawd to the cart, the theefe to the gallowes, and the murtherer to the wheele, and all without repentance to hell.—*Rich Cabinet furnished with Varietie of Excellent Discriptions*, 1616.

In the year 1472, Sir William Hampton was lord-mayor of London; he appears to have been a strict reformer of the morals of the citizens, and it is recorded of him, among various other benefits which he conferred upon the city, that he "caused stocks to be set in every ward to punish vagabonds." This punishment is frequently alluded to in the satirical writers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Nash, in his Strange Newes, 1592, speaking of one whom he wished to represent as holding a very low position in the town of Saffron Walden, says of him, "he hath borne office in Walden above twenty yere since; *hoc est*, had the keeping of the towne stocke, *alias* the stocks."—*T. Wright.*

[22] *In usurping his spurs so long.*

Alluding to one part of the ceremony in degrading a knight for treason, or cowardice, after the publication of the knight's offence, his gilt spurs were beaten from his heels, then his sword was taken from him, and broken; that being done, every piece of his armour was bruised, beaten, and cast aside: after all which disgraces, he was beheaded. Andrew of Harklay, a knight, and Earl of Carlisle, was in this sort degraded. He being apprehended, was by the King's commandment brought before Sir Anthony Lucye, anno 1322, apparell'd in all the robes of his estate, as an earl, and a knight, and so led unto the place of judgment. Being hither come, Sir Anthony Lucye said unto him these words,—First thou shalt lose the order of knighthood, by which thou hadst all thyne honour: and further all worship of thy bodie be brought to nought. Those words pronounc'd, Sir Anthony Lucye commanded a knave to hew the knight's spurs from his heels, and after caused his sword to be broken over his head; that done, he was dispoil'd of his furr'd tabord, of his hood, of his furr'd coat, and of his girdle. Then Sir Anthony said unto him these words, "Andrew, now thou are no knight, but a knave, and for thy treason the King doth will that thou shalt be hanged." Spenser seems to refer to the degradation of a knight in Talus's usage of Braggadocio.—*Dr. Grey.*

[23] *Hoodman comes.*

An allusion to the old game of blind-man's-buff, which was formerly called *hoodman blind.* "The hoodwinke play, or hoodman blinde, in some places called the blindmanbuf," Baret's Alvearie, 1580. See further in the notes to Hamlet.

[24] *Boblibindo chicurmurco.*

Made-up words of a similar description are introduced into other plays. Compare the following scene in the Puritan,—"*Sir Godf.* Why, I thank you, good captain, pray have a care I,—fall to your circle, we 'll not trouble you, I warrant you, come, we 'll into the next room, and because we 'll be sure to keep him out there, we 'll bar up the door with some of the Godlies Zealous works.—*Edm.* That will be a fine device, nuncle; and because the ground shall be as holy as the door, I 'le tear two or three rosaries in pieces, and strew the pieces about the chamber: Oh! the divil already.—(*runs in. Thunders.*)—*Pye.* Sfoot, captain, speak somewhat for shame: it lightens and thunders before thou wilt begin; why, when?—*Cap.* Pray peace, George,—thou'lt make me laugh anon, and spoil all.—*Pye.* Oh, now it begins agen; now, now, now! captain.—*Cap. Rhumbos-raydayon, pur, pur, colucundrion. Hois-Plois.*—(*Sir Godfrey through the key-hole, within.*)—*Sir Godf.* Oh admirable conjurer! has fetcht thunder

already.—*Pye.* Hark, hark, agen, captain.—*Cap. Benjamino,-gaspois-kay-gos-gothoteron-umbrois.—Sir Godf.* Oh, I would the devil would come away quickly, he has no conscience to put a man to such pain.—*Pye.* Agen.—*Cap. Flowste-kakopumpos-dragone-leloomenos-hodge-podge.—Pye.* Well, said, captain.—*Sir Godf.* So long a coming? Oh would I had nere begun 't now, for I fear me these roaring tempests will destroy all the fruits of the earth, and tread upon my corn—oh, i'th' countrey.—*Cap. Gog de gog, hobgoblin, huncks, hounslow, hockley te coome park.—Wid.* O brother, brother, what a tempest's ith' garden, sure there's some conjuration abroad.—*Sir Godf.* 'Tis at home, sister.—*Pye.* By and by I 'le step in, captain.—*Cap. Nunck-Nunck-Rip-Gascoines, Ips, Drip-Dropite.—Sir Godf.* He drips and drops, poor man, alas, alas.—*Pye.* Now, I come.—*Cap. O Sulphure Sootface.—Pye.* Arch-conjurer, what would'st thou with me?—*Sir Godf.* O, the devil, sister, i' th' dining-chamber: sing, sister, I warrant you that will keep him out; quickly, quickly, quickly."

[25] *All 's one to him.*

In the old copy these words are given by mistake to Parolles. The present regulation, which is clearly right, was suggested by Steevens.—*Malone.* It will be better to give these words to one of the Dumains, than to Bertram.—*Ritson.*

The reader, who has been us'd to see, "All's one to me," given to Parolles, will wonder to see it chang'd, as he thinks, into "All's one to him," and standing where it does now: but he is to know that *him* is no change, but the uniform reading of all the folios: this could not be spoken by Parolles; nor should he speak it with *me*, as all the modern editors make him; for that imports an open profaneness that makes him the object of detestation; which was never the poet's mind that he should be, nor is proper in comedy: Bertram may well enough say it of him; and, when spoken by him, his ejaculation upon it comes in more gracefully.—*Capell.*

[26] *The whole theoric of war.*

In 1597, was published "the *theorique and practice* of *warre*, written by [to] Philip Don Prince of Castil, by Don Bernardino de Mendoza. Translated out of the Cistilian tongue in Englishe, by Sir Edward Hoby, Knight."—4to., without the name of the printer, the publisher, or the place. I am of opinion, however, that this translation is not the book, which was alluded to by Shakespeare. In 1598, there was published, by Ponsonby, "The *Theorike* and *Practicke* of moderne warres discoursed in *dialogue wise:* Written by Robert Barret." This author was the *gallant militarist:* for, he tells himself, as Shakespeare intimates, "that he had spent most part of his time in the profession of arms, and that, amongst foreign nations." He adds a prayer "for *true martial valour* to the service and defence of our dread soveraigne and deare countrie." In this book of Barret's, there is much knowledge, but still more affectation. He particularly affects *foreign words:* Abanderado, Ambuscado, Bando, Burgonet, Camerada, Camisada, Escalada, Esquadra, Fila, Fronte, Garrita, Hargulatier; and a thousand others, which are equally uncouth: "The word *Caporal*, which is a mere Italian, we do *corruptly* write *Corporal*," says this gallant militarist. We now see the source of the foreign terms, which Shakespeare uses, in the examination of *Parolles: Portotartarosso, Bosco chimurcho, Boblibindo chicurmurco.* The whole examination of Parolles appears to me to be a continued sarcasm on Barret's *Theorike* and *Practike* of Warre, written *dialoguewise.* —*Chalmers.*

[27] *The practice in the chape of his dagger.*

The chape was the metal part at the end of a scabbard, the portion of the

scabbard which protected the sharp end of the dagger or similar weapon. In the Witty Apothegms of King James, 1669, mention is made of a "remonstrance to Queen Elizabeth of the continual conspiracies against her life, and namely of a late one, and shewed her a rapier taken from a conspiratour that had a false *chape* being of brown paper, but guilt over, as it could not be known from a *chape* of metal, which was devised to the end, that without drawing the rapier might give a stab, and upon this occasion advise her that she should go lesse abroad to take the air weakly accompanied, as she used, but the Queen answered that she had rather be dead, than put in custody." The meaning of the term in this extract is clear, but it is sometimes used for the hook or loop at the top of a scabbard, and possibly in the passage in the text for some part of the dagger itself, though I find no authority for such an application of the word.

[28] *But I con him no thanks for 't.*

To *con*, to learn, to know; whence to con thanks, to study expressions of gratitude, to acknowledge an obligation. "To flye I con thee thanke," Gammer Gurton's Needle. "Nay, all right courtiers will kenne me thanke," Damon and Pithias. In Erasmus's Praise of Folly, by Chaloner, 1569, Sig. E 2: "But in the meane whyle ye "ought to *conne me thanke*," &c., and Sig. I 4: "— who natheless *conned him a greate thanke*," &c. "But many other mo for your kindnesse will con you very much thancke," Ascham's Toxophilus. "Yea and well said, I con you no thanke," King Darius. "I con thee thanke to whom thy dogges be deare," Sydney's Arcadia. "I con master Churms thanks for this, for this was his device," Wily Beguiled. "I believe, my mistress would con you as much thank to do that business at home as abroad," How a Man may Chuse a good Wife from a Bad. "He would not trust you with it, I con him thanks for it," Anything for a Quiet Life. "How friendly you are to them that connes you no thank," Bernard's Terence, 1614.

Let us, according to the commandement of God, make frends with our monye, not of such as wynne it of us by play (for they will never *conne us thanke* for it) but of the poore people of God, which cause it to be restored againe (at that great daye of God's judgement) with profite and increase.—*Northbrooke's Treatise against Dicing*, 1577.

A Supplication caldst thou this?, quoth the knight of the post; it is the maddest Supplication that ever I saw; me thinkes thou hast handled all the seaven deadly sinnes in it, and spared none that exceedes his limits in any of them. It is well doone to practise thy wit, but, I beleeve, our lord will *cun thee little* thanke for it.—*Pierce Penilesse.*

> Livia, I kon thee thanke; when thou doost kisse,
> Thou turn'st thy cheek: see what good nature is!
> *Skialetheia, or a Shadowe of Truth*, 1598.

To *coon* thanks is to acknowledge or requite a favour. "Wheever it was that put the bunch o' whins under ma galloway's tail, last Setterday neet, an' gart him fling an' lowp a' t' way howm, aw's nowt obleged to him: the de'il *coon* him thanks," —Whoever it was that put the bunch of furze under my pony's tail, last Saturday night, and made him kick and plunge all the way home, I am nothing obliged to him: the devil give him thanks.—*Cumberland Dialect.*

[29] *In the nature he delivers it.*

He has said truly that our numbers are about five or six thousand; but having described them as "weak and unserviceable," &c., I am not much obliged to him. —*Malone.* Rather, perhaps, because his narrative, however near the truth, was uttered for a treacherous purpose.—*Steevens.*

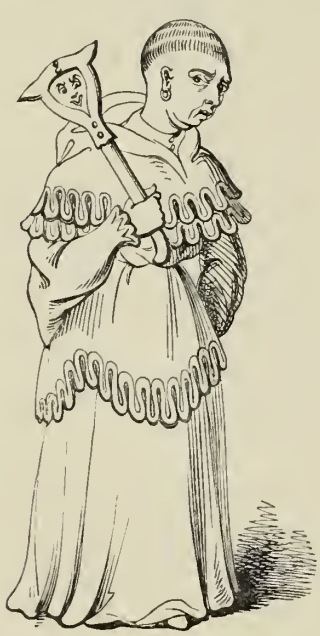
[30] *If I were to live this present hour.*

It has been conjectured that *but* should be inserted after *live*, but perhaps the observation in the text is intentional, Parolles being so frightened that he uses one word for another, *live* for *die*. Seymour thinks that Parolles may only mean, if I were this hour assured that my life would be spared by the general, in whose hands it was.

[31] *Dare not shake the snow from off their cassocks.*

"*Casáca*, a souldier's cassocke, a frocke, a horseman's coate," Percivale's Spanish Dictionarie, 1599. "*Casacca*, a cassocke, a frocke, a horseman's cote, a long cote," Florio's Worlde of Wordes, 1598. Any sort of loose outward coat for out-door wearing seems to have been termed a cassock, for notices occur of long cassocks, short cassocks, &c. The military cassock is thus alluded to in Ben Jonson's Every Man in his Humour,—"he will never come within the sign of it, the sight of a cassock, or a musket-rest, again." So, in Glapthorne's Hollander, 1640,—"here, sir, receive this military cassock; it has seen service." Again, in Jovial Poems, p. 283,—"With a new cassock lin'd with cotton,—with a new gun that nere was shot in." The term was also applied to a woman's cloak, especially to one of coarse stuff worn by country women. "I will not stick to wear a blue cassock," Promos and Cassandra, 1578. "Who would not think it a ridiculous thing to see a lady in her milk-house with a velvet gown, and at a bridal in her *cassock of moccado?*," Puttenham's Art of Poetrie, 1589. "Her taffata cassock you might see, tucked up above her knee," England's Helicon, 1614. A lady, in a will dated 1554, mentions "my best cassocke, gaurded with velvet," and "my worky day cassocke." A shepherd's cassock is mentioned in the comedy of Mucedorus, 1598. "A cassock, *sagum*, *tunica longior;* a little or short cassock, *sagulum;* a loose cassock, *pallium*," Coles. The annexed figure of a hackney coachman dressed in a cassock is taken from a broadside of the time of Charles I. depicting the cries of London; Fairholt's Costume in England, p. 475.

[32] *He was whipp'd for getting the sheriff's fool with child.*



Ritson will not admit this to be a fool kept by the sheriff for diversion, but supposes her one of those idiots whose care, as he says, devolved on the sheriff when they had not been begged of the king on account of the value of their lands. Now if this was the law, the sheriff must have usually had more than one idiot in his custody; and had Shakespeare alluded to one of these persons, he would not have chosen so definite an expression as that in question; he would rather have said, "*a* sheriff's fool." Female idiots were retained in families for diversion as well as male, though not so commonly; and there would be as much reason to expect one of the former in the sheriff's household as in that of any other person. It

is not impossible that our author might have in view some real event that had just happened.—*Douce.* The annexed interesting example of a female fool is taken by Mr. Fairholt from an old Flemish picture of a drinking-party, painted in 1596. The fool's hair is clipped into three rings encircling the head; the tunic, sleeves, and hood, are yellow, and the under clothes are green.

[33] *A dumb innocent.*

An innocent, an idiot, a natural fool; one who is not accountable for his actions, and hence always innocent. Thus in Hall's Chronicle, Henry IV. fo. 6, —"depravynge and railyng on Kyng Rycharde, as an *innocent*, a dastard, a meicocke," &c. Ben Jonson's Epicæne, "she hits me a blow o' the ear, and calls me *innocent*, and lets me go." Ibid. A. 3. Sc. 4, "do you think you had married some *innocent* out of the hospital, that would stand with her hands thus, and a playse mouth, and look upon you?" Agreeably to this sense of the word is the following entry of a burial in the parish register of Charlewood, in Surrey:—"Thomas Sole, an *innocent* about the age of fifty years and upwards, buried 19th September, 1605."—*Whalley.*

Doll Common, in the Alchemist, being asked for her opinion of the Widow Pliant, observes that she is—"a good dull *innocent.*" Again, in I Would and I Would Not, a poem, by B. N., 1614:

> I would I were an *innocent*, a foole,
> That can do nothing else but laugh or crie,
> And eate fat meate, and never go to schoole,
> And be in love, but with an apple-pie;
> Weare a pide coate, a cockes combe, and a bell,
> And think it did become me passing well.—*Steevens.*

According to Forby, an *innocent* man, without any other adjective or adverb to qualify the sense, is an extremely common expression for a silly fellow in the Eastern counties of England.

[34] *His brains are forfeit to the next tile that falls.*

In Lucian's Contemplantes, Mercury makes Charon remark a man that was killed by the falling of a tile upon his head, whilst he was in the act of putting off an engagement to the next day. A tile was also partly the cause of the death of Pyrrhus. "It fortuned that one hurt him with a pike, but the wound was neither dangerous nor great: wherefore Pyrrus set upon him that had hurt him, who was an Argian borne, a man of meane condition, and a poore old woman's sonne, whose mother at that present time was gotten up to the toppe of the tyles of a house, as all other women of the citie were, to see the fight. And she perceiving that it was her sonne whom Pyrrus came upon, was so afrighted to see him in that danger, that she tooke a tyle, and with both her handes cast it upon Pyrrus. The tyle falling off from his head by reason of his head peece, lighted full in the nape of his necke, and brake his neck bone asunder," North's Plutarch, ed. 1595.

"In Whitney's Emblems, 1586, a book certainly known to Shakespeare, there is a story of three women who threw dice to ascertain which of them should first die. She who lost affected to laugh at the decrees of fate, when *a tile suddenly falling*, put an end to her existence," Douce. The engraving in the last page is an outline copy of the original cut, which is accompanied by the following lines,—

> Three carelesse dames, amongste their wanton toies,
> Did throwe the dice, who first of them shoulde die:
> And shee that loste, did laughe with inwarde joyes,
> For that shee thoughte her terme shoulde longer bee:
> But loe, a tyle uppon her head did fall,
> That deathe, with speede, this dame from dice did call.

[35] *The count's a fool, and full of gold.*

Steevens thinks this line should rhyme with the next one in the "advertisement," and proposes to read, "full of *golden store*," or, *golden ore;* and Johnson is of opinion that a line has been accidentally omitted. Malone thinks the present line is meant for prose, but it makes too good verse for that supposition to be entertained.

[36] *Half won, is match well made; match, and well make it.*

This line has no meaning that I can find. I read, with a very slight alteration: "Half won is match well made; *watch*, and well make it," that is, "a match well made is half won; *watch*, and make it well." This is, in my opinion, not all the error. The lines are misplaced, and should be read thus:

> Half won is match well made; *watch*, and well make it;
> When he swears oaths, bid him drop gold, and take it.
> After he scores, he never pays the score:
> He ne'er pays after-debts, take it before,
> And say—"

that is, take his money, and leave him to himself. When the players had lost the second line, they tried to make a connection out of the rest. Part is apparently in couplets, and the whole was probably uniform.—*Johnson.*

Perhaps we should read:—"Half won is match well made, match, *an' we'll* make it," that is, if we mean to make any match of it at all.—*Steevens.*

There is no need of change. The meaning is, "A match well made, is half won; make your match, therefore, but make it well."—*M. Mason.*

The verses having been designed by Parolles as a caution to Diana, after informing her that Bertram is both *rich* and *faithless*, he admonishes her not to yield up her virtue to his *oaths*, but his *gold;* and having enforced this advice by an adage, recommends her to comply with his importunity, provided half the sum for which she shall stipulate be previously paid her:—"Half won is match well made; *match*, and well make it."—*Henley.*

Gain half of what he offers, and you are well off; if you yield to him, make your bargain secure.—*Malone.*

[37] *Men are to mell with, boys are but to kiss.*

The old editions read, "boys are *not* to kiss," but the amended reading seems to make better sense, and the particles *not* and *but* were frequently interchanged by our early printers. Parolles was desirous of attracting Diana's attention from Bertram to himself, and observes scornfully that a boy like him is fit only for kisses, but he himself is really a man. He had just called the Count a foolish idle *boy*. "For boyes were made for nothing but dry kisses," Beaumont

and Fletcher, 1647. *Mell*, to meddle with, from the Anglo-Norman. "Drede hyt ys with them to melle," MS. Cantab. Ff. ii. 38, fol. 79. "Thou false feynde comen from hell, with thee we porpose for to mell," Chester Plays, ii. 164. "Every matter was worse for her melling," Spenser's Faerie Queene. "Hence, ye profane, mell not with holy things," Hall's Satires. "Wherewith proud courts in greatness scorn to mell," Drayton. "To som one art apply thy whole affection, and in the craft of others seldom mell," Sylvester's Du Bartas. "Who with a Tuscane hath to mell, had need to heare and see full well," Florio's Second Frutes, 1591. This verb had also sometimes a strong indelicate meaning, and so it is explained by Steevens, though one would scarcely imagine it could have been used even by such a character as Parolles in an address to a lady. In the Coventry Mysteries, in the play of the Woman taken in Adultery, it is stated that "a talle man with her dothe melle," MS. Cotton. Vespas. D. viii. "Na melling, mistress! will you then, deny the marriage of that man?," Delectabill Treatise intitulit Philotus, 1603.

Like certeyn birdes called vultures,
Withouten *mellyng* conceyven by nature.
Lydgate, MS. Ashmole 39, f. 32.

Nay, lorde, he sayde then,
But for all the maryage that done hath bene,
I wyll not with no woman *mell*,
Wyfe, wyddow, nor damosell,
But yf she myght these gloves do
Lightlye upon her handes two.—*Syr Degoré.*

[38] *And the armipotent soldier.*

Armipotent, powerful in arms, mighty in war, from the Latin *armipotens*. "If our God, the Lord *armipotent*,—Those armed angels in our aid down send," Fairfax's Godfrey of Boulogne. "Armi-potent, omnipotent, my God," Sylvester's Dubartas. "Here Mars armipotent pour'd courage great," Virgil, translated by Vicars, 1632.

[39] *An egg out of a cloister.*

I know not that *cloister*, though it may etymologically signify "any thing shut," is used by our author otherwise than for a *monastery*, and therefore I cannot guess whence this hyperbole could take its original: perhaps it means only this—"He will steal anything, however trifling, from any place, however holy."—*Johnson.* "Robbing the spital" is a common phrase, of the like import.—*M. Mason.* Parolles uses these examples for the very extremities of thieving, lechery, perjury, falsehood, drunkenness, and baseness.

[40] *He will be swine-drunk.*

There are kinds of drunkenness—first, ape drunke, and he leaps, sings, hollows, and dances. The second is, lion drunk, breaks windows, throws about the pots, and is quarrelsome. The third is *swine-drunk*, lumpish and heavy. The fourth is sheep drunke, wise in his own conceit. The fifth is mawdlen drunke, weeping, &c. The sixth is Martin drunke, when a man gets drunk and drinks himself sober. The seventh is goat drunk, he hath no minde but to lecherie. The eighth is fox drunke, or crafty drunk, as many Dutch be, who will never bargain but when drunk.—*Pierce Penilesse.*

[41] *He has led the drum before the English tragedians.*

"Of the practice of itinerant performers giving notice of their arrival in a

country town by beat of drum, we have an instance in the annals of the town of Doncaster, where, in 1684, the actors' drum going round the town, a party of military then stationed there took offence at it, and a serious riot was the consequence," Hunter. In Kemp's Nine Daies Wonder, 1600, is an engraving (here copied) in which that actor, as a morris-dancer, is preceded by a fellow

with a pipe and drum, whom in the book he calls Thomas Slye, his taberer. The drum has continued till the present day as the recognized notice-giver of the lower kind of theatrical performances at fairs, &c.

There's not a year but some surprizing monster lands. I wonder they don't first show her at Fleet-bridge with an old drum and a crackt trumpet—walk in and take your places—just going to show.—*Gildon's Comparison between the two Stages*, 1702.

[42] *At a place there call'd Mile-end.*

The lively satire here intended would be passed over by the modern reader, unless he were informed that, in Shakespeare's time, the training of soldiers, or rather of militia, at Mile-end, was of an elementary and superficial character, and was sneered at by the professional men of the day. So a character in Rich's Souldier's Wishe to Briton's Welfare, 1604, says,—"God blesse me, my countrey and frendes, from his direction that hath no better experience than what hee hath atteyned unto at the fetching home of a Maye-pole, at a Midsomer sighte, or from *a trayning at Mile-end-greene.*" Stowe, in his Chronicle, sub anno 1585, mentions the exercising at Mile-end by the citizens, but without any depreciative remarks,—"In the moneth of Aprill, about the 14 day, by commandement of her Majesty, the citizens of London, appoynted out of their companies of the same city, to the number of 4000 men, with armour, ensignes, drums, fifes, and other furniture for the wars, the greater part whereof were shot, the other were pikes, and halberts, in faire corslets: all those to be trained up under expert captaines, with sergeants of the bands, wiflers, and other necessary officers, mustered, and skirmished dayly at Miles end, and in Saint Georges field: and on the 18 of May (having over night set forward out of S. Georges field) mustered in the parke at Greenwich, and skirmished before the Queenes Majestie, who gave to them great thankes for their activitie and paines."

[43] *To instruct for the doubling of files.*

The following account of the doubling of files is given in Barret's Theorike and Practike of Moderne Warres, 1598, p. 39,—"Now, to double the file; cause the second file to double the first either upon the left or right hand, as it shall please you to begin, and the fourth file to double the third, and the sixt the fift, and the eight the seventh, and the tenth file to double the ninth, as in these figures following may appeare.

The square of men.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
3	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
4	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
5	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
6	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
7	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
8	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
9	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
10	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0

Fronts Rankes. 3

	1 2	3 4	5 6	7 8	9 10
1	0	0	0	0	0
2	0	0	0	0	0
3	0	0	0	0	0
4	0	0	0	0	0
5	0	0	0	0	0
6	0	0	0	0	0
7	0	0	0	0	0
8	0	0	0	0	0
9	0	0	0	0	0
10	0	0	0	0	0
11	0	0	0	0	0
12	0	0	0	0	0
13	0	0	0	0	0
14	0	0	0	0	0
15	0	0	0	0	0
16	0	0	0	0	0
17	0	0	0	0	0
18	0	0	0	0	0
19	0	0	0	0	0
20	0	0	0	0	0

Files doubled.

And here you may see the file doubled, reduced into five files, at 20 men per file, upon the right hand: the like you shal cause them to do upon the left hand: having first caused them to fall off from their file, bringing them into their former square againe. Then shall you go unto the traine of your battell or squadron, and upon another sound of the drumme, you shall command all your souldiers to turne their faces upon a sudden towards you: then causing them to double both ranke and file that way, as you did the other way before: thus with a litle paines-taking and practise, you shall soone bring your souldiers to be ready and skilfull in these alterations of formes and many more. The like may be done with any other greater numbers, either in battels or battallion, or by making the front of any flanke.—*Gent.* But to what end serveth all this?—*Capt.* Marie, to many good purposes: for the first order of doubling the ranks (besides the readinesse it breedeth in the souldiers) doth serve to alter upon a sudden your grand square of men, into a square of ground, or into a battell of double front, and to many other purposes, in framing of many small battallions one grand square. And againe, the second order in doubling of the files doth serve to many such other purposes: as if upon a sudden your foot enemy shall come to charge you upon the flanke, then by doubling their files, and suddenly turning their faces upon the enemie, they shall make of flanke the front, and so bee ready with double hands either to receive or give the charge." The following lines on doublings are extracted from a curious broadside, printed in 1642,

entitled,—The Grounds of Military Discipline, or Certain Brief Rules for the Exercising of a Company or Squadron,—

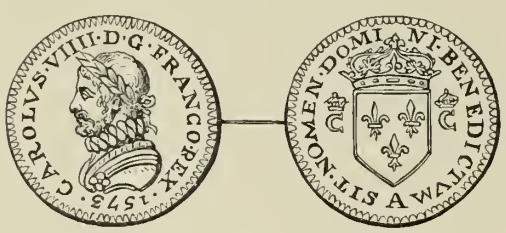
> To bring more hands in the front to fight,
> Double ranks unto the right,
> Or left, or both, if need require,
> Direct divisionall or intire:
> By *doubling files* accordingly,
> Your flanks will strengthened be thereby.
> Halfe files and bringers-up likewise
> To the front may double, none denies;
> Nor would it very strange appear
> For th' front half files or double the reare:
> The one half ranks to double the other,
> Thereby to strengthen one the other.

[44] *He 's a cat still.*

The Count had said, that formerly a cat was the only thing in the world which he could not endure; but that now Parolles was as much the object of his aversion as that animal. After Parolles has gone through his next list of falsehoods, the Count adds, "he 's more and more a cat,"—still more and more the object of my aversion than he was. As Parolles proceeds still further, one of the Frenchmen observes that the singularity of his impudence and villainy redeems his character.—Not at all, replies the Count; "he 's a cat still;" he is as hateful to me as ever. There cannot, therefore, I think, be any doubt that Dr. Johnson's interpretation, "throw him how you will, he lights upon his legs,"—is founded on a misapprehension.—*Malone.*

[45] *For a cardecue.*

"The quart d'ecu, or as it was sometimes written *cardecue*, was a French piece of money first coined in the reign of Henry III. It was the fourth part of the *gold* crown, and worth fifteen sols. It is a fact not generally known, that many foreign coins were current at this time in England: some English coins were likewise circulated on the continent. The French crown and its parts passed by weight only," Douce. The "engraving here given," observes Mr. Fairholt, "of the quarter ecu, is copied from an original of the time of Charles IX. It is dated 1573, and was struck at the Paris mint, the large letter A beneath the shield being the distinguishing mark used there. The superior workmanship, and the purity of the metal used for these coins, originated the French proverb, applied to persons of honor and probity, Etre marqué à l'A." In old English books it is almost always called either *cardecue*, or *quardecue*. "You see this *cardicue*, the last and the only quintessence of fifty crownes," Thierry and Theodoret. "I compounded with them for a *cardakew*, which is eighteen pence English," Coryat. "Nothing so numerous as those financiers, and swarms of other officers, which belong to the revenues of France, which are so many that, their fees being payd, there comes not a *quardecu* in every crown, clearly the king's coffers, which is but the fourth part," Howel's



Londinopolis. "With *cardecues* to call his pot in,—with a new gun that nere was shot in," Jovial Poems, p. 283.

> The Spanish Royall, piece of foure and eight,
> On me for my antiquity may waite,
> The Floren, Guelder, and French *Cardecue*
> To me are upstarts, if records be true.—*Taylor's Workes*, 1630.

During this discourse, Hortensius did begin to put his house in order, and the fidler taking him by the arm, said unto him, Hear you, sir, I have played all this evening, and was promised a *quardecue* for my pains; give it me, sir?—*The Comical History of Francion*, 1655.

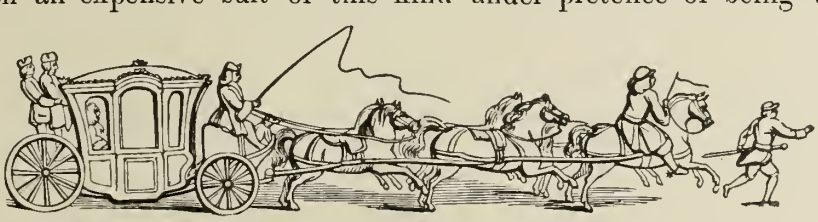
Then, his necessity (with the naturall inclination he had to pilfering) reviving his desire of prey, made him presently dive into the strangers pockets, where he found a purse full of carducu's and other money, with a ring that had so rich a lustre, that, maugre the night's obscurity, you might perceive its beauty.—*Ibid.*

[46] *Why does he ask him of me?*

This is nature. Every man is, on such occasions, more willing to hear his neighbour's character than his own.—*Johnson.*

[47] *He out-runs any lackey.*

The following note was communicated to me by Mr. Fairholt,—"The *laquais*, or footman of the sixteenth century, was an attendant used (as the name implies) by the French as an adjunct to the state of a noble: and was a custom soon imitated elsewhere. His immediate business was to attend on his master continually, and when on horseback, or in a carriage, to run beside it on foot; no provision being made for him to ride behind, hence the term *footmen* still used, though now unmeaning. The custom of retaining such attendants increased with the luxurious habits of the early part of the following century, and the engraving exhibits one of these attendants from a plate by Weigel of Nuremberg, one of a family of artists who devoted themselves to the delineation of costume from 1590 to 1650. Until the middle of the last century, a noblemans establishment was incomplete without "running footmen," whose ability to keep up with rapid riders was tested before engaging them. They were always richly dressed in velvets and gold and silver lace. Walpole relates an amusing anecdote of a sharper who ran off with an expensive suit of this kind under pretence of being a footman



undergoing the usual test. The second cut is copied from a print of the time of Queen Anne, and exhibits one of these lackeys in advance of the carriage, which is provided with other attendants behind; running footmen ceased about 1750 among the English."

The choysest wits would never so adore me;
Nor like so many *lackies* run before me,
But honest Tom, I envy not thy state,
There's nothing in thee worthy of my hate.—*Taylor's Workes*, 1630.

[48] *To beguile the supposition.*

That is, *to deceive the opinion*, to make the Count think me a man that *deserves well.—Johnson.*

[49] *Come, headsman, off with his head.*

Headsman, an executioner. "I hope this word shooinghorne doth not offend any of you my worshipfull brethren, for you beeing the worshipfull *headsmen* of the towne, know well what the horne meaneth," Return from Pernassus, 1606. "Sir John Gates dyed by the headsman's hand," Taylor's Workes, 1630. The annexed

engraving of an execution, in which the headsman is prepared for his work, is copied from one which adorns a black-letter ballad, which, however, it does not illustrate.

[50] *His grace is at Marseilles.*

From this line, and others, it appears that *Marseilles* was pronounced by our author as a word of three syllables. The old copy has here *Marcellæ*, and in the last scene of this act, *Marcellus.—Malone.*

[51] *Nor your mistress.*

So the old copy, *mistress* being here put in opposition to *servant* in the previous speech. Rowe altered it to, "Nor *you*, mistress."

[52] *As it hath fated her to be my motive.*

The word *motive* seems to be used here, and in some other instances, in the sense of, mover, or moving power. So, in the next act,—"all impediments in fancy's course are motives of more fancy." Again, in Troilus and Cressida,—"at every joint and motive of her body."

[53] *When saucy trusting of the cozen'd thoughts.*

The term *saucy* is here used, as in Measure for Measure, with an allusion implying luxurious, in the old sense of that word.

[54] *But with the word, the time will bring on summer.*

"With the word," i. e. in an instant of time.—*Warburton.* The meaning of this observation is, that as *briars* have *sweetness* with their *prickles*, so shall these *troubles* be recompensed with *joy.*—*Johnson.*

I would read:—"Yet I *'fray* you—But with the word: the time will bring," &c. And then the sense will be, "I only frighten you by mentioning the word *suffer:* for a short time will bring on the season of happiness and delight."—*Blackstone.*

As the beginning of Helen's reply is evidently a designed aposiopesis, a break ought to follow it, thus:—"*Hel.* Yet, I pray you——:" The sense appears to be this:—Do not think that I would engage you in any service that should expose you to such an alternative, or, indeed, to any lasting inconvenience; "But with the word," i. e. But on the contrary, you shall no sooner have delivered what you will have to testify on my account, than the irksomeness of the service will be over, and every pleasant circumstance to result from it will instantaneously appear.—*Henley.*

In the Perkins MS., *word* is altered to *world.*

[55] *Our waggon is prepar'd, and time revives us.*

Revives, rouses, quickens. "I would revive the soldiers' hearts, because I ever found them as myself," Henry VI. Capell, however, explains it,—"encourages, causes hope to rise up in us; alluding to the fortunate incident, as Helen then thought, of the French king's being at Marseilles." Warburton reads *revyes;* Heath and Johnson suggest, *invites;* and Steevens thinks that Shakespeare may have written, "time *reviles* us," that is, reproaches us for wasting it. Mr. Singer inclines to think that Warburton was right, and that we should read "time *revies* us," that is, *challenges* us. To *vie* and to *revie* were terms used at various games, and became familiar words for any other species of *challenge.* So, in Greene's Art of Coney-catching, 1592: "I'll either win something or lose something, therefore I'll *vie* and *revie* every card at my pleasure, till either yours or mine come out; therefore 12d. upon this card, my card comes first." Again: "—so they *vie* and *revie* till some ten shillings be on the stake," &c. Again: "This flesheth the Conie, and the sweetness of gain makes him frolick, and none more ready to *vie* and *revie* than he." Again: "So they *vie* and *revie*, and for once that the Barnacle wins, the Conie gets five."—*Steevens* (*partly*).

Mr. Fairholt has furnished me with the following observations on the subject of waggons,—"One of the best illustrations of the travelling waggons used by the

nobility in the middle ages is afforded in an illumination (which is here engraved) in the famous Psalter executed for Sir Geoffrey Loutterel, who died in 1345.

Though strictly used for travellers, it is formed after the fashion of an ordinary four-wheeled waggon, the tilt being supported by wooden beams; but a large amount of enrichment appears to have been devoted to it; the body of the waggon is carved in gothic arches and figures of birds; the ends of the beams terminate in sculptured heads. The covering of the waggon appears to be of enriched tapestry. It is occupied by noble ladies; the one in front has a favorite squirrel seated on her shoulder, and the lady behind receives a pet dog from a mounted attendant, who has prepared for his journey by drawing his hood over his head, while his hat hangs by a string from his girdle. The chest slung beneath the waggon, the rope harness of the horses, and many minor details, add interest to this curious picture. In the year 1583, the day after Lady Mary Sidney entered Shrewsbury in her wagon, "that valyant knyght, Sir Harry Sidney, her husband," made his appearance in his wagon, "with his troompeter blowynge, verey joyfully to behold and see." Nichol's Progresses, vol. ii, p. 309.

[56] *Still the fine's the crown.*

In King Henry VI. part 2. Act V. we have "la fin couronne les œuvres." Both phrases are from the Latin *finis coronat opus.* In this sense we still use the expression to *crown*, for to *finish* or *make perfect.* *Coronidem imponere* is a metaphor well known to the ancients, and supposed to have originated from the practice of finishing buildings by placing a crown at their top as an ornament; and for this reason the words *crown*, *top* and *head*, are become synonymous in most languages.—*Douce.* So, in the Spanish Tragedy:—"The *end is crown* of every work well done." *Fine* is *end.* So, in the London Prodigal, 1605:—"If I cannot then make my way, nature hath done the last for me; and theres the fine." So, in Chapman's version of the second Iliad:—"We fly, not putting on *the crown* of our so long-held war." Again, ibid.: "—— and all things have their *crown*, —As he interpreted." *That fines*, eds. 1632, 1663, and the line is thus given in ed. 1685,—"All's well that ends well, still, that finds the Crown," a curious example of the progress of error, when the original text is not referred to.

[57] *Whose villainous saffron.*

Parolles is represented as an affected follower of the fashion, and an encourager of his master to run into all the follies of it; where he says: "Use a more spacious ceremony to the noble lords—they wear themselves in the cap of time—and though the devil lead the measure, such are to be followed." Here some particularities of fashionable dress are ridiculed. *Snipt-taffata* needs no explanation; but *villainous saffron* is more obscure. This alludes to a fantastic fashion, then much followed, of using *yellow starch* for their bands and ruffs. So, Fletcher, in his Queen of Corinth: "—— Has he familiarly—Dislik'd your yellow starch; or said your doublet—Was not exactly frenchified ——?" And Jonson's Devil's an Ass:—"Carmen and chimney-sweepers are got into the *yellow starch.*" This was invented by one Turner, a tire-woman, a court-bawd, and, in all respects, of so infamous a character, that her invention deserved the name of *villainous saffron.* This woman was, afterwards, amongst the miscreants concerned in the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury, for which she was hanged at Tyburn, and would die in a *yellow ruff* of her own invention: which made yellow starch so odious, that it immediately went out of fashion. 'Tis this, then, to which Shakespeare alludes: but using the word *saffron* for *yellow*, a new idea presented itself, and he pursues his thought under a quite different allusion—"Whose villainous saffron would have made all the unbaked and doughy youths of a nation in his colour," that is, of his temper and disposition. Here the general custom of that time, of colouring *paste* with saffron, is alluded to. So, in the Winter's Tale:—"I must have *saffron* to colour the warden pyes."—*Warburton.*

Stubbes, in his Anatomie of Abuses, published in 1595, speaks of starch of various colours: "—— The one arch or piller wherewith the devil's kingdome of great ruffes is underpropped, is a certain kind of liquid matter which they call *startch*, wherein the devill hath learned them to wash and die their ruffes, which, being drie, will stand stiff and inflexible about their neckes. And this startch they make of divers substances, sometimes of wheate flower, of branne, and other graines: sometimes of rootes, and sometimes of other thinges: of all collours and hues, as white, redde, blewe, purple, and the like." In the World toss'd at Tennis, a masque by Middleton, *the five starches* are personified, and introduced contesting for superiority. Again, in Albumazar, 1615:—"What price bears wheat and *saffron*, that your band's so stiff and *yellow?*" Again, in Heywood's If You Know Not Me, You Know Nobody, 1606: "— have taken an order to wear *yellow* garters, points, and shoe-tyings, and 'tis thought *yellow* will grow a custom.—It has been long used at London." It may be added that, in the year 1446, a parliament was held at Trim, in Ireland, by which the natives were directed, among other things, not to wear shirts stained with *saffron*.—*Steevens.*

This play was probably written several years before the death of Sir Thomas Overbury. The plain meaning of the passage seems to be: "Whose evil qualities are of so deep a dye, as to be sufficient to corrupt the most innocent, and to render them of the same disposition with himself."—*Malone.*

[58] *The unbaked and doughy youth.*

> He that saies woman is not fit for policy,
> Doth give the lie to art; for what man hath
> More sorts of looks? more faces? who puts on
> More severall colours? Men, compar'd in this,
> Are only *dough-bak'd* women; not as once
> Maliciously one call'd us *dough-bak'd* men.
>
> *Cartwright's Lady Errant*, 8vo. Lond. 1651.

[59] *I would, he had not known him.*

I had, old editions, the present reading being that suggested in Theobald's Letters to Warburton. "Her knowing Parolles was of little consequence, but Bertram's knowing him caused the death of Helen, which she deplores," Mason. This dialogue, observes Johnson, serves to connect the incidents of Parolles with the main plan of the play.

[60] *I have not much skill in grass.*

The old copy, by an evident error of the press, reads—*grace.* The correction was made by Rowe. The word *salad*, in the preceding speech, was also supplied by him.—*Malone.*

[61] *And I would give his wife my bauble.*

Part of the furniture of a *fool* was a *bauble*, which, though it be generally taken to signify anything of small value, has a precise and determinable meaning. It is, in short, a kind of truncheon with a head carved on it, which the *fool* anciently carried in his hand. There is a representation of it in a picture of Watteau, formerly in the collection of Dr. Mead, which is engraved by Baron, and called Comediens Italiens. A faint resemblance of it may be found in the frontispiece of L. de Guernier to King Lear, in Pope's edition in duodecimo.—*Hawkins.*

So, in Marston's Dutch Courtesan, 1604:—"—if a *fool*, we must bear his *bauble.*" Again, in Marston's Antonio and Mellida,—"Good faith, I 'll accept

of the cock's-comb, so you will not refuse the bauble." Again, in the Two Angry Women of Abingdon, 1599: "The *fool* will not leave his *bauble* for the Tower of London." Again, in Jack Drum's Entertainment, 1601:—"She is enamoured of the *fool's bauble*." In the Stultifera Navis, 1497, are several representations of this instrument, as well as in Cocke's Lorel's Bote, printed by Wynkyn de Worde. Again, in Lyte's Herbal: "in the hollowness of the said flower (the great blue wolfe's-bane) grow two small crooked hayres, somewhat great at the end, fashioned like a *fool's bable*." An ancient proverb, in Ray's Collection, points out the materials of which these *baubles* were made: "If every fool should wear a *bable*, fewel would be dear."—*Steevens*. The word *bauble* is here used in two senses. The Clown had another bauble besides that which the editor alludes to.—*M. Mason*.

When Cromwell, 1653, forcibly turned out the rump-parliament, he bid the soldiers "take away that *fool's bauble*," pointing to the speaker's mace.—*Blackstone*.

In the curious Flemish print, which is copied at p. 106, the fool carries a bauble in his left hand, while over his right arm hangs a cloth. He has a cap with two asses' ears, and a row of bells for the crest. Of the accompanying specimens of the bauble, selected by Mr. Fairholt, the first is taken from an illumination in a manuscript (6829) in the Imperial Library at Paris, of the fourteenth century; the second and third from ivory carvings, of the same period, in the Maskell collection and in the Louvre.

[62] *Faith, sir, he has an English name.*

Name, Rowe, the first folio having *maine*, altered in ed. 1685 to *mean*. If Shakespeare intended *mane*, the allusion would be to the hairy devil of the old plays. In Ulpian Fulwell's Like Will to Like, 1568, one of the characters mistakes the devil for a dancing bear, owing to the hairy nature of his appearance.

[63] *His phisnomy is more hotter in France than there.*

The Clown, who is not particularly choice in his allusions, refers probably to the Morbus Gallicus, or the French disease. The devil, the emblem of all that is bad and vicious, may be said to have the signs of a disease in outbreakings on the face, which were more virulent and common in France than in England. Warburton proposes to alter *hotter* to *honour'd*, but the presence of Edward the Black Prince was indeed *hot* in France, as is observed by Mr. Singer.

[64] *The black prince.*

Bishop Hall, in his Satires, b. v. sat. ii. has given the same name to Pluto: "So the *black prince* is broken loose again," &c.—*Holt White*. The Clown calls the Black Prince an English name, in allusion to the famous son of Edward III., who was called by that title.—*M. Mason*.

[65] *To suggest thee from thy master.*

Thus the old copy. The modern editors read *seduce*, but without authority.

To *suggest* had anciently the same meaning. So, in the Two Gentlemen of Verona:—"Knowing that tender youth is soon *suggested*,—I nightly lodge her in an upper tower."—*Steevens.*

[66] *A shrewd knave, and an unhappy.*

Unhappy, unlucky, mischievous. "Upon his neck light that *unhappy* blow,—And cut the sinews and the throat in twain," Fairfax. "I am sure they are greater sinners, and were unhappy men," Miseries of Inforced Marriage. "He was ever an unhappy boy, sir," Heywood's Late Lancashire Witches, 1634. Unhappy dreams, meaning unlucky ones, are mentioned in Beaumont and Fletcher's Maid of the Mill.

[67] *And, indeed, he has no pace.*

Should not we read—no *place*, that is, no *station* or *office* in the family?—*Tyrwhitt.* A *pace* is a certain or prescribed walk; so we say of a man meanly obsequious, that he has learned his *paces*, and of a horse who moves irregularly, that he has *no paces.*—*Johnson.* Johnson says that a *pace* is a certain prescribed walk; and if we are to judge of his meaning from the instances he cites, by a *certain walk*, he means a certain gait or way of going; for the word *pace*, neither in the instance he mentions, or in any other, is ever used to signify a certain circuit or district. Now if the Clown *runs* everywhere, it cannot be said that he has no pace, for his pace is running. I therefore think Tyrwhitt's amendment necessary; the reading of *place*, instead of *pace.*—*M. Mason.*

[68] *With a patch of velvet on's face.*

And when they come home, they have hid a little wecrish lean face under a broad French hat, kept a terrible coil with the dust in the street in their long cloaks of grey paper, and spoken English strangely. Nought else have they profited by their travel, but to distinguish the true Bourdeaux grape, and know a cup of neat Gascoigne wine from wine of Orleans: yea, and peradventure this also, to esteem of the p—x as a pimple, to wear a *velvet patch* on their face, and walk melancholy with their arms folded.—*Nash's Unfortunate Traveller*, 1594.

[69] *A scar nobly got.*

This speech, in the second folio, and the modern editions, is given to the Countess, and perhaps rightly. It is more probable that she should have spoken thus favourably of Bertram, than Lafeu. In the original copy, to each of the speeches of the Countess, *Lad.* or *La.* [i. e. *Lady*] is prefixed; so that the mistake was very easy.—*Malone.*

I do not discover the improbability of this commendation from Lafeu, who is at present anxious to marry his own daughter to Bertram.—*Steevens.*

[70] *But it is your carbonadoed face.*

"Pope read it *carbonado'd*, which is right. The joke, such as it is, consists in the allusion to a wound made by a carabine; arms which Hen. IV. had made famous by bringing into use among his horse," Warburton. This idea seems to be altogether fanciful, the Clown merely alluded to the scotched face. A carbonado was properly a steak cut crossways, and then broiled on the coals (*carbon*), so that the allusion in the text would have been obvious, even if the word had not been used itself for a wound in the face which carried the flesh away. "*Carbonade*, a carbonadoe, a rasher on the coales; also, a slash over the face, which fetcheth the flesh with it," Cotgrave. "I'll carbonado your shanks for you," King Lear. "Carbonado me, bastinado me, strapado me, hang me, I'le not stir," Ford's Sun's Darling.

Act the Fifth.

SCENE I.—Marseilles. *A Street.*

Enter Helena, Widow, *and* Diana, *with two* Attendants.

Hel. But this exceeding posting, day and night,
Must wear your spirits low: we cannot help it;
But, since you have made the days and nights as one,
To wear your gentle limbs in my affairs,
Be bold, you do so grow in my requital,
As nothing can unroot you. In happy time;——

Enter a gentle Astringer.[1]

This man may help me to his majesty's ear,
If he would spend his power.—God save you, sir.
Gent. And you.
Hel. Sir, I have seen you in the court of France.
Gent. I have been sometimes there.
Hel. I do presume, sir, that you are not fallen
From the report that goes upon your goodness;
And therefore, goaded with most sharp occasions,
Which lay nice manners by, I put you to
The use of your own virtues, for the which
I shall continue thankful.
Gent. What's your will?
Hel. That it will please you

To give this poor petition to the king;
And aid me with that store of power your have,
To come into his presence.
Gent. The king's not here.
Hel. Not here, sir?
Gent. Not, indeed:
He hence remov'd last night, and with more haste
Than is his use.
Wid. Lord, how we lose our pains!
Hel. "All's well that ends well;" yet;
Though time seem so adverse, and means unfit.—
I do beseech you, whither is he gone?
Gent. Marry, as I take it, to Rousillon;
Whither I am going.
Hel. I do beseech you, sir,
Since you are like to see the king before me,
Commend this paper to his gracious hand;
Which, I presume, shall render you no blame,
But rather make you thank your pains for it:
I will come after you, with what good speed
Our means will make us means.[2]
Gent. This I'll do for you.
Hel. And you shall find yourself to be well thank'd,
Whate'er falls more.—We must to horse again;—
Go, go, provide. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Rousillon. *The inner Court of the* Countess's *Palace.*

Enter Clown *and* PAROLLES.

Par. Good monsieur Lavatch,[3] give my lord Lafeu this letter: I have ere now, sir, been better known to you, when I have held familiarity with fresher clothes; but I am now, sir, muddied in Fortune's mood,[4] and smell somewhat strong of her strong displeasure.

Clo. Truly, Fortune's displeasure is but sluttish, if it smell so strongly as thou speakest of: I will henceforth eat no fish of Fortune's buttering. Pr'ythee, allow the wind.[5]

Par. Nay, you need not to stop your nose, sir; I speak but by a metaphor.

Clo. Indeed, sir, if your metaphor stink, I will stop my nose; or against any man's metaphor. Pr'ythee, get thee further.

Par. Pray you, sir, deliver me this paper.

Clo. Foh, pr'ythee, stand away; A paper from Fortune's close-stool to give to a nobleman! Look, here he comes himself.

Enter LAFEU.

Here is a pur of Fortune's, sir, or of Fortune's cat,[6] but not a musk-cat, that has fallen into the unclean fishpond of her displeasure, and, as he says, is muddied withal: Pray you, sir, use the carp as you may; for he looks like a poor, decayed, ingenious, foolish, rascally knave. I do pity his distress in my smiles of comfort,[7] and leave him to your lordship.

[*Exit* Clown.

Par. My lord, I am a man whom Fortune hath cruelly scratched.

Laf. And what would you have me to do? 'tis too late to pare her nails now. Wherein have you played the knave with Fortune, that she should scratch you, who of herself is a good lady, and would not have knaves thrive long under her? There's a cardecue for you: Let the justices make you and Fortune friends; I am for other business.

Par. I beseech your honour, to hear me one single word.

Laf. You beg a single penny more: come, you shall ha't; save your word.

Par. My name, my good lord, is Parolles.

Laf. You beg more than one word then.[8]—Cox' my passion! give me your hand:—How does your drum?

Par. O my good lord, you were the first that found me.

Laf. Was I, in sooth? and I was the first that lost thee.

Par. It lies in you, my lord, to bring me in some grace, for you did bring me out.

Laf. Out upon thee, knave! dost thou put upon me at once both the office of God and the devil? one brings thee in grace, and the other brings thee out. [*Trumpets sound.*] The king's coming, I know by his trumpets.—Sirrah, inquire further after me; I had talk of you last night; though you are a fool and a knave, you shall eat; go to, follow.

Par. I praise God for you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The same. A Room in the* Countess's *Palace.*

Flourish. Enter King, Countess, LAFEU, Lords, Gentlemen, *Guards, &c.*

King. We lost a jewel of her; and our esteem[9]
Was made much poorer by it: but your son,
As mad in folly, lack'd the sense to know
Her estimation home.
Count. 'Tis past, my liege:
And I beseech your majesty to make it
Natural rebellion, done i' the blade of youth;[10]
When oil and fire, too strong for reason's force,
O'erbear it, and burn on.
King. My honour'd lady,
I have forgiven and forgotten all;
Though my revenges were high bent upon him,
And watch'd the time to shoot.
Laf. This I must say,——
But first I beg my pardon,—The young lord
Did to his majesty, his mother, and his lady,
Offence of mighty note; but to himself
The greatest wrong of all: he lost a wife,
Whose beauty did astonish the survey
Of richest eyes;[11] whose words all ears took captive;
Whose dear perfection, hearts, that scorn'd to serve,
Humbly call'd mistress.
King. Praising what is lost,
Makes the remembrance dear.——Well, call him hither;——
We are reconcil'd, and the first view shall kill
All repetition:[12]—Let him not ask our pardon;
The nature of his great offence is dead,
And deeper than oblivion we do bury
The incensing relics of it: let him approach,
A stranger, no offender; and inform him,
So 'tis our will he should.
Gent. I shall, my liege.
[*Exit* Gentleman.
King. What says he to your daughter? have you spoke?

Laf. All that he is hath reference to your highness.

King. Then shall we have a match. I have letters sent me,
That set him high in fame.

Enter BERTRAM.

Laf. He looks well on't.

King. I am not a day of season,[13]
For thou may'st see a sun-shine and a hail
In me at once: But to the brightest beams
Distracted clouds give way; so stand thou forth,
The time is fair again.

Ber. My high-repented blames,[14]
Dear sovereign, pardon to me.

King. All is whole;
Not one word more of the consumed time.
Let's take the instant by the forward top;
For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees
The inaudible and noiseless foot of time
Steals ere we can effect them: You remember
The daughter of this lord?

Ber. Admiringly, my liege: at first
I stuck my choice upon her, ere my heart
Durst make too bold a herald of my tongue:
Where the impression of mine eye infixing,
Contempt his scornful perspective did lend me,
Which warp'd the line of every other favour;
Scorn'd a fair colour, or express'd it stol'n;
Extended or contracted all proportions,
To a most hideous object: Thence it came,
That she, whom all men prais'd, and whom myself,
Since I have lost, have lov'd, was in mine eye
The dust that did offend it.

King. Well excus'd:
That thou didst love her, strikes some scores away
From the great compt: But love that comes too late,
Like a remorseful pardon slowly carried,
To the great sender turns a sour offence,
Crying, That's good that's gone: our rash faults
Make trivial price of serious things we have,
Not knowing them, until we know their grave:
Oft our displeasures, to ourselves unjust,
Destroy our friends, and after weep their dust:

Our own love waking cries to see what's done,[15]
While shameful hate sleeps out the afternoon.
Be this sweet Helen's knell, and now forget her.
Send forth your amorous token for fair Maudlin:
The main consents are had; and here we 'll stay
To see our widower's second marriage-day.

Count. Which better than the first,[16] O dear heaven, bless!
Or, ere they meet, in me, O nature cesse![17]

Laf. Come on, my son, in whom my house's name
Must be digested, give a favour from you,
To sparkle in the spirits of my daughter,
That she may quickly come.—By my old beard,
And every hair that's on't, Helen, that's dead,
Was a sweet creature; such a ring as this,
The last that e'er I took her leave at court,[18]
I saw upon her finger.

Ber. Hers it was not.

King. Now, pray you, let me see it; for mine eye,
While I was speaking, oft was fasten'd to 't.—
This ring was mine; and, when I gave it Helen,
I bade her, if her fortunes ever stood
Necessitied to help, that by this token
I would relieve her: Had you that craft, to reave her
Of what should stead her most?

Ber. My gracious sovereign,
Howe'er it pleases you to take it so,
The ring was never hers.

Count. Son, on my life,
I have seen her wear it; and she reckon'd it
At her life's rate.

Laf. I am sure, I saw her wear it.

Ber. You are deceiv'd, my lord, she never saw it.
In Florence was it from a casement thrown me,
Wrapp'd in a paper, which contain'd the name
Of her that threw it: noble she was, and thought
I stood ingag'd:[19] but when I had subscrib'd
To mine own fortune, and inform'd her fully,
I could not answer in that course of honour
As she had made the overture, she ceas'd,
In heavy satisfaction, and would never
Receive the ring again.

King. Plutus himself,

That knows the tinct and multiplying medicine,[20]
Hath not in nature's mystery more science,
Than I have in this ring: 'twas mine, 'twas Helen's,
Whoever gave it you: Then, if you know
That you are well acquainted with yourself,[21]
Confess 'twas hers, and by what rough enforcement
You got it from her: she call'd the saints to surety,
That she would never put it from her finger,
Unless she gave it to yourself in bed,
(Where you have never come,) or sent it us
Upon her great disaster.

Ber. She never saw it.

King. Thou speak'st it falsely, as I love mine honour:
And mak'st conjectural fears to come into me,
Which I would fain shut out: If it should prove
That thou art so inhuman,—'twill not prove so;—
And yet I know not:—thou didst hate her deadly,
And she is dead; which nothing, but to close
Her eyes myself, could win me to believe,
More than to see this ring.—Take him away.—
[*Guards seize* BERTRAM.
My fore-past proofs,[22] howe'er the matter fall,
Shall tax my fears of little vanity,
Having vainly fear'd too little.—Away with him;—
We'll sift this matter further.

Ber. If you shall prove
This ring was ever hers, you shall as easy
Prove that I husbanded her bed in Florence,
Where yet she never was. [*Exit* BERTRAM, *guarded.*

Enter a Gentleman.

King. I am wrapp'd in dismal thinkings.

Gent. Gracious sovereign,
Whether I have been to blame, or no, I know not;
Here's a petition from a Florentine,
Who hath, for four or five removes,[23] come short
To tender it herself. I undertook it,
Vanquish'd thereto by the fair grace and speech
Of the poor suppliant, who by this, I know,
Is here attending: her business looks in her
With an importing visage; and she told me,

In a sweet verbal brief, it did concern
Your highness with herself.

King. [reads.] "Upon his many protestations to marry me, when his wife was dead, I blush to say it, he won me. Now is the Count Rousillon a widower; his vows are forfeited to me, and my honour's paid to him. He stole from Florence, taking no leave, and I follow him to this country for justice: Grant it me, O king; in you it best lies; otherwise a seducer flourishes, and a poor maid is undone." DIANA CAPULET.

Laf. I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair, and toll[24] for this; I'll none of him.

King. The heavens have thought well on thee, Lafeu,
To bring forth this discovery.—Seek these suitors:—
Go, speedily, and bring again the count.
[*Exeunt* Gentleman, *and some Attendants.*
I am afeard, the life of Helen, lady,
Was foully snatch'd.

Count. Now, justice on the doers!

Enter BERTRAM, *guarded.*

King. I wonder, sir, since wives are monsters to you,[25]
And that you fly them as you swear them lordship,
Yet you desire to marry.—What woman's that?

Re-enter Gentleman, *with* Widow, *and* DIANA.

Dia. I am, my lord, a wretched Florentine,
Derived from the ancient Capulets;
My suit, as I do understand, you know,
And therefore know how far I may be pitied.

Wid. I am her mother, sir, whose age and honour
Both suffer under this complaint we bring,
And both shall cease, without your remedy.

King. Come hither, count; Do you know these women?

Ber. My lord, I neither can, nor will deny
But that I know them: Do they charge me further?

Dia. Why do you look so strange upon your wife?

Ber. She's none of mine, my lord.

Dia. If you shall marry,
You give away this hand, and that is mine;
You give away heaven's vows, and those are mine;
You give away myself, which is known mine;

For I by vow am so embodied yours,
That she, which marries you, must marry me,
Either both or none.

Laf. Your reputation [*to* BERTRAM.] comes too short for my daughter; you are no husband for her.

Ber. My lord, this is a fond and desperate creature,
Whom sometime I have laugh'd with: let your highness
Lay a more noble thought upon mine honour,
Than for to think that I would sink it here.

King. Sir, for my thoughts, you have them ill to friend,
Till your deeds gain them: Fairer prove your honour,
Than in my thought it lies!

Dia. Good my lord,
Ask him upon his oath, if he does think
He had not my virginity.

King. What say'st thou to her?

Ber. She's impudent, my lord;
And was a common gamester to the camp.[26]

Dia. He does me wrong, my lord; if I were so,
He might have bought me at a common price:
Do not believe him: O, behold this ring,
Whose high respect, and rich validity,[27]
Did lack a parallel; yet, for all that,
He gave it to a commoner o' the camp,
If I be one.

Count. He blushes, and 'tis his:[28]
Of six preceding ancestors, that gem,
Conferr'd by testament to the sequent issue,
Hath it been ow'd and worn. This is his wife;
That ring's a thousand proofs.

King. Methought, you said,
You saw one here in court could witness it.

Dia. I did, my lord, but loath am to produce
So bad an instrument; his name's Parolles.

Laf. I saw the man to day, if man he be.

King. Find him, and bring him hither.

Ber. What of him?
He 's quoted for a most perfidious slave,[29]
With all the spots o' the world tax'd and debosh'd;[30]
Whose nature sickens, but to speak a truth:[31]
Am I or that, or this, for what he 'll utter,
That will speak any thing?

King. She hath that ring of yours.
Ber. I think, she has: certain it is, I lik'd her,
And boarded her i' the wanton way of youth:
She knew her distance, and did angle for me,
Madding my eagerness with her restraint,
As all impediments in fancy's course[32]
Are motives of more fancy; and in fine,
Her infinite cunning, with her modern grace,[33]
Subdued me to her rate: she got the ring;
And I had that, which any inferior might
At market price have bought.
Dia. I must be patient;
You, that turn'd off a first so noble wife,
May justly diet me.[34] I pray you yet,
(Since you lack virtue, I will lose a husband,)
Send for your ring, I will return it home,
And give me mine again.
Ber. I have it not.
King. What ring was yours, I pray you?
Dia. Sir, much like
The same upon your finger.
King. Know you this ring? this ring was his of late.
Dia. And this was it I gave him, being a-bed.
King. The story then goes false, you threw it him
Out of a casement.
Dia. I have spoke the truth.

Enter PAROLLES.

Ber. My lord, I do confess the ring was hers.
King. You boggle shrewdly, every feather starts you.——
Is this the man you speak of.
Dia. Ay, my lord.
King. Tell me, sirrah, but, tell me true, I charge you,
Not fearing the displeasure of your master,
(Which, on your just proceeding, I 'll keep off,)
By him, and by this woman here, what know you?
Par. So please your majesty, my master hath been an honourable gentleman: tricks he hath had in him, which gentlemen have.
King. Come, come to the purpose: Did he love this woman?
Par. 'Faith, sir, he did love her; But how?[35]
King. How, I pray you?

Par. He did love her, sir, as a gentleman loves a woman.

King. How is that?

Par. He loved her, sir, and loved her not.

King. As thou art a knave, and no knave:—
What an equivocal companion is this?

Par. I am a poor man, and at your majesty's command.

Laf. He's a good drum, my lord, but a naughty orator.

Dia. Do you know, he promised me marriage?

Par. 'Faith, I know more than I 'll speak.

King. But wilt thou not speak all thou know'st?

Par. Yes, so please your majesty; I did go between them, as I said; but more than that, he loved her—for, indeed, he was mad for her, and talked of Satan, and of limbo, and of furies, and I know not what: yet I was in that credit with them at that time, that I knew of their going to bed; and of other motions, as promising her marriage, and things which would derive me ill-will to speak of. therefore I will not speak what I know.

King. Thou hast spoken all already, unless thou canst say they are married: But thou art too fine in thy evidence;[36] therefore stand aside.—
This ring, you say was yours?

Dia. Ay, my good lord.

King. Where did you buy it? or who gave it you?

Dia. It was not given me, nor I did not buy it.

King. Who lent it you?

Dia. It was not lent me neither.

King. Where did you find it then?

Dia. I found it not.

King. If it were yours by none of all these ways,
How could you give it him?

Dia. I never gave it him.

Laf. This woman 's an easy glove, my lord; she goes off and on at pleasure.

King. This ring was mine, I gave it his first wife.

Dia. It might be yours, or hers, for aught I know.

King. Take her away, I do not like her now;
To prison with her: and away with him.—
Unless thou tell'st me where thou hadst this ring,
Thou diest within this hour.

Dia. I 'll never tell you.

King. Take her away.

Dia. I 'll put in bail, my liege.
King. I think thee now some eommon eustomer.[37]
Dia. By Jove, if ever I knew man, 'twas you.
King. Wherefore hast thou aeeus'd him all this while?
Dia. Beeause he 's guilty, and he is not guilty;
He knows I am no maid, and he 'll swear to 't:
I 'll swear, I am a maid, and he knows not.
Great king, I am no strumpet, by my life;
I am either maid, or else this old man's wife.
[*Pointing to* LAFEU.
King. She does abuse our ears; to prison with her.
Dia. Good mother, fetch my bail.—Stay, royal sir;
[*Exit* Widow.
The jeweller, that owes the ring, is sent for,
And he shall surety me. But for this lord,
Who hath abus'd me, as he knows himself,
Though yet he never harm'd me, here I quit him:
He knows himself my bed he hath defil'd;
And at that time he got his wife with ehild:
Dead though she be, she feels her young one kiek;
So there's my riddle, One that 's dead, is quiek;
And now behold the meaning.

Re-enter Widow, *with* HELENA.

Ber. Is there no exorcist,[38]
Beguiles the truer offiee of mine eyes?
Is 't real, that I see?
Hel. No, my good lord;
'Tis but the shadow of a wife you see,
The name and not the thing.
Ber. Both, both; O, pardon!
Hel. O, my good lord, when I was like this maid,
I found you wond'rous kind. There is your ring,
And, look you, here 's your letter; This it says,
"When from my finger you ean get this ring,
And are by me with ehild," &e.—This is done:
Will you be mine, now you are doubly won?
Ber. If she, my liege, ean make me know this elearly,
I 'll love her dearly, ever, ever dearly.
Hel. If it appear not plain, and prove untrue,
Deadly divorce step between me and you!—
O, my dear mother, do I see you living?

Laf. Mine eyes smell onions, I shall weep anon :—Good Tom Drum, [*to* PAROLLES] lend me a handkercher: So, I thank thee; wait on me home, I 'll make sport with thee: Let thy courtesies alone; they are scurvy ones.

King. Let us from point to point this story know,
To make the even truth in pleasure flow:
If thou be'st yet a fresh uncropped flower, [*To* DIANA.
Choose thou thy husband, and I 'll pay thy dower;
For I can guess, that, by thy honest aid,
Thou kept'st a wife herself, thyself a maid.—
Of that, and all the progress more and less,
Resolvedly more leisure shall express:
All yet seems well; and, if it end so meet,
The bitter past, more welcome is the sweet. [*Flourish.*

(*Advancing.*)

The king 's a beggar, now the play is done:[39]
"All is well ended," if this suit be won,
That you express content; which we will pay,
With strife to please you, day exceeding day:
Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts:
Your gentle hands lend us, and take our hearts. [*Exeunt.*

Notes to the Fifth Act.

[1] *Enter a gentle Astringer.*

That is, a gentleman falconer. The term was also spelt *ostregere*, *ostringer*, *austringer*, &c. "Now bycause I speke of ostregeres, ye shall understonde that they ben callyd ostregeres that kepe goshawkes or tercelles; and those that kepe spare hawkys and muskettys ben callyd spervyteres," Juliana Berners, 1496. "*Ostringers*, or *ostregers*, a term used by some of our ancient writers *de re aucuparia* for those falconers that keep goshawks, or the largest sort of hawks; they are so called, as some think, qu. *osteringers*, or *osterlingers*, id est, the people of the *Oster*, or more easterly parts of Europe, as Russia, Poland, &c., whence, it is said, the art of faulconry was originally derived to us," Phillips' New World of Words, ed. 1678, append. The more probable derivation is from the low Latin *ostercum*, or *astercum*, a goshawk. "We usually call a falconer, who keeps that kind of hawk, an austringer," Cowell's Law Dictionary. "*Ostringer*, a falconer, properly that keeps a goshawk," Blount's Glossographia, 1681. Steevens once proposed to alter *astringer* (spelt *Astranger* in ed. 1632) to *stranger*, and the direction is thus given in ed. 1685,—"Enter a gentleman, a stranger." The context, observes Mr. R. G. White, shows that he was a stranger to Helena, although she knew him by reputation. When he afterward appears at the court of the French king, where he is known, he is announced—"*Enter a* gentleman." *Stranger* was sometimes spelt *estranger*, a circumstance which may appear to favour the probability of the above emendation being correct. "A servant upon malice pretended, shooteth at an *estranger*, and misseth him and killeth his master, being by; this is petty treason in the servant, though hee intended no hurt to his master, yet because hee intended murder thereby," Dalton's Countrey Justice, 1620.

Hawkes are divided into two kindes, that is to say, short winged hawkes; as the goshawke and her tercell, the sparrow-hawke, musket, and such like, whose wings are shorter then their traines, and doe belong to the *ostringer;* and long-winged hawkes, as the faulcon-gentle, and her tercell; the gerfaulcon and lerkin, the lanner, merlin, hobby, and divers others, which belong unto faulconers. —*Markham's Ordering of Hawkes.*

[2] *Our means will make us means.*

Shakespeare delights much in this kind of reduplication, sometimes so as to obscure his meaning. Helena says, "they will follow with such speed as the means which they have will give them ability to exert."—*Johnson.*

[3] *Good Monsieur Lavatch.*

"This," says Steevens, "is an undoubted and perhaps *irremediable* corruption of some French word." Yet the name is obviously *La vache,* which, whether really belonging to the clown or not, seems well adapted to such a character.—*Douce.*

[4] *I am now, sir, muddied in Fortune's mood.*

The jingle on *muddied* and *mood* is evidently intentional, and *mood* was perhaps pronounced like *mud.* By the whimsical *caprice* of Fortune, I am fallen into the mud, and smell somewhat strong of her displeasure. In Pericles, Prince of Tyre, 1609, we meet with the same phrase: "—but *Fortune's mood*—Varies again." Again, in Timon of Athens:—"When *fortune,* in her shift and change of *mood,*—Spurns down her late belov'd." Again, in Julius Cæsar:—"*Fortune* is merry,—And in this *mood* will give us anything." *Mood* is again used for *resentment* or *caprice* in Othello: "You are but now cast in his *mood,* a punishment more in policy than in malice." Again, for *anger,* in the old Taming of a Shrew, 1607: "—This brain-sick man,—That in his *mood* cares not to murder me." Warburton, in his edition, changed *mood* into *moat,* (a reading originally suggested in a letter written by Theobald), and his emendation was adopted, I think, without necessity, by the subsequent editors. All the expressions enumerated by him,—"I will eat no *fish,*"—"he hath fallen into the unclean *fish-pond* of her displeasure," &c.—agree sufficiently well with the text, without any change. Parolles having talked metaphorically of being *muddy'd* by the displeasure of fortune, the Clown, to render him ridiculous, supposes him to have actually fallen into a *fish-pond.*—*Malone.*

[5] *Allow the wind.*

He means to ask him to get out of the way of the wind, so that it may blow without obstacle upon the speaker.

[6] *Here is a pur of Fortune's, sir, or of Fortune's cat.*

The text is perfectly intelligible, and requires no conjectural amendment. The clown calls Parolles's letter a *pur;* because, like the purring of the sycophant cat, it was calculated to procure favour and protection.—*Douce.* Mason proposed to alter *pur* to *puss,* and to omit the second *of.*

[7] *In my smiles of comfort.*

"We should read—"*similes* of comfort," such as the calling him *fortune's cat, carp,* &c.—*Warburton.* Warburton's proposed emendation may be countenanced by an entry on the books of the Stationers' Company, 1595: "—A booke of verie pythie *similies, comfortable* and profitable for all men to reade." The same mistake occurs in the old copies of King Henry IV. Part I. where, instead of "unsavoury *similes*" we have "unsavoury *smiles.*"—*Steevens.* These *similies,* it seems, are the appellations of "fortune's cat, carp, &c." but what *comfort* they could administer is not easy to conceive, nor hath Warburton been pleased to inform us. But what exception could be taken to the ancient reading, "I do pity his distress in my *smiles* of comfort?" The meaning is, I testify my pity for his distress by encouraging him with a gracious smile.—*Heath.*

[8] *You beg more than one word then.*

A quibble is intended on the word *Parolles*, which, in French, is plural, and signifies *words*. *One*, which is not found in the old copy, was added, perhaps unnecessarily, by the editor of the third folio.—*Malone.* A MS. corrector of Lord Ellesmere's copy of ed. 1623 reads, *a word.*

[9] *Our esteem was made much poorer by it.*

Warburton, in Theobald's edition, altered this word to *estate;* in his own he lets it stand, and explains it by *worth* or *estate.* But *esteem* is here *reckoning* or *estimate.* Since the loss of Helen, with her *virtues* and *qualifications*, our *account* is *sunk;* what we have to *reckon* ourselves king of, is much *poorer* than before.—*Johnson.*

Meaning that his esteem was lessened in its value by Bertram's misconduct; since a person who was honoured with it could be so ill treated as Helena had been, and that with impunity. Johnson's explanation is very unnatural.—*M. Mason.*

"Esteem," perhaps, for what is the object of esteem: the stock of what was estimable was reduced by her death: or it may be, when her worth departed, the rate of my esteem for anything remaining was much lessened.—*Seymour.*

Our esteem, meaning, the esteem he himself was held in; which, says the speaker, was much lessen'd by the loss of so rich a jewel as Helena: for this, as the world goes, is the certain consequence of any great loss, or diminution of fortune.—*Capell.*

[10] *Natural rebellion, done i' the blade of youth.*

"*Blade* of youth" is the *spring* of *early life*, when the man is yet *green*. *Oil* and *fire* suit but ill with *blade*, and therefore Warburton reads, "*blaze* of youth."—*Johnson.*

This very probable emendation was first proposed by Theobald, who has produced these two passages in support of it:

> — I do know
> When the blood *burns*, how prodigal the soul
> Lends the tongue vows. These *blazes*, &c.—*Hamlet.*

Again, in Troilus and Cressida:—"For Hector, in his *blaze* of wrath," &c.—*Malone.*

In Hamlet we have also "*flaming* youth," and in the present comedy "the quick *fire* of youth." I read, therefore, without hesitation,—*blaze.*—*Steevens.*

To change the fine expression—"Natural rebellion, done in the *blade* of youth," into, "Natural rebellion done in the *blaze* of youth," is to convert a poeticism into a barbarism. The "blade of youth" is the springtime of life. Besides, there is an affinity between the word *natural* and the word *blade*, which proves the latter to have been Shakespeare's expression.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

Blade of youth, the old reading, is undoubtedly very good sense; meaning, when youth was in the blade, in its first spring; a metaphor taken from grain of any sort: but the adopted word, *blaze*, a metaphor also, and used by the poet in other places, is so easy a correction, and so necessary to introduce the ideas that follow, that I could not but believe it the true one: I found it in the third modern editor, where it is only proposed in a note.—*Capell.*

[11] *The survey of richest eyes.*

Shakespeare means that her beauty had astonished those, who, having seen the greatest number of fair women, might be said to be the *richest* in ideas of

beauty. So, in As You Like It: "—to have seen much and to have nothing, is to have *rich eyes* and poor hands."—*Steevens.*

[12] *The first view shall kill all repetition.*

In other words, to use the language of Johnson,—the first interview shall put an end to all recollection of the past.

[13] *I am not a day of season.*

A day of season, that is, a seasonable day. This mode of construction was formerly very common. So, in Measure for Measure, "the fowl of season," the seasonable fowl, the fowl which is in season, fit for killing.

Season signifies, the fair season, summer, unclouded summer; the king's summer has clouds in it, as he tells you soon after, that shed some little hail, and are gone.—*Capell.*

[14] *My high-repented blames.*

High-repented blames, are faults repented of to the height, to the utmost. Shakespeare has *high-fantastical* in Twelfth-Night.—*Steevens.* A similar compound occurs in the Rape of Lucrece,—"Reckoning his fortune at such high-proud rate."

[15] *Our own love waking cries to see what's done.*

Our anger, that destroys our friends, does an injury to ourselves, and we lament our rashness; our self-love is continually *awake* to affliction at the loss we endure, while the enmity, of which we are now ashamed, is extinct, or *sleeps* throughout the remainder of our life.—*Seymour.*

For *sleep* I think we should read *slept. Love* cries to see what was done while hatred *slept*, and suffered mischief to be done. Or the meaning may be, "that *hatred* still *continues* to *sleep* at ease, while *love* is weeping;" and so the present reading may stand.—*Johnson.*

I cannot comprehend this passage as it stands, and have no doubt but we should read—"Our *old* love waking," &c.—Extinctus amabitur idem. "Our own love," can mean nothing but our *self-love*, which would not be sense in this place; but "our old love waking," means, our former affection being revived.—*M. Mason.*

This conjecture appears to me extremely probable; but *waking* will not, I think, here admit of Mason's interpretation, *being revived;* nor, indeed, is it necessary to his emendation. It is clear, from the subsequent line, that *waking* is here used in its ordinary sense. Hate *sleeps* at ease, unmolested by any remembrance of the dead, while *old* love, reproaching itself for not having been sufficiently kind to a departed friend, "*wakes* and weeps:" crying, "that's good that's gone."—*Malone.*

Our *own love* in this couplet does not mean, as Mason asserts it must, *our self-love*, but simply *our love*, which has been suppressed by anger during life, but which at the death of the individual *awakes to weep*, while *shameful hate*, i. e., hate ashamed, *sleeps out the afternoon*, i. e., is allayed for all the after period of our existence.—*Harness.*

What I have found in the two lines is this: Love fell asleep, and by this fact, and in the same moment, "hate" was awaking, and did mischief, profiting by "love's" sleep. Too late, after "hate" being tired, "love" awakes, and "cries to see what's done," while, at the same time, "shameful hate," like a gourmand, surfeited by a luxurious repast, "sleeps out the afternoon." If that is not poesy, at least it is sense.—*F. A. Leo.*

[16] *Which better than the first.*

I have ventured against the authorities of the printed copies, to prefix the Countess's name to these two lines. The King appears, indeed, to be a favourer of Bertram; but if Bertram should make a bad husband the second time, why should it give the King such mortal pangs? A fond and disappointed mother might reasonably not desire to live to see such a day; and from her the wish of dying, rather than to behold it, comes with propriety.—*Theobald.*

[17] *O nature, cesse!*

So the folio. Malone and Collier print *cease;* and we may well wonder that they should have rejected the older form of the word for one which destroys the rhyme. Knight rightly retains *cesse*, and quotes an instance of it from Chaucer's Troilus and Creseide, which is going rather too far back: the fact is, Shakespeare found it in various works that were to him of recent date.—*Dyce.* It is worth observation that in Tourneur's Revengers Tragædy, 1608, *ceast* is made to rhyme with *jest*, the fact being that it is an error for *cest* or *cess'd*,—"And yet mythinks I might be easier *ceast;* My fault being sport, let me but die in jest."

> Now youre goode dayes arn doon,
> As Daniel prophecied,
> Whan Crist cam, of hir kyngdom
> The crowne sholde *cesse.*—*Piers Ploughman*, ed. Wright, p. 375.

> At their dyner fulle lange sat thaye,
> ffro none to none withowtyn *cesse;*
> Kinge Herré alle ther costes did paye,
> Many gret astate com unto that dese.—*MS. Bodl. e Mus.* 160.

> This spoken with a thought he makes the swelling seas to *cesse*,
> And sunne to shine, and cloudes to flee, that did the skies oppresse:
> The mermaids therewithall appeares, and Triton fleetes above,
> And with his forke they all the ships from rocks do softly move.
> *The Thirteene Bookes of Aeneidos, tr. Phaer*, 1600.

> But for continuance, and *beyond all zesse*,
> A held him too 't sixe dayes a-weeke, no lesse.
> *Wither's Abuses Stript and Whipt*, 1622.

[18] *The last that ere I took her leave at court.*

The last time that I saw her, when she was leaving the court. Rowe and the subsequent editors read—"that e'er *she* took," &c.—*Malone.*

The word *time* is wanted to make out the sense: it is inserted in the Oxford (Hanmer's) edition, which reads, The last time e'er she, &c.: but this is robbing Peter to pay Paul; for *that* is full as much wanted in this reading, as *time* in the old one; perhaps the line was meant to run thus, The last time that I took my leave at court, which nothing hinders us from supposing was before Helen left it, if by *court* we understand, Paris; for though Lafeu had spoken with the king since, yet that was in his progress, at Marseilles, or some other place else. —*Capell.*

[19] *And thought I stood ingag'd.*

That is, by acceptance of the gage, or ring which she had thrown me. Theobald would persuade us to substitute *ungag'd* for *unengaged*, but I doubt the word is scarce English.—*Heath.* The lady, he says, thought his hand was free; but when she learnt the contrary, she ceased her overtures. Dr. Johnson reads—

engaged. The plain meaning is, when she saw me receive the ring, she thought me *engaged* to her. *Ingag'd* may be intended in the same sense with the reading proposed by Theobald, *ungag'd*, i. e., *not engaged;* as Shakespeare, in another place, uses *gag'd* for *engaged*, Merchant of Venice.—*Tyrwhitt.*

I have no doubt that *ingaged* (the reading of the folio) is right. *Gaged* is used by other writers, as well as by Shakespeare, for *engaged.* So, in a Pastoral, by Daniel, 1605:—"Not that the earth did *gage*—Unto the husbandman—Her voluntary fruits, free without fees." *Ingaged*, in the sense of *unengaged*, is a word of exactly the same formation as *inhabitable*, which is used by Shakespeare and the contemporary writers for *uninhabitable.*—*Malone.*

[20] *That knows the tinct and multiplying medicine.*

Plutus, the grand alchemist, who knows the *tincture* which confers the properties of gold upon base metals, and the *matter* by which *gold* is *multiplied*, by which a small quantity of gold is made to communicate its qualities to a large mass of base metal. In the reign of Henry the Fourth a law was made to forbid all men thenceforth to *multiply* gold, or use any craft of *multiplication.* Of which law, Boyle, when he was warm with the hope of transmutation, procured a repeal.—*Johnson.*

[21] *That you are well acquainted with yourself.*

Warburton hath quite mistaken the sense of this passage, which I take to be this, I am as well acquainted with this ring as you can possibly be with your own person; if therefore you know that you have a perfect acquaintance with your own person, confess without more shifting that the ring was hers.—*Heath.*

The true meaning of this expresssion is, If you know that *your faculties are so sound, as* that you have the proper consciousness of your own actions, *and are able to recollect and relate what you have done*, tell me, &c.—*Johnson.*

[22] *My fore-past proofs.*

The *proofs which I have already had* are sufficient to show that my *fears* were not *vain* and irrational. I have rather been hitherto more easy than I ought, and have *unreasonably* had *too little fear.*—*Johnson.*

[23] *Who hath, for four or five removes, come short.*

Who hath missed the opportunity of presenting it in person to your Majesty, either at Marseilles, or on the road from thence to Rousillon, in consequence of having been four or five removes (journeys or post-stages) behind you. —*Malone.* I think we should read, "Who *had* for four or five removes come short," instead of *hath;* for he alludes to his former meeting with her at Marseilles, where she had missed the King by being a few stages behind; and not to the time at which he was speaking, when she was actually attending.—*M. Mason.*

[24] *I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair, and toll for this.*

So the first folio, the pronoun *him* being inserted after *toll* in the second edition. I will rather go to a country fair, where I shall have my choice of peasants or country clowns, and pick out a son from them, than marry my daughter to so worthless a fellow as this, whose knell I would most willingly ring. I understand it in this sense—"I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair, and let this be sold, at the same time paying the toll for his being put up to sale." By 31 Eliz. cap. 12, it is enacted that no horse can be put up to sale without his marks and colour being entered with the toll gatherer.—*Pye.*

Lord Coke, in his reading on Stat. Westm. (3 Edw. I.) says, "Toll to the fair

or market is a reasonable sum of money, due to the owner of the fair or market, upon sale of things tollable within the fair or market; or for stallage, piccage, or the like; and this was first invented that contracts might have good testimony, and be made openly, for, of old time, privy or secret contracts were forbidden." —*Chedworth.*

The meaning of the earliest copy seems to be this: I'll buy me a new son-in-law, &c., and *toll* the bell for this; i. e. look upon him as a dead man. The second reading, as Dr. Percy suggests, may imply: "I'll buy me a son-in-law as they buy a horse in a fair; *toul* him, i. e. enter him on the *toul* or *toll*-book, to prove I came honestly by him, and ascertain my title to him." In a play called the Famous History of Tho. Stukely, 1605, is an allusion to this custom:—"*Gov.* I will be answerable to thee for thy *horses.*—*Stuk.* Dost thou keep a *tole-booth?* zounds, dost thou make a *horse-courser* of me?" Again, in Hudibras, part ii. c. i.:

—— a roan gelding—Can I bring proof,
Where, when, by whom, and what y'were sold for,
And in the open market *toll'd* for.

Alluding (as Dr. Grey observes) to the two statutes relating to the sale of horses, 2 and 3 Phil. and Mary, and 31 Eliz. c. 12. and publickly *tolling* them in fairs, to prevent the sale of such as were stolen, and to preserve the property to the right owner. The previous mention of a *fair* seems to justify the reading of the second folio.—*Steevens.*

The passage should be pointed thus;—"I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair, and toll;—For this, I'll none of him." That is, "I'll buy me a son-in-law in a fair, and pay toll; as for this, I will have none of him."—*M. Mason.*

The meaning, I think, is, "I will purchase a son-in-law at a fair, and get rid of this worthless fellow, by *tolling* him *out of it.*" To *toll* a person *out of a fair* was a phrase of the time. So, in Camden's Remaines, 1605: "At a Bartholomew Faire at London there was an escheater of the same city, that had arrested a clothier that was outlawed, and had seized his goods, which he had brought into the faire, *tolling him out of the faire* by a traine." This, however, as Singer observes, merely means, enticing him out of the fair by a device or stratagem.

And *toll for this*, may, however, mean—"and I will sell this fellow in a fair, as I would a horse, publickly entering in the *toll-book* the particulars of the sale." The following passage in King Henry IV. may be adduced in support of Steevens's interpretation of this sentence: "Come, thou shalt go to the wars in a gown,—and I will take such order that thy friends shall *ring for thee.*" Here Falstaff certainly means to speak equivocally; and one of his senses is, "I will take care to have thee knocked in the head, and thy friends shall ring thy funeral knell." —*Malone.*

[25] *I wonder, sir, since wives are monsters to you.*

This passage is thus read in the first folio:—"I wonder, sir, *sir*, wives are monsters to you," which may be corrected thus:—"I wonder, sir, *since* wives are monsters," &c. The editors (following ed. 1685) have made it—"wives are *so monstrous* to you," and in the next line—"swear to them," instead of—"swear them lordship." Though the latter phrase be a little obscure, it should not have been turned out of the text without notice. I suppose *lordship* is put for that *protection* which the husband, in the marriage ceremony, promises to the wife.—*Tyrwhitt.*

As, I believe, here signifies *as soon as.* I read with Tyrwhitt, whose emend-

ation I have placed in the text. It may be observed, however, that the second folio reads:—"I wonder, sir, wives are *such* monsters to you."—*Steevens.*

An early manuscript corrector has altered the second *sir* to *for*, in a copy of the first folio belonging to Lord Ellesmere, which is a reading equally good with the emendation here adopted. So, in the Taming of the Shrew, *for assurance* is misprinted *sir assurance* in ed. 1623, an error corrected in ed. 1632.

[26] *And was a common gamester to the camp.*

The following passage, in an ancient MS. tragedy, entitled the Second Maiden's Tragedy, will sufficiently elucidate the idea once affixed to the term *gamester*, when applied to a female:

> 'Tis to me wondrous how you should spare the day
> From amorous clips, much less the general season
> When all the world's a *gamester.*

Again, in Pericles, Lysimachus asks Mariana—"Were you a *gamester* at five or at seven?" Again, in Troilus and Cressida: "—— daughters of the *game.*" —*Steevens.*

> — 'Tis a catalogue
> Of all the *gamesters* in the court and city,
> Which lord lies with that lady, and what gallant
> Sports with that merchant's wife.—*B. and Fl. False One*, i. 1.

A lady, you mechanick.—*Plotw.* What lady?—*New.* Hast not thou heard of the new-sprung lady?—*Br.* One that keeps her coachman, foot-boy, woman, and spends a thousand pound a yeare by wit.—*Plotw.* How? wit?—*New.* That is her patrimony, sir; tis thought the fortune she is borne to will not buy a bunch of turnips.—*Plotw.* She is no *gamester*, is she?—*The Cityе Match*, 1639.

[27] *Whose high respect, and rich validity.*

Validity means *value.* So, in King Lear:—"No less in space, *validity*, and pleasure." Again, in Twelfth-Night:—"Of what *validity* and pitch soever."—*Steevens.*

[28] *He blushes, and 'tis his.*

The old copy has—'tis *hit.* The emendation was made by Pope. In many of our old chronicles, *hit* is printed instead of *it.* Steevens reads, *it*, and Henley proposes, *fit.* A less likely reading, *is hit*, is suggested in ed. 1778.

[29] *He's quoted for a most perfidious slave.*

Quoted, noted, distinguished, stigmatized. The term seems to occur in the last, and strongest, sense, in King John.

[30] *With all the spots o' the world tax'd and debosh'd.*

Debosh'd, debauched. "If he deccase before you, no honest man will have you, unlesse some of your *deboshed* companions, more for lucre then for love," Man in the Moone telling strange Fortunes, 1609. "I ever was deboash'd," Fleire, a comedy. "That debosh'd prince, Bad Desire," City Night-Cap. "*Desbauché*, deboshed, lewd, incontinent, ungracious, dissolute, naught," Cotgrave. "Hereby we may learn what diverse persons account delight, is nothing but a *debosh'd* brutality, which all well temper'd spirits will ever abominate and shun," Comical History of Francion. "No companions for such debosh'd and poor-condition'd fellows," Beaumont and Fletcher. "Saucy fellows, deboshed and daily drunkards," Monsieur Thomas, 1639. "Most commonly some knave or debosht fellow," Fennor's Compters Commonwealth." "Is not content to deboish himself, but

seeks to deboish the prince too," Erminia, 1661. "Brought in by the fiery spirits, were *debosht* and quarrelling men with a loose wench amongst them," Davenant's Works, p. 388. The term also occurs in the form of *deboist*, and the substantive *deboishments* is found in Partheneia Sacra, 1633. "A great debosh," a very debauched fellow, City Politiques, 1683.

[31] *Whose nature sickens, but to speak a truth.*

Here the modern editors read:—"Which nature sickens with——," a most licentious corruption of the old reading, in which the punctuation only wants to be corrected. We should read, as here printed:—"*Whose* nature sickens, *but* to speak *a* truth:" i. e. *only* to speak a truth.—*Tyrwhitt.*

[32] *As all impediments in fancy's course.*

"Every thing that obstructs love is an occasion by which love is heightened; and, to conclude, her solicitation concurring with her fashionable appearance, she got the ring."—*Johnson.*

[33] *Her infinite cunning with her modern grace.*

"Her insuit, coming with her modern grace," recent editions. Mr. Sidney Walker, after pointing out the awkwardness of this, and observing that the word *insuit* occurs nowhere else, proves by a number of quotations that *coming* is constantly confounded in old copies with *cunning*, and proposes the above reading. It should, however, be observed that the first folio spells insuit *iusuite*, and uses the long *f*, which is scarcely to be distinguished from *f*.—"By dint of a vast deal of cunning and a moderate share of common-place beauty she succeeded in bringing me to her terms." The words *coming* and *cunning* are frequently misprinted for each other in old plays; but it is to be remarked that the old reading is more harmonious, and if any example of *insuit* could be obtained, I should follow the original text. "Now fortune at the fairest go with thee! Thou hast beene *comming* in this stratagem, and I doe give thee joy with all my heart," History of the Two Maids of More-clacke, 1609. So in Beaumont and Fletcher's Custom of the Country, "Your *cunning* comes too late" is printed in the folios "Your *comming* (and *coming*) comes too late;" and in the Double Marriage, the passage,—"that fellow's *cunning*,—And hides a double heart," stands in the first folio, "that fellow's *comming*," &c. Again, in Troilus and Cressida,—"See, see, your silence, *cunning* in dumbness," misprinted *coming* in the early copies. The word *modern* is well explained by Johnson, *meanly pretty*, an oblique sense of its ordinary meaning in these plays. Heath, perplexed at the state of the original text, proposed to read,—"Her own suit joining with her mother's, scarce—Subdu'd me to her rate."

[34] *May justly diet me.*

That is, May justly constrain me to fast, by depriving me of the dues of a wife. Warburton most unaccountably imagines the expression to allude to "the severe methods of cure in the venereal disorder," an apt allusion indeed in the mouth of a young woman, who pretended great virtue and delicacy.—*Heath.*

"May justly loath or be weary of me," as people generally are of a regimen or prescribed and scanty *diet*. Such, I imagine, is the meaning. Steevens thinks she means—"May justly make me fast, by depriving me (as Desdemona says) of the rites for which I love you."—*Malone.*

The allusion may be to the management of hawks, who were half *starved* till they became tractable. Thus, in Coriolanus: "—— I 'll watch him,—Till he be *dieted* to my request." To "*fast*, like one who takes *diet*," is a comparison that occurs in the Two Gentlemen of Verona.—*Steevens.*

[35] *But how?*

But how perhaps belongs to the king's speech. But how? how I pray you? This suits better with the king's apparent impatience and solicitude for Helena. —*Malone.* Surely all transfer of the words is needless; Hamlet addresses such another flippant interrogatory to himself—"The mouse-trap.—Marry how? Tropically."—*Steevens.*

[36] *Thou art too fine in thy evidence.*

Too fine, too full of *finesse;* too artful; a French expression—*trop fine.* So, in Sir Henry Wotton's celebrated Parallel: "We may rate this one secret, as it was *finely* carried, at £4000 in present money." So also, in Bacon's Apophthegms, 1625, p. 252: "Your Majesty was *too fine* for my lord Burghley."—*Malone.*

So, in a very scarce book, entitled, A Courtlie Controversie of Cupid's Cautels: conteyning Five Tragicall Histories, &c., Translated out of French, &c., by H. W. (Henry Wotton), 4to. 1578: "Woulde God, sayd he, I were to deale with a man, that I might recover my losse by *fine force:* but sith my controversie is agaynst a woman, it muste be wonne by love and favoure," p. 51. Again, p. 277: "— as a butterflie flickering from floure to floure, if it be caught by a childe that *finely* followeth it," &c.—*Steevens.*

[37] *Some common customer.*

Customer was a term applied to either a man or a woman who indulged in illicit intercourse. In Othello, as in the present instance, it is used for a common woman, a courtezan.

In Christmas time, one that sold tobacco went to the Temple to venture his money at play; wherefore his wife, thinking him safe for the greatest part of that night, had entertained a friend, who was no sooner in her chamber, but another of her *customers* knockt at the door, and she, for a sudden shift, was fain to convey the first to the top of the bed-teaster.—*A Banquet of Jests new and old*, 1657.

[38] *Is there no exorcist.*

Shakespeare invariably uses the word *exorcist*, to imply a person who can raise spirits, not in the usual sense of one that can lay them. So, Ligarius, in Julius Cæsar, says—"Thou, like an *exorcist*, hast conjur'd up—My mortified spirit." And in the Second Part of Henry VI. where Bolingbroke is about to raise a spirit, he asks Eleanor—"Will your ladyship behold and hear our *exorcisms?*"—*M. Mason.*

Such was the common acceptation of the word in our author's time. So, Minsheu, in his Dict. 1617: "An *Exorcist* or Conjurer."—So also, "To *conjure* or *exorcise* a spirit." The difference between a *Conjurer*, a *Witch*, and an *Inchanter*, according to that writer, is as follows:—"The *Conjurer* seemeth by praiers and invocations of God's powerfull names, to compell the devill to say or doe what he commandeth him. The *Witch* dealeth rather by a friendly and voluntarie conference or agreement between him or her and the divell or familiar, to have his or her turne served, in lieu or stead of blood or other gift offered unto him, especially of his or her soule:—And both these differ from *Inchanters* or *Sorcerers*, because the former two have personal conference with the divell, and the other meddles but with medicines and ceremonial formes of words called *charmes*, without apparition."—*Malone.*

[39] *The king's a beggar, now the play is done.*

Though these lines are sufficiently intelligible in their obvious sense, yet

perhaps there is some allusion to the old tale of the King and the Beggar, which was the subject of a ballad, and, as it should seem from the following lines in King Richard II., of some popular interlude also:

> Our *scene* is altered from a serious thing,
> And now chang'd to *the beggar and the king.*—*Malone.*

[40] *Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts.*

The meaning is, grant us then your patience, hear us without interruption; and take our parts, that is, support and defend us.—*Johnson.*

Twelfth Night.

EARLY EDITIONS.

1. In the First Folio Edition of 1623.
2. In the Second Folio Edition of 1632.
3. In the Third Folio Edition of 1663.
4. In the Fourth Folio Edition of 1685.

Mr Allott. Mrs Mrs Blount assigned over unto him all his estate and right in the Copies hereafter mentioned as appeareth by a note under mr Blounts hand, dated the 26 of June 1630 in the time of mr Wardeen Pourfoote, ~~under his~~ hand is subscribed thereunto. — xij^b.

The Tempest
Two gentlemen of Verona
Measure for measure
Comedie of Errors.
As you like it.
Alls well that ends well
Twelfe night
Winters tale
3 part of Hen. 6^t
Hen: the 8^t
Coreolanus.
Timon of Athens
Julius Caesar.
Mackbeth.
Antony & Cleopatra.
Cymbolyne.

8° Novemb 1630

Ric: Cotes. Assigned over unto him by mr Bird and Consent of a full Court holden this day all his estate right title and interest in the Copies hereafter mentioned — iiij^b.

Henrye the fift
Sr John Olcastle
Titus and Andronicus.
Eureolus & Lucretia
Yorke and Lancaster
Agincourt.
Pericles
Hamblet
Yorkshire Tragedie

Ashbee & Dangerfield, Fac sim
23 Bedford Street Covent Garden

INTRODUCTION.

The serious portion of the story upon which the plot of the comedy of Twelfth Night is constructed, belongs to a series of tales met with in the writings of medieval authors, all of which refer, in their chief incidents, to the romantic situations evolved from the accident of a shipwreck introduced in connexion with the mistakes arising from an exact similarity of feature in two of the characters. This species of romance is also employed by Shakespeare in another play, the Comedy of Errors, but is too frequently met with to enable us to indicate with any confidence the primary source of its introduction into our literature. There is a tale related in the Heccatommithi of Cinthio, in which a gentleman leaving Naples accompanied by his son and daughter, who bear a remarkable resemblance to each other, is lost by shipwreck, the two children, however, being saved, and brought up by different persons, in ignorance of each other's fate. The latter, who vary their costume without regard to their individuality of sex, become the subjects of mistakes of identity. This is a faint outline of the story of Twelfth Night, which follows more closely a novel of Bandello, with the exception that, in the latter, the sacking of Rome, instead of a shipwreck, is the cause of the separation of the brother and sister. An analysis of Bandello's tale may be best given in the words of Skottowe. "Ambrogio was the father of a son and a daughter, Paolo and Nicuola, remarkable for their extraordinary beauty and perfect resemblance to each other. Their age was about fifteen years, when Rome was sacked by the united arms of Spain and

Germany. Paolo, the boy, was made prisoner, and carried by a person of consideration to Naples. The distressed Ambrogio retired with his daughter to Aix, where she became enamoured of the wealthy and accomplished Lattantio. She was happy in the return of her passion, till the charms of a rival seduced her lover from his faith. Every expedient to recall his affections was resorted to in vain, and the unhappy Nicuola resolved, in despair, to disguise herself as a boy, and enter the service of Lattantio, in the capacity of his page. Her father quitted Aix for a time, and by the aid of her nurse she effected her scheme. The attention and graceful assiduity of Nicuola quickly engaged the confidence of her master. Alas! this happiness proved but a prelude to the bitterest mortification. In the hope that the beautiful person and insinuating address of his page might propitiate the affections of Catella, his new mistress, Lattantio despatched Nicuola as a messenger of love to her. The beauty of the emissary proved dangerous to the lady, who yielded her heart a willing captive, and openly avowed her weakness. The sudden return of Ambrogio compelled the reluctant Nicuola to fly from the service of Lattantio. At this critical juncture the long lost brother, Paolo, re-appeared. His master died at Naples, and bequeathed to him his wealth, and Paolo immediately set out in search of his parent and his sister. Arriving at Aix, he accidentally passed the house of Catella, who mistook Paolo for the page of whom she was enamoured, and ordered her maid to invite him in. He entered with a mind full of doubts regarding the quality of the lady. In the mean time Lattantio was much distressed by the unaccountable disappearance of his page, for whom he felt the greatest regard: he instituted the most anxious inquiries, and Nicuola was at length traced to the house of her nurse Philippa. The good woman vehemently denied that either man or boy had taken refuge there; and then contrived so skilfully to avail herself of her knowledge of Lattantio's affairs, as gradually to excite his attention. She enlarged on the pangs of unrequited love, she assured him of the hopelessness of his passion for Catella, who doated on another; and then, reverting to his former attachment, obtained the important confession, that if the beautiful Nicuola retained her regard for him, she was doubly entitled to his affection. "She loves you yet," exclaimed Philippa, "loves you with unabated ardour; and often has she declared to me that she shall never cease to do so but with life."—"Alas!" interrupted

Lattantio, "do not endeavour to deceive me?"—"I do not deceive you," replied Philippa; "I can convince you of the truth of what I say: Nicuola loves you; for you she deserted her father's house; for you she discarded the timidity of her sex, the wealth she was heir to, and the rank she filled in life; and entered your service as a menial—as a page. Behold!" she continued, presenting her in the dress of a boy to Lattantio, "behold your Nicuola, behold your much regretted page; she who disregarded the whole world for your sake, and, at the risk of her life and reputation, waited on you day and night" Lattantio was lost in wonder, but presently recovering, vowed eternal fidelity; and Nicuola, whose fondest wishes were realised, could scarce restrain the swelling transports of her soul. It is almost needless to add that a second interview between Paolo and Catella proved equally satisfactory to both, and that they were married on the same day that witnessed the union of Lattantio and Nicuola." In all this, however, there is really very little trace of Twelfth Night, and there is hardly a sentence in the original novel that can be proved, with any distinctness, to have suggested a single thought to the great dramatist; but the tale is of interest as one of the sources of the English novel, hereafter mentioned, either in its original form and language, or in the abridged French version by Belleforest, in whose collection it is entitled,—"Comme une fille Romaine se vestant en page servist long temps un sien amy sans estre cogneue, et depuis l'eut a mary avec autres divers discours," Histoires Tragiques, Tom. 4, Hist. 7. It was probably from one of these versions of the tale that Barnaby Rich, in his Farewell to Militarie Profession, 4to. Lond. 1581, constructed a narrative bearing a much greater similarity to the story on which Twelfth Night is founded, than any other yet discovered, and including incidents, adopted by Shakespeare, which are not to be traced in the Italian novel. In this account, a duke or sovereign called Apolonius, was wrecked on the Isle of Cyprus on his return from a crusade against the infidels, and having been hospitably received by Pontus, "lord and governor of this famous isle," chanced to inspire his daughter with an inextinguishable affection. This lady, who was named Silla, follows Apolonius, some time after his departure, accompanied by only one servant. She also was destined to be shipwrecked, her servant was drowned, and she herself escaped with difficulty. Silla afterwards assumes male attire, and enters into the service of Apolonius as a page.

It will be observed that this account removes the improbability, which must strike every reader of the comedy, of Viola's sudden affection for the duke, and her desire to serve him. The prose tale differs from the story of the play in the order of the events, and in the separation of the terminations of the two plots. Rich's novel is here reprinted at length from the first edition of the Farewell to Militarie Profession, printed in 1581, compared with a later impression which appeared in the year 1606:

Of Apolonius and Silla.—The argument of the second historie.—Apolonius Duke, havyng spent a yeres service in the warres against the Turke, returning homward with his companie by sea, was driven by force of weather to the Ile of Cypres, where he was well received by Pontus, gouvernour of the same ile, with whom Silla, daughter to Pontus, fell so straungely in love, that after Apolonius was departed to Constantinople, Silla, with one man, followed, and commyng to Constantinople, she served Apolonius in the habite of a manne, and after many prety accidentes falling out, she was knowne to Apolonius, who, in requitall of her love, maried her.

There is no child that is borne into this wretched worlde, but before it doeth sucke the mother's milke, it taketh first a soope of the cupp of errour, which maketh us, when we come to riper yeres, not onely to enter into actions of injurie, but many tymes to straie from that is right and reason; but in all other thinges, wherein wee shewe our-selves to bee moste dronken with this poisoned cuppe, it is in our actions of love; for the lover is so estranged from that is right, and wandereth so wide from the boundes of reason, that he is not able to deeme white from blacke, good from badde, vertue from vice; but onely led by the apetite of his owne affections, and groundyng them on the foolishnesse of his owne fancies, will so settle his likyng on such a one, as either by desert or unworthinesse will merite rather to be loathed then loved. If a question might be asked, what is the ground in deede of reasonable love, whereby the knot is knit of true and perfect freendship, I thinke those that be wise would answere—deserte: that is, where the partie beloved dooeth requite us with the like; for otherwise, if the bare shewe of beautie, or the comelinesse of personage, might bee sufficient to confirme us in our love, those that bee accustomed to goe to faires and markettes might sometymes fall in love with twentie in a daie: desert must then bee, of force, the grounde of reasonable love; for to love them that hate us, to followe them that flie from us, to faune on them that froune on us, to currie favour with them that disdaine us, to bee glad to please theim that care not how thei offende us, who will not confesse this to be an erronious love, neither grounded uppon witte nor reason? Wherfore, right curteous gentilwomen, if it please you with pacience to peruse this historie following, you shall see Dame Errour so plaie her parte with a leishe of lovers, a male and twoo femalles, as shall woorke a wonder to your wise judgement, in notyng the effecte of their amorous devises, and conclusions of their actions: the firste neclectyng the love of a noble dame, yong, beautifull, and faire, who onely for his good will plaied the parte of a serving manne, contented to abide any maner of paine onely to behold him: he again setting his love of a dame, that despysing hym, beeyng a noble Duke, gave her self to a servyng manne, as she had thought; but it otherwise fell out, as the substance of this tale shall better discribe. And because I have been somethyng tedious in my firste discourse, offending your pacient eares with the hearyng of a circumstaunce over long, from hence-forthe, that whiche I minde to write shall bee dooen with suche celeritie, as

the matter that I pretende to penne maie in any wise permit me, and thus followeth the historie.

During the tyme that the famous citie of Constantinople remained in the handes of the Christians, emongst many other noble menne that kepte their abidyng in that florishyng citie, there was one whose name was Apolonius, a worthie duke, who beyng but a verie yong man, and even then newe come to his possessions, whiche were verie greate, levied a mightie bande of menne at his owne proper charges, with whom he served againste the Turke duryng the space of one whole yere: in whiche tyme, although it were very shorte, this yong Duke so behaved hym self, as well by prowesse and valiaunce shewed with his owne handes, as otherwise by his wisdome and liberalitie used towardes his souldiors, that all the worlde was filled with the fame of this noble Duke. When he had thus spent one yeares service, he caused his trompet to sounde a retraite, and gatheryng his companie together, and imbarkyng theim selves, he sette saile, holdyng his course towardes Constantinople: but, beeyng uppon the sea, by the extreamitie of a tempest whiche sodainly fell, his fleete was desevered, some one waie, and some another; but he hymself recovered the Isle of Cypres, where he was worthily received by Pontus, duke and gouvernour of the same ile, with whom he lodged while his shippes were newe repairyng. This Pontus, that was lorde and governour of this famous ile, was an auncient duke, and had twoo children, a soonne and a daughter: his soonne was named Silvio, of whom hereafter we shall have further occasion to speake; but at this instant he was in the partes of Africa, servyng in the warres. The daughter her name was Silla, whose beautie was so peerelesse, that she had the soveraintie emongest all other dames, aswell for her beautie as for the noblenesse of hir birthe. This Silla, having heard of the worthinesse of Apolonius, this yong Duke, who besides his beautie and good graces had a certaine naturall allurement, that beeyng now in his companie in her father's courte, she was so strangely attached with the love of Apolonius, that there was nothyng might content her but his presence and sweete sight; and although she sawe no maner of hope to attaine to that she moste desired, knowyng Apolonius to be but a geaste, and readie to take the benefite of the next winde, and to departe into a straunge countrey, whereby she was bereved of all possibillitie ever to see hym againe, and therefore strived with herself to leave her fondenesse, but all in vaine; it would not bee, but, like the foule whiche is once limed, the more she striveth, the faster she tieth herself. So Silla was now constrained, perforce her will, to yeeld to love, wherefore, from tyme to tyme, she used so greate familiaritie with hym as her honour might well permitte, and fedde him with suche amourous baites as the modestie of a maide could reasonably afforde; whiche when she perceived did take but small effecte, feelyng herself so muche outraged with the extreamitie of her passion, by the onely countenaunce that she bestowed uppon Apolonius, it might have been well perceived that the verie eyes pleaded unto hym for pitie and remorse. But Apolonius, commyng but lately from out the feelde from the chasyng of his enemies, and his furie not yet throughly desolved, nor purged from his stomacke, gave no regarde to those amourous entisementes, whiche, by reason of his youth, he had not been acquainted withall. But his minde ranne more to heare his pilotes bryng newes of a merie winde to serve his turne to Constantinople, whiche in the ende came very prosperously; and givyng Duke Pontus hartie thankes for his greate entertaynment, takyng his leave of hymself and the Ladie Silla, his daughter, departed with his companie, and with a happie gaale arived at his desired porte. Gentlewomen, accordyng to my promise, I will here, for brevities sake, omit to make repetition of the long and dolorous discourse recorded by Silla for this sodaine departure of her Apolonius, knowyng you to bee as tenderly hearted as Silla herself, whereby you maie the better

conjecture the furie of her fever. But Silla, the further that she sawe herself bereved of all hope ever any more to see her beloved Apolonius, so muche the more contagious were her passions, and made the greater speede to execute that she had premeditated in her mynde, which was this. Emongest many servants that did attend uppon her, there was one whose name was Pedro, who had a long tyme waited upon her in her chamber, wherby she was well assured of his fidelitie and trust: to that Pedro therefore she bewraied first the fervencie of her love borne to Apolonius, conjuring hym in the name of the goddes of love herself, and bindyng hym by the duetie that a servante ought to have, that tendereth his mistresse safetie and good likyng, and desiryng hym, with teares tricklyng doune her cheekes, that he would give his consent to aide and assiste her in that she had determined, whiche was for that she was fully resolved to goe to Constantinople, where she might againe take the vewe of her beloved Apolonius, that he, accordyng to the trust she had reposed in hym, would not refuse to give his consent secretly to convaie her from out her father's courte, accordyng as she should give hym direction, and also to make hymself pertaker of her journey, and to waite upon her till she had seen the ende of her determination. Pedro, perceivyng with what vehemencie his ladie and mistresse had made request unto hym, albeeit he sawe many perilles and doubtes dependyng in her pretence, notwithstandyng, gave his consent to be at her disposition, promisyng her to further her with his beste advice, and to be readie to obeye whatsoever she would please to commaunde him. The match beyng thus agreed upon, and all thynges prepared in a readinesse for their departure, it happened there was a gallie of Constantinople readie to departe, whiche Pedro understandyng, came to the captaine, desiryng him to have passage for hymself and for a poore maide that was his sister, whiche were bounde to Constantinople uppon certaine urgent affaires: to whiche request the captaine graunted, willyng hym to prepare aborde with all speede, because the winde served hym presently to departe. Pedro now commyng to his mistres, and tellyng her how he had handeled the matter with the captaine, she likyng verie well of the devise, disguisyng herself into verie simple atyre, stole awaie from out her father's court, and came with Pedro, whom now she calleth brother, aboarde the galleye, where all thynges beyng in readinesse, and the winde servyng verie well, thei launched forthe with their oares, and set saile. When thei were at the sea, the captaine of the galleye, takyng the vewe of Silla, perceivyng her singular beautie, he was better pleased in beholdyng of her face then in takyng the height either of the sunne or starre, and thinkyng her, by the homelinesse of her apparell, to be but some simple maiden, calling her into his cabin, he beganne to breake with her, after the sea fashion, desiryng her to use his owne cabin for her better ease, and duryng the tyme that she remained at the sea, she should not want a bedde; and then, wisperyng softly in her eare, he saied, that, for want of a bedfellow, he hymself would supplie that rome. Silla, not beyng acquainted with any suche talke, blusshed for shame, but made hym no aunswere at all. My captaine, feelyng suche a bickeryng within himself, the like whereof he had never indured upon the sea, was like to bee taken prisoner aboard his owne shippe, and forced to yeeld hymself a captive without any cannon shot; wherefore, to salve all sores, and thinkyng it the readiest waie to speed, he began to breake with Silla in the waie of mariage, tellyng her how happie a voiage she had made, to fall into the likyng of suche a one as hymself was, who was able to keepe and maintaine her like a gentilwoman, and for her sake would likewise take her brother into his fellowship, whom he would by some meanes preferre in suche sorte, that bothe of theim should have good cause to think theimselves thrise happie, she to light of suche a housbande, and he to light of suche a brother. But Silla, nothyng pleased with these prefermentes, desired hym to cease his talke,

for that she did thynke herself in deede to bee too unworthie suche a one as he was, neither was she minded yet to marrie, and therefore desired hym to fixe his fancie uppon some that were better worthie then herself was, and that could better like of his curtesie then she could dooe. The captaine, seeyng hymself thus refused, beyng in a greate chafe, he saied as followeth. Then, seeyng you make so little accompte of my curtesie, proffered to one that is so farre unworthie of it, from henceforthe I will use the office of my aucthoritie: you shall knowe that I am the captaine of this shippe, and have power to commaunde and dispose of thynges at my pleasure; and seyng you have so scornfully rejected me to be your loiall housbande, I will now take you by force, and use you at my will, and, so long as it shall please me, will keepe you for myne owne store; there shall be no man able to defende you, nor yet to perswade me from that I have determined. Silla, with these wordes beyng stroke into a greate feare, did thinke it now too late to rewe her rashe attempte, determined rather to dye with her owne handes, then to suffer herself to be abused in suche sorte; therefore, she moste humbly desired the captaine, so muche as he could, to save her credite, and seyng that she must needes be at his will and disposition, that for that present he would depart, and suffer her till night, when in the darke he might take his pleasure, without any maner of suspition to the residue of his companie. The captaine, thinkyng now the goale to be more then half wonne, was contented so farre to satisfie her request, and departed out, leavyng her alone in his cabin. Silla, beyng alone by herself, drue oute her knife, readie to strike herself to the harrt, and, fallyng upon her knees, desired God to receive her soule, as an acceptable sacrifice for her follies, whiche she had so wilfully committed, cravyng pardon for her sinnes and so forthe, continuyng a long and pitifull reconciliation to God, in the middest whereof there sodainely fell a wonderfull storme, the terrour whereof was suche, that there was no man but did thinke the seas would presently have swallowed them: the billowes so sodainly arose with the rage of the winde, that thei were all glad to fall to heaving out of water, for otherwise their feeble gallie had never bin able to have brooked the seas. This storme continued all that daie and the next night; and thei beeyng driven to put romer before the winde, to keepe the gallie ahed the billowe, were driven uppon the maine shore, where the gallie brake all to peeces: there was every man providyng to save his own life; some gat upon hatches, boordes, and casks, and were driven with the waves to and fro; but the greatest nomber were drouned, amongst the whiche Pedro was one; but Silla herself beyng in the caben, as you have heard, tooke holde of a cheste that was the captaines, the whiche, by the onely providence of God, brought her safe to the shore, the whiche when she had recovered, not knowyng what was become of Pedro her manne, she deemed that bothe he and all the rest had been drouned, for that she sawe no bodie uppon the shore but herself. Wherefore, when she had a while made greate lamentations, complainyng her mishappes, she beganne in the ende to comforte herself with the hope that she had to see her Appolonius, and found suche meanes that she brake open the chest that brought her to lande, wherin she found good store of coine, and sondrie sutes of apparell that were the captaines. And now, to prevent a nomber of injuries that might bee proffered to a woman that was lefte in her case, she determined to leave her owne apparell, and to sort herself into some of those sutes, that, beyng taken for a man, she might passe through the countrie in the better safetie: and, as she changed her apparell, she thought it likewise convenient to change her name; wherefore, not readily happenyng of any other, she called herself Silvio, by the name of her owne brother, whom you have heard spoken of before. In this maner she travailed to Constantinople, where she inquired out the palace of the Duke Apolonius; and thinking herself now to be bothe fitte and able to plaie the servyngman, she

presented herself to the Duke, cravyng his service. The Duke, verie willyng to give succour unto strangers, perceivyng him to bee a proper smogue yong man, gave hym entertainment. Silla thought herself now more then satisfied for all the casualties that had happened unto her in her journey, that she might at her pleasure take but the vew of the Duke Apolonius, and above the reste of his servantes was verie diligent and attendaunt uppon hym; the whiche the Duke percevyng, beganne likewise to growe into good likyng with the diligence of his man, and therefore made hym one of his chamber: who but Silvio then was moste neare aboute hym, in helpyng of hym to make hym readie in a mornyng, in the settyng of his ruffes, in the keepyng of his chamber? Silvio pleased his maister so well, that above all the reste of his servantes aboute hym he had the greatest credite, and the Duke put him moste in trust. At this verie instaunt there was remainyng in the citie a noble Dame, a widowe, whose housebande was but lately deceased, one of the noblest men that were in the partes of Grecia, who left his lady and wife large possessions and greate livinges. This ladies name was called Julina, who, besides the aboundance of her wealth and the greatnesse of her revenues, had likewise the soveraigntie of all the dames of Constantinople for her beautie. To this Ladie Julina Apolonius became an earnest suter; and, accordyng to the maner of woers, besides faire woordes, sorrowfull sighes, and piteous countenaunces, there must bee sendyng of lovyng letters, chaines, bracelettes, brouches, rynges, tablets, gemmes, juels, and presentes, I knowe not what. So my Duke, who in the tyme that he remained in the Ile of Cypres had no skill at all in the arte of love, although it were more then half proffered unto hym, was now become a scholler in love's schoole, and had alreadie learned his first lesson; that is, to speake pitifully, to looke ruthfully, to promise largely, to serve diligently, and to please carefully: now he was learnyng his seconde lesson; that is, to reward liberally, to give bountifully, to present willyngly, and to write lovyngly. Thus Apolonius was so busied in his newe studie, that I warrant you there was no man that could chalenge hym for plaiyng the truant, he followed his profession with so good a will: and who must bee the messenger to carrie the tokens and love letters to the Ladie Julina, but Silvio, his manne: in hym the Duke reposed his onely confidence to goe betweene hym and his ladie. Now, gentilwomen, doe you thinke there could have been a greater torment devised, wherewith to afflicte the harte of Silla, then herself to bee made the instrumente to woorke her owne mishapp, and to plaie the atturney in a cause that made so muche againste herself? But Silla, altogether desirous to please her maister, cared nothyng at all to offende herself, followed his businesse with so good a will, as if it had been in her owne preferment. Julina, now havyng many tymes taken the gaze of this yong youth, Silvio, perceivyng hym to bee of suche excellente perfecte grace, was so intangeled with the often sight of this sweete temptation, that she fell into as greate a likyng with the man as the maister was with herself; and on a tyme, Silvio beyng sent from his maister with a message to the Ladie Julina, as he beganne very earnestly to solicit in his maister's behalfe, Julina, interruptyng hym in his tale, saied: Silvio, it is enough that you have saied for your maister; from henceforthe, either speake for yourself, or saie nothyng at all. Silla, abashed to heare these wordes, began in her minde to accuse the blindnesse of Love, that Julina, neglectyng the good will of so noble a Duke, would preferre her love unto suche a one, as nature itself had denaied to recompense her likyng. And now, for a tyme leavyng matters dependyng as you have heard, it fell out that the right Silvio indeede, whom you have heard spoken of before, the brother of Silla, was come to his father's courte into the Ile of Cypres; where, understanding that his sister was departed in maner as you have heard, conjectured that the very occasion did proceade of some liking had betwene Pedro her man, that

was missyng with her, and herself: but Silvio, who loved his sister as dearly as his owne life, and the rather for that, as she was his naturall sister, bothe by father and mother, so the one of theim was so like the other in countenaunce and favour, that there was no man able to descerne the one from the other by their faces, savyng by their aparell, the one beyng a man, the other a woman. Silvio, therefore, vowed to his father, not onely to seeke out his sister Silla, but also to revenge the villanie whiche he conceived in Pedro for the carriyng awaie of his sister; and thus departyng, havyng travailed through many cities and tounes, without hearyng any maner of newes of those he wente to seeke for, at the laste he arrived at Constantinople, where as he was walkyng in an evenyng for his owne recreation, on a pleasaunte greene yarde, without the walles of the citie, he fortuned to meete with the Ladie Julina, who likewise had been abroad to take the aire; and as she sodainly caste her eyes uppon Silvio, thinkyng hym to bee her olde acquaintaunce, by reason thei were so like one another, as you have heard before, saied unto hym, Sir Silvio, if your haste be not the greater, I praie you, let me have a little talke with you, seyng I have so luckely mette you in this place. Silvio, wonderyng to heare hymself so rightlie named, beyng but a straunger, not of above twoo daies continuance in the citie, verie courteouslie came towardes her, desirous to heare what she would saie. Julina, commaunding her traine somthyng to stande backe, saied as followeth: Seyng my good will and frendly love hath been the onely cause to make me so prodigall to offer that I see is so lightly rejected, it maketh me to thinke that men bee of this condition, rather to desire those thynges whiche thei can not come by, then to esteeme or value of that whiche bothe largely and liberallie is offered unto theim: but if the liberalitie of my proffer hath made to seme lesse the value of the thing that I ment to present, it is but in your owne conceipt, consideryng how many noble men there hath been here before, and be yet at this present, whiche hath bothe served, sued, and moste humbly intreated, to attaine to that, whiche to you of myself I have freely offred, and I perceive is despised, or at the least verie lightly regarded. Silvio, wonderyng at these woordes, but more amazed that she could so rightlie call hym by his name, could not tell what to make of her speeches, assuryng hymself that she was deceived and did mistake hym, did thinke, notwithstandyng, it had been a poincte of greate simplicitie, if he should forsake that whiche Fortune had so favourably proffered unto hym, perceivyng by her traine that she was some ladie of greate honour, and vewyng the perfection of her beautie and the excellencie of her grace and countenaunce, did thinke it unpossible that she should be despised, and therefore aunswered thus:—Madame, if before this tyme I have seemed to forgett myself, in neglectyng your courtesie whiche so liberally you have ment unto me, please it you to pardon what is paste, and from this daie forewardes, Silvio remaineth readie preste to make suche reasonable amendes as his abilitie may any waies permit, or as it shall please you to commaunde. Julina, the gladdest woman that might bee to heare these joyfull newes, saied: Then, my Silvio, see you faile not to morrowe at night to suppe with me at my owne house, where I will discourse farther with you what amendes you shall make me; to whiche request Silvio gave his glad consente, and thus thei departed, verie well pleased. And as Julina did thinke the tyme verie long till she had reapte the fruite of her desire, so Silvio he wishte for harvest before corne could growe, thinkyng the tyme as long till he sawe how matters would fall out; but, not knowyng what ladie she might bee, he presently, before Julina was out of sight, demaunded of one that was walkyng by, what she was, and how she was called? who satisfied Silvio in every poincte, and also in what parte of the toune her house did stande, whereby he might enquire it out. Silvio, thus departing to his lodging, passed the night with verie unquiet sleapes, and the nexte mornyng his mynde ran

so muche of his supper, that he never eared neither for his breakfast nor dinner; and the daie, to his seemyng, passed awaie so slowlie, that he had thought the statelie steedes had been tired that drawe the chariot of the sunne, or els some other Josua had commaunded them againe to stande, and wished that Phaeton had been there with a whippe. Julina, on the other side, she had thought the cloeke-setter had plaied the knave, the daie eame no faster forewardes: but sixe a cloeke beeyng once stroken, recovered comforte to bothe parties; and Silvio, hastenyng hymself to the pallace of Julina, wherby her he was frendly welcomed, and a sumpteous supper beeyng made readie, furnished with sondrie sortes of delieate dishes, thei satte them doune, passyng the supper tyme with amorous lokes, lovyng countenaunees, and secret glaunees eonveighed from the one to the other, whiche did better satisfie them then the feedyng of their daintie dishes. Supper tyme beeyng thus spent, Julina did thinke it verie unfitly if she should tourne Silvio to goe seeke his lodgyng in an evenyng, desired hym therefore that he would take a bedde in her house for that night; and, bringyng hym up into a faire ehamber that was verie richely furnished, she founde suche meanes, that, when all the reste of her houshold servauntes were a bedde and quiet, she eame herself to beare Silvio companie, where, concludyng uppon conditions that were in question between them, thei passed the night with suche joye and contentation as might in that convenient tyme be wished for. But onely that Julina, feedyng too muche of some one dishe above the reste, received a surfet, whereof she could not bee cured in fourtie weekes after, a naturall inclination in all women whiche are subjeete to longyng, and want the reason to use a moderation in their diet; but the mornyng approchyng, Julina tooke her leave, and conveighed herself into her owne chamber; and when it was faire daie light, Silvio, makyng hymself readie, departed likewise about his affaires in the toune, debatyng with hymself how thynges had happened, beyng well assured that Julina had mistaken him; and, therefore, for feare of further evilles, determined to come no more there, but tooke his journey towardes other places in the partes of Grecia, to see if he could learne any tidynges of his sister Silla. The Duke Apolonius, havyng made a long sute and never a whit the nerer of his purpose, came to Julina to crave her direet aunswere, either to accept of hym and of suche eonditions as he proffered unto her, or els to give hym his laste farewell. Julina, as you have heard, had taken an earnest-penie of another, whom she had thought had been Silvio, the Duke's man, was at a controversie in herself what she might doe: one while she thought, seyng her occasion served so fitt, to erave the Duke's good will for the mariyng of his manne; then againe, she could not tell what displeasure the Duke would eonceive, in that she should seeme to preferre his man before hymself, did thinke it therefore beste to conceale the matter, till she might speake with Silvio, to use his opinion how these matters should be handled: and hereupon resolvyng herself, desiryng the Duke to pardon her speeches, saied as followeth,—Sir Duke, for that from this tyme forwardes I am no longer of myself, havyng given my full power and authoritie over to another, whose wife I now remaine by faithfull vowe and promise; and albeit I knowe the worlde will wonder when thei shall understande the fondnesse of my choice, yet I trust you yourself will nothyng dislike with me, sithe I have ment no other thing then the satisfiyng of myne owne contentation and likyng. The Duke, hearyng these woordes, aunswered:—Madam, I must then content myself, although against my wil, having the lawe in your owne handes to like of whom you liste, and to make choise where it pleaseth you. Julina, givyng the Duke greate thankes, that would content himself with suche pacience, desired hym likewise to give his free consent, and good will to the partie whom she had chosen to be her housebande. Naie, surely, madam, quoth the Duke, I will never give my eonsent that any other man shall enjoye you then

myself: I have made too greate accompt of you, then so lightly to passe you awaie with my good will. But seeyng it lieth not in me to let you, havyng, as you saie, made your owne choise, so from hence forwardes I leave you to your owne likyng, alwaies willyng you well, and thus will take my leave. The Duke departed towardes his owne house, verie sorrowfull that Julina had thus served hym: but in the meane space that the Duke had remained in the house of Julina, some of his servantes fell into talke and conference with the servantes of Julina; where, debatyng betwene them of the likelihood of the mariage betweene the Duke and the ladie, one of the servantes of Julina saied that he never sawe his ladie and mistres use so good countenaunce to the Duke hymself, as she had doen to Silvio his manne; and began to report with what familiaritie and courtesie she had received hym, feasted hym, and lodged hym, and that, in his opinion, Silvio was like to speede before the Duke, or any other that were suters. This tale was quickly brought to the Duke hymself, who, makyng better inquirie into the matter, founde it to be true that was reported; and, better consideryng of the woordes whiche Julina had used towardes hymself, was verie well assured that it could bee no other then his owne manne, that had thrust his nose so farre out of joynte: wherefore, without any further respect, caused hym to be thrust into a dongeon, where he was kept prisoner in a verie pitifull plight. Poore Silvio, havyng gotte intelligence by some of his fellowes what was the cause that the Duke his maister did beare suche displeasure unto hym, devised all the meanes he could, as well by mediation by his fellowes, as otherwise by petitions and supplications to the Duke, that he would suspende his judgemente till perfecte proofe were had in the matter, and then, if any maner of thyng did fall out againste hym, wherby the Duke had cause to take any greef, he would confesse hymself worthie not onely of imprisonmente, but also of moste vile and shamefull death. With these pititions he daiely plied the Duke, but all in vaine; for the Duke thought he had made so good proofe, that he was throughlie confirmed in his opinion against his man. But the Ladie Julina, wonderyng what made Silvio that he was so slacke in his visitation, and why he absented hymself so long from her presence, beganne to thinke that all was not well; but in the ende, perceivyng no decoction of her former surfette, received as you have heard, and findyng in herself an unwonted swellyng in her beallie, assuryng herself to bee with child, fearyng to become quite banckroute of her honour, did thinke it more then tyme to seeke out a father, and made suche secret searche and diligent enquirie, that she learned the truthe how Silvio was kepte in prison by the Duke his maister; and mindyng to finde a present remedie, as well for the love she bare to Silvio, as for the maintenaunce of her credite and estimation, she speedily hasted to the pallace of the Duke, to whom she saied as followeth. Sir Duke, it maie bee that you will thinke my commyng to your house in this sorte doeth somethyng passe the limites of modestie, the whiche I protest, before God, proceadeth of this desire, that the worlde should knowe how justly I seke meanes to maintaine my honour. But to the ende I seeme not tedious with prolixitie of woordes, nor to use other then direct circumstances, knowe, sir, that the love I beare to my onely beloved Silvio, whom I doe esteeme more then all the jewelles in the worlde, whose personage I regard more then my owne life, is the onely cause of my attempted journey, beseechyng you that all the whole displeasure, whiche I understand you have conceived against hym, maie be imputed unto my charge, and that it would please you lovingly to deale with him, whom of myself I have chosen, rather for the satisfaction of mine honest likyng, than for the vaine preheminences or honourable dignities looked after by ambicious myndes. The Duke, having heard this discourse, caused Silvio presently to be sent for, and to be brought before hym, to whom he saied: Had it not been sufficient for thee, when I had reposed

myself in thy fidelitie and the trustinesse of thy service, that thou shouldest so traiterously deale with me, but since that tyme hast not spared still to abuse me with so many forgeries and perjured protestations, not onely hatefull unto me, whose simplicitie thou thinkest to bee suche, that, by the plotte of thy pleasaunt tongue, thou wouldest make me beleeve a manifest untrothe; but moste habominable bee thy doynges in the presence and sight of God, that hast not spared to blaspheme his holy name by callyng hym to bee a witnesse to maintaine thy leasynges, and so detestably wouldest forsweare thyself in a matter that is so openly knowne. Poore Silvio, whose innocencie was suche that he might lawfully sweare, seing Julina to be there in place, aunswered thus,—Moste noble Duke, well understandyng your conceived greefe, moste humbly I beseche you paciently to heare my excuse, not mindyng therby to aggravate or heape up youre wrathe and displeasure, protestyng, before God, that there is nothyng in the worlde whiche I regarde so muche, or dooe esteeme so deare, as your good grace and favour; but desirous that your grace should know my innocencie, and to cleare myself of suche impositions, wherewith I knowe I am wrongfully accused, whiche, as I understande, should be in the practisyng of the Ladie Julina, who standeth here in place, whose acquitaunce for my better discharge now I moste humbly crave, protestyng, before the Almightie God, that neither in thought, worde, nor deede, I have not otherwise used myself then accordyng to the bonde and duetie of a servante, that is bothe willyng and desirous to further his maister's sutes; which if I have otherwise saied then that is true, you, Madame Julina, who can verie well deside the depthes of all this doubte, I moste humbly beseche you to certifie a trothe, if I have in any thyng missaied, or have other wise spoken then is right and just. Julina, havyng heard this discourse whiche Silvio had made, perceivyng that he stoode in greate awe of the Duke's displeasure, aunswered thus,—Thinke not, my Silvio, that my commyng hither is to accuse you of any misdemeanour towardes your maister, so I dooe not denaie but in all suche imbassages wherein towardes me you have been imployed, you have used the office of a faithfull and trustie messenger, neither am I ashamed to confesse, that the first daie that mine eyes did beholde the singular behaviour, the notable curtesie, and other innumerable giftes wherewith my Silvio is endued, but that beyonde all measure my harte was so inflamed, that impossible it was for me to quenche the fervente love, or extinguishe the least parte of my conceived torment, before I had bewraied the same unto hym, and of my owne motion craved his promised faithe and loialtie of marriage; and now is the tyme to manifest the same unto the worldle whiche hath been doen before God and betwene ourselves, knowyng that it is not needefull to keepe secret that whiche is neither evill doen nor hurtfull to any persone. Therefore, as I saied before, Silvio is my housbande by plited faithe, whom I hope to obtaine without offence or displeasure of any one, trustyng that there is no manne that will so farre forget hymself as to restraine that whiche God hath left at libertie for every wight, or that will seeke by crueltie to force ladies to marrie, otherwise then accordyng to their owne likyng. Feare not then, my Silvio, to keepe your faith and promise whiche you have made unto me; and as for the reste, I doubte not thynges will so fall out as you shall have no maner of cause to complaine. Silvio, amased to heare these woordes, for that Julina by her speeche seemed to confirme that whiche he moste of all desired to bee quite of, saied: Who would have thought that a ladie of so greate honour and reputation would herself bee the embassadour of a thyng so prejuditiall and uncomely for her estate! What plighted promises be these whiche bee spoken of? altogether ignoraunt unto me, whiche if it bee otherwise then I have saied, you sacred goddes consume me straight with flashyng flames of fire. But what woordes might I use to give credite to the truthe and innocencie of my

cause? Ah, Madame Julina! I desire no other testimonie then your owne honestie and vertue, thinkyng that you will not so muche blemishe the brightnesse of your honour, knowyng that a woman is, or should be, the image of curtesie, continencie, and shamfastnesse, from the whiche so sone as she stoopeth, and leaveth the office of her duetie and modestie, besides the degraduation of her honour, she thrusteth herself into the pitte of perpetuall infamie. And as I can not thinke you would so farre forgette yourself by the refusall of a noble Duke, to dimme the light of your renowne and glorie, whiche hetherto you have maintained emongest the beste and noblest ladies, by suche a one as I knowe myself to bee, too farre unworthie your degree and callyng, so moste humbly I beseche you to confesse a trothe, whereto tendeth those vowes and promises you speake of, whiche speeches bee so obscure unto mee, as I knowe not for my life how I might understande them. Julina, somethyng nipped with these speeches, saied,—And what is the matter, that now you make so little accompte of your Julina? that, beeyng my housband in deede, have the face to denaie me, to whom thou art contracted by so many solemne othes? What! arte thou ashamed to have me to thy wife? How muche oughtest thou rather to be ashamed to breake thy promised faithe, and to have despised the holie and dreadfull name of God? but that tyme constraineth me to laye open that whiche shame rather willeth I should dissemble and keepe secret; behold me then here, Silvio, whom thou hast gotten with childe; who, if thou bee of suche honestie, as I trust for all this I shall finde, then the thyng is doen without prejudice, or any hurte to my conscience, consideryng that by the professed faithe thou diddest accoumpte me for thy wife, and I received thee for my spouse and loyall housbande, swearyng by the Almightie God that no other then you have made the conquest and triumphe of my chastitie, whereof I crave no other witnesse then yourself and mine owne conscience. I praie you, gentilwomen, was not this a foule oversight of Julina, that would so precisely sweare so greate an othe that she was gotten with childe by one that was altogether unfurnishte with implementes for suche a tourne? For God's love, take heede, and let this bee an example to you, when you be with childe, how you sweare who is the father, before you have had good proofe and knowledge of the partie; for men be so subtill and full of sleight, that, God knoweth, a woman may quickly be deceived. But now to returne to our Silvio, who, hearyng an othe sworne so devinely that he had gotten a woman with childe, was like to beleeve that it had bin true in very deede; but, remembryng his owne impediment, thought it impossible that he should committe suche an acte, and therefore, half in a chafe, he saied,—What lawe is able to restraine the foolishe indiscretion of a woman that yeeldeth herself to her owne desires? what shame is able to bridle or withdrawe her from her mynd and madnesse, or with what snaffell is it possible to holde her backe from the execution of her filthinesse? but what abhomination is this, that a ladie of suche a house should so forget the greatnesse of her estate, the aliaunce whereof she is descended, the nobilitie of her deceased housbande, and maketh no conscience to shame and slaunder herself with suche a one as I am, beyng so farre unfit and unseemely for her degree! but how horrible is it to heare the name of God so defaced, that wee make no more accompt but for the maintenaunce of our mischifes, we feare no whit at all to forsweare his holy name, as though he were not in all his dealinges mooste righteous, true, and juste, and will not onely laie open our leasinges to the worlde, but will likewise punishe the same with moste sharp and bitter scourges. Julina, not able to indure hym to proceede any farther in his sermon, was alreadie surprised with a vehement greefe, began bitterly to crie out, utteryng these speeches followyng,—Alas! is it possible that the soveraigne justice of God can abide a mischiefe so greate and cursed? why maie I not now suffer death, rather

than the infamie whiche I see to wander before myne eyes? Oh, happie, and more then right happie, had I bin, if inconstant fortune had not devised this treason, wherein I am surprised and caught! Am I thus become to be intangled with snares, and in the handes of hym, who, injoiyng the spoyles of my honour, will openly deprive me of my fame, by makyng me a common fable to al posteritie in tyme to come? Ah, traitour, and discourtious wretche! is this the recompence of the honest and firme amitie which I have borne thee? wherein have I deserved this discourtesie? by loving thee more then thou art able to deserve? Is it I, arrant theefe! is it I, uppon whom thou thinkest to worke thy mischives? doest thou think me no better worth, but that thou maiest prodigally waste my honour at thy pleasure? didest thou dare to adventure uppon me, having thy conscience wounded with so deadly a treason? Ah, unhappie, and, above all other, most unhappie! that have so charely preserved myne honour, and now am made a praie to satisfie a yong man's lust, that hath coveted nothyng but the spoyle of my chastitie and good name. Here withall her teares so gushed doune her cheekes, that she was not able to open her mouth to use any farther speeche. The Duke, who stood by all this while and heard this whole discourse, was wonderfully moved with compassion towardes Julina, knowyng that from her infancie she had ever so honourably used herself, that there was no man able to detect her of any misdemeanour, otherwise then beseemed a ladie of her estate: wherefore, beyng fully resolved that Silvio, his man, had committed this villanie against her, in a greate furie, drawyng his rapier, he saied unto Silvio:—How canst thou, arrant theefe! shewe thyself so cruell and carelesse to suche as doe thee honour? Hast thou so little regard of suche a noble ladie, as humbleth herself to suche a villaine as thou art, who, without any respecte either of her renowne or noble estate, canst be content to seeke the wracke and utter ruine of her honour? But frame thyself to make such satisfaction as she requireth, although I knowe, unworthie wretche, that thou art not able to make her the least parte of amendes, or I sweare by God that thou shalt not escape the death which I will minister to thee with my owne handes, and therefore advise thee well what thou doest. Silvio, havyng heard this sharpe sentence, fell doune on his knees before the Duke, cravyng for mercie, desiryng that he might be suffered to speake with the Ladie Julina aparte, promising to satisfie her accordyng to her owne contentation. Well, quoth the Duke, I take thy worde; and therewithall I advise thee that thou performe thy promis, or otherwise I protest, before God, I will make thee suche an example to the worlde, that all traitours shall tremble for feare how they doe seeke the dishonouryng of ladies.—But now Julina had conceived so greate greefe againste Silvio, that there was muche a-dooe to perswade her to talke with hym; but remembryng her owne case, desirous to heare what excuse he could make, in the ende she agreed, and beyng brought into a place severally by themselves, Silvio beganne with a piteous voice to saie as followeth,—I knowe not, madame, of whom I might make complaint, whether of you or of myself, or rather of Fortune, whiche hath conducted and brought us both into so greate adversitie. I see that you receive greate wrong, and I am condemned againste all right; you in perill to abide the brute of spightfull tongues, and I in daunger to loose the thing that I moste desire; and although I could alledge many reasons to prove my saiynges true, yet I referre myself to the experience and bountie of your minde. And here-withall loosing his garmentes doune to his stomacke, and shewed Julina his breasties and pretie teates, surmounting farre the whitenesse of snowe itself, saiyng: Loe, madame! behold here the partie whom you have chalenged to bee the father of your childe! See, I am a woman, the daughter of a noble Duke, who, onely for the love of him whom you have so lightly shaken off, have forsaken my father, abandoned my countreie, and, in maner as you see, am become a

servyng-man, satisfiyng myself but with the onely sight of my Apolonius; and now, Madame, if my passion were not vehement, and my tormentes without comparison, I would wish that my fained greefes might be laughed to scorne, and my desembled paines to be rewarded with floutes; but my love beyng pure, my travaile continuall, and my greefes endlesse, I trust, madame, you will not onely excuse me of crime, but also pitie my distresse, the which, I protest, I would still have kept secrete, if my fortune would so have permitted. Julina did now thinke herself to be in a worse case then ever she was before, for now she knewe not whom to chalenge to be the father of her child; wherfore, when she had told the Duke the very certaintie of the discourse which Silvio had made unto her, she departed to her owne house with suche greefe and sorrowe, that she purposed never to come out of her owne doores againe alive, to be a wonder and mocking-stocke to the worlde. But the Duke, more amased to heare this straunge discourse of Silvio, came unto him, whom when he had vewed with better consideration, perceived indeede that it was Silla, the daughter of Duke Pontus, and imbracing her in his armes, he saied,—Oh, the braunche of all vertue, and the flowre of curtesie itself! pardon me, I beseche you, of all suche discourtesies as I have ignorantlie committed towardes you, desiring you that without farther memorie of auncient greefes, you will accept of me, who is more joyfull and better contented with your presence, then if the whole worlde were at my commaundement. Where hath there ever been founde suche liberalitie in a lover, whiche havyng been trained up and nourished emongest the delicacies and banquettes of the courte, accompanied with traines of many faire and noble ladies, living in pleasure and in the middest of delightes, would so prodigallie adventure yourself, neither fearing mishapps, nor misliking to take suche paines as I knowe you have not been accustomed unto? O, liberalitie never heard of before! O, facte that can never bee sufficiently rewarded! O, true love moste pure and unfained! Here with all sendyng for the moste artificiall woorkmen, he provided for her sondrie sutes of sumpteous apparell, and the marriage daie appointed, whiche was celebrated with greate triumphe through the whole citie of Constantinople, every one prasing the noblenesse of the Duke; but so many as did behold the excellent beautie of Silla gave her the praise above all the rest of the ladies in the troupe. The matter seemed so wonderfull and straunge, that the brute was spreade throughout all the partes of Grecia, in so muche that it came to the hearyng of Silvio; who, as you have heard, remained in those partes to enquire of his sister: he, beyng the gladdest manne in the worlde, hasted to Constantinople, where, comming to his sister, he was joyfullie receved, and moste lovynglie welcomed, and entertained of the Duke his brother in lawe. After he had remained there twoo or three daies, the Duke revealed unto Silvio the whole discourse how it happened betweene his sister and the Ladie Julina, and how his sister was chalenged for gettyng a woman with childe. Silvio, blushyng with these woordes, was striken with greate remorse to make Julina amendes, understanding her to bee a noble ladie, and was lefte defamed to the worlde through his default: he therefore bewraied the whole circumstaunce to the Duke, whereof the Duke beyng verie joyfull, immediatelie repaired with Silvio to the house of Julina, whom thei founde in her chamber in greate lamentation and mournyng. To whom the Duke saied: Take courage, madam, for beholde here a gentilman that will not sticke bothe to father your child and to take you for his wife; no inferiour persone, but the sonne and heire of a noble Duke, worthie of your estate and dignitie. Julina, seyng Silvio in place, did know very well that he was the father of her childe, and was so ravished with joye, that she knewe not whether she were awake, or in some dreame. Silvio, imbracyng her in his armes, cravyng forgivenesse of all that was past, concluded with her the marriage daie, which was presently accomplished

with greate joye and contentation to all parties. And thus, Silvio havyng attained a noble wife, and Silla, his sister, her desired housband, thei passed the residue of their daies with suche delight as those that have accomplished the perfection of their felicities.

In the preceding novel, the lady Julina, the prototype of Olivia, is represented as a widow, whose husband was but lately deceased, and it is worthy of remark that in the earliest notice of the comedy, which bears date in the year 1602, Olivia is also mentioned as a widow, instead of a sister mourning for her brother; a circumstance which gives some kind of sanction to a conjecture that the play was altered by Shakespeare after its first production on the stage. The following exceedingly curious notice of the representation of Twelfth Night at the celebration of the Readers' Feast at the Middle Temple early in 1602, is preserved in MS. Harl. 5353, in an original diary written by one John Manningham, whose name occurs in the book of admissions to the Middle Temple under the date of 1597, and who witnessed the performance of the comedy,—"1601 (that is 1601-2), Feb. 2. At our feast, wee had a play called Twelve Night, or What you Will. Much like the Comedy of Errors, or Menechmi in Plautus; but most like and neere to that in Italian called Inganni. A good practise in it to make the Steward beleeve his lady widdowe was in love with him, by counterfayting a letter as from his lady in generall terms, telling him what shee liked best in him, and prescribing his gesture in smiling, his apparraile, &c., and then when he came to practise making him beleeve they tooke him to be mad, &c." It clearly appears, from this important notice, that the play of Twelfth Night was written at least as early as 1601, and as it is not mentioned by Meres in 1598, the period of its composition may be considered to be ascertained as within the years 1599, 1600, or 1601. This opinion may be perhaps thought to be confirmed by the presumed allusion, in the third act, to a map introduced in the English translation of Linschoten's Voyages, 1598. It may also be mentioned that some writers have been of opinion there is a reference to this play in Ben Jonson's Every Man out of his Humour, at the end of the third act, where he makes Mitis say,—"That the argument of his comedy might have been of some other nature, as of a duke to be in love with a countess, and that countess to be in love with the duke's son, and the son to love the lady's waiting-maid: *some such cross wooing, with a clown to their serving-man*, better than be thus near and familiarly allied to the time." Every Man out of his Humour was first

Notices of the 'Wits Treasury' of Meres, and other works, from the original Registers of the Company of Stationers.

1595. 37 Eliz. 38.

14 Nov.

Edw. White — Entred for his copie under the hande of both the wardens a ballad shewing the strange qualities of a young nagge called Morocco — vjd

1598 Anno 40mo Rie

vij° September

Outhberte Burbye — Entred for his copie under the wardens hands and mr Harsnell a booke called Wytts Treasurye. beinge the second parte of Witts Commonwealth — vjd

Eleazar Edgar — 3. January (1599) Entred for his copye under the hande of the wardens. A booke called Amours by J. D. wth certain oyr sonnets by W. S. — vjd

Tho Pyssher — (1600) 8. octobr Entred for his copie under the hande of mr Rodes and the wardens. A booke called A mydsomer nights dreame — vjd

1608. 6to. Regis Jacobi
2do. die maij

mr Pavyer — Entered for his copie under the hande of mr Wilson & mr Warden Seton A booke called A yorkshire Tragedy written by William Shakesperen — vjd

Ashbee & Dangerfield, Fac-sim.
22 Bedford Street Covent Garden.

To face p. 24.

acted in the year 1599, and the above passage is found in the earliest printed edition of the play, which appeared in 1600, so that if there really be an allusion to Twelfth Night, the latter comedy must have been in existence in 1599, or, at the latest, in 1600; but the plot so humorously described by Jonson does not correspond with that in Shakespeare, and the opinion that there is a reference to the present comedy seems to rest on very uncertain evidence.

The remark made by Manningham that Twelfth Night was "much like the Comedy of Errors, or Menechmi in Plautus, but most like and neere to that in Italian called *Inganni*," is not necessarily the result of any real knowledge of the subject obtained from a diligent examination or comparison of the pieces here named, but may rather be considered a casual observation such as the writer of a diary, which was formed for private use, might be expected to record, expressing merely his impressions of what were the plots in other works most nearly resembling the story of the comedy the representation of which he had just witnessed. The play of Twelfth Night unquestionably bears a very slight resemblance either to the Comedy of Errors, or to the Menæchmi of Plautus, nor are the similarities to be traced in the Italian comedy of much greater importance. There are three early Italian plays bearing the title of Inganni, one by Nicolo Secchi, published at Milan in the year 1562, and frequently reprinted; a second by Curzio Gonzaga, 1592; and a third by Cornacchini, published at Venice in 1604, this last bearing no similarity whatever to Shakespeare's play, and is here also dismissed from consideration as having appeared after the production of Twelfth Night. The degree of value to be attached to Secchi's play in the present enquiry will appear from the following Argument, prefixed to the Italian editions, which is here given as translated by Collier,—"Anselmo, a Genoese merchant who traded to the Levant, having left his wife in Genoa great with child, had two children by her, one a boy called Fortunato, and the other a girl named Gineura. After he had borne for four years the desire of seeing his wife and family, he returned home to them, and wishing to depart again, he took them with him; and when they were embarked on board the vessel, he dressed them both in short clothes for greater convenience, so that the girl looked like a boy. And on the voyage to Soria he was taken by corsairs, and carried into Natolia, where he remained in slavery for fourteen years. His

children had a different fortune ; for the boy was several times sold, but finally here in this city, which, on this occasion, shall be Naples ; and he now serves Dorotea, a courtesan, who lives there at that little door. The mother and Gineura, after various accidents, were bought by M. Massimo Caraccioli, who lives where you see this door ; but by the advice of the mother, who has been dead six years, Gineura has changed her name and caused herself to be called Ruberto ; and, as her mother while living persuaded her, always gave herself out to be a boy, thinking in this way that she should be better able to preserve her chastity. Fortunato and Ruberto, by the information of their mother, know themselves to be brother and sister. M. Massimo has a son, whom they call Gostanzo, and a daughter named Portia. Gostanza is in love with Dorotea, the courtesan to whom Fortunato is servant. Portia, his sister, is in love with Ruberto, notwithstanding she is a girl, because she has always been thought a man. Ruberto, the girl, not knowing how to satisfy the desires of Portia, who constantly importunes her, has sometimes at night conveyed her brother into the house in her place : he has got Portia with child, and she is now every hour expecting to be brought to bed. On the other hand, Ruberto, as a girl and in love with her young master Gostanzo, has double suffering—one from the passion which torments her, and the other from the fear lest the pregnancy of Portia should be discovered. Massimo, the father of Portia and Gostanzo, is aware of the condition of his daughter, and has sent to Genoa to inquire into the parentage of Ruberto, in order that if he find him ignoble, and unworthy to be the husband of his daughter, whom he believes to be with child by him, he may have him killed. But, by what I have heard, the father of the twins, who has escaped from the hands of the Turks, ought this day to be returned with the messenger, and I think that every thing will be accommodated." There is little in the dialogue in this play that bears even a remote resemblance to any passages in Twelfth Night, if perhaps there be excepted the complaint of Ruberto, the servant of Portia, who observes, "this false lying habit that I wear makes me desperate," and a few other trifling coincidences of a similar description. None of the names introduced are found in Shakespeare's comedy, but it is worthy of remark that the brother and sister are twins, as in Twelfth Night, and that the lady, who corresponds to Olivia, is unmarried, not a widow, as in Bandello. In Mr. Hunter's

opinion, "the two Ingannis of Secchi and Gonzaga it may seem were read by Shakespeare when he was engaged on this play. In both he found a brother and a sister, the latter clothed in man's attire, and bearing to each other so near a resemblance as to produce entertaining embarrassments, which is the pivot on which the main incidents in the serious part of the Twelfth Night turn. The name assumed by the lady in disguise in Gonzaga's play is *Cesare*, which will easily be admitted to have suggested the name *Cæsario* in Shakespeare adopted by Viola in her disguise. Beyond this, however, the resemblance is not striking." The same writer was the first to draw attention to another Italian play, bearing a greater similarity to Shakespeare's in its plot, the Ingannati of the Intronati di Siena, preceded by the Comedia del Sacrificio, under which title it is generally known. This production appeared in print as early as 1537, and was several times republished. The action of this play is thus described by Mr. Hunter,—"Fabritio and Lelia, a brother and sister, are separated at the sack of Rome, in 1527. Lelia is carried to Modena, where resides Flaminio, to whom she had formerly been attached. Lelia disguises herself as a boy, and enters his service. Flaminio had forgotten Lelia, and was a suitor to Isabella, a Modenese lady. Lelia, in her male attire, is employed in love-embassies from Flaminio to Isabella. Isabella is insensible to the importunities of Flaminio, but conceives a violent passion for Lelia, mistaking her for a man. In the third act Fabritio arrives at Modena, when mistakes arise owing to the close resemblance there is between Fabritio and his sister in her male attire. Ultimately recognitions take place: the affections of Isabella are easily transferred from Lelia to Fabritio, and Flaminio takes to his bosom the affectionate and faithful Lelia. Now change but the names, and we have here the serious part of Twelfth Night. Substitute Orsino for Flaminio, Olivia for Isabella, Viola for Lelia, and Sebastian for Fabritio, and the preceding analysis would nearly serve for Shakespeare's play. We have in the Italian play a subordinate character, named Pasquella, to whom Maria corresponds; and in the subordinate incidents we find Fabritio mistaken in the street for Lelia, by the servant of Isabella, who takes him to her mistress's house, exactly as Sebastian is taken for Viola, and led to the house of Olivia. The name of Fabian given by Shakespeare to one of his characters was probably suggested to him by the name of Fabio, which Lelia in the Italian play

assumed in her disguise." Yet are these circumstances more curious than important, for Shakespeare is not indebted for a single passage to this comedy, the similarity of which to Twelfth Night exclusively consists in some of the situations in the serious action of the story.

Twelfth Night, the perfection of English comedy, and the most fascinating drama in the language, could not have failed in success as an acting play, and there is sufficient evidence to show that it was appreciated at an early period as one of the author's most popular creations. There is not only the testimony of Manningham in its favor, when it was performed before the students of the Middle Temple in 1602, but Leonard Digges, in the verses describing the most attractive of Shakespeare's acting dramas, expressly alludes to the estimation in which the character of Malvolio was held by the frequenters of the theatre,—

> The cock-pit, galleries, boxes, all are full,
> To hear Malvolio, that cross-garter'd gull.

Nor was Twelfth Night held in less esteem by the sovereign and the court. It was performed before James I. long after there had ceased to be any attraction from its novelty, as appears from the following entry in a MS. preserved at the Audit Office, —"To John Heminges, &c., upon a warrant dated 20 April, 1618, for presenting two severall playes before his Majesty, on Easter Monday, Twelfte Night, the play soe called, and on Easter Tuesday, the Winter's Tale, xx. *li.*" A few years afterwards, it seems to have been acted under the title of Malvolio, —"At Candlemas, Malvolio was acted at court by the King's servants," Herbert's Diary, 1622-3. Twelfth Night was also occasionally acted after the Restoration of Charles II. Pepys, who witnessed its performance on Twelfth-night, 1662-3, is one of the few dissentients to the merits of the comedy,—"To the Duke's House, and there saw Twelfth Night acted well, though it be but a silly play, and not relating at all to the name or day." Charles Burnaby, in the preface to his comedy entitled, Love Betray'd, or the Agreeable Disapointment, 4to. Lond. 1703, asserts that he has taken part of the tale, and about fifty lines, from Shakespeare's Twelfth Night. These obligations are so trifling, Burnaby's comedy can scarcely be admitted into the list of Shakesperian alterations, but it is curious as an evidence of the liberty permitted in those days to be taken with the works of the great dramatist. The author, in his preface, says,—"part

of the tale of this play I took from Shakespear, and about fifty of the lines; those that are his I have mark'd with inverted commas, to distinguish 'em from what are mine. I endeavour'd, where I had occasion to introduce any of 'em, to make 'em look as little like strangers as possible, but am affraid, tho' a military critick did me the honour to say I had plunder'd all from Shakespear, that they wou'd easily be known without my note of distinction." This comedy is one of slight merit, and exhibits nothing of the spirit of Shakespeare.

The title of the present comedy bears no relation to the subject of it, and the second name seems to imply that the audience or readers were at liberty to use their own judgement in attaching an appellation to it, unless it be presumed that it was originally produced on Twelfth Night, and that the author adopted the name from that festival, adding an implication that any other would be as appropriate. On the supposition that Shakespeare, in the construction of the fable of the comedy, had recourse to Gl' Ingannati, Mr. Hunter is of opinion that the title might have been suggested by the following passage in the prologue or preface of the Italian play,—"The story is new, never seen nor read, and only dipped for and taken out of their own industrious noddles as your prize-tickets are dipped for and taken out on Twelfth Night, by which it appears to you that the Intronati might have answered you so much upon this part of the declaration, and you had said that they had so bad a tongue." The second title of the comedy, What you Will, was taken by Marston as the single name for one of his dramas, first published in 1607, and entered on the Stationers' Registers on August 6th in that year as "a comedie called What you Will." In Tatham's Ostella, or the Faction of Love and Beauty, 1650, mention is made of a play called the Whisperer, or What you Please, which is an instance of a double title formed on the plan of that of Twelfth Night.

The genius displayed in the works of Shakespeare is of so transcendent a character, an editor is placed at this disadvantage, that, in the progress of his labours, the consideration of each successive drama unfolds so much of wonderful art, the tendency of his criticism is liable on each occasion to be influenced unduly in the estimate of the one under consideration, impressed by those newly discovered excellencies which ever attend a diligent study of a Shakesperian drama; but making every allowance for an enthusiasm resulting from a recent ex-

amination of the beauties of the following play, it may fairly be estimated as the chief monument of the author's genius for comedy, and the most perfect composition of the kind in the English or in any other language. In this, as in some other plays, Shakespeare exhibits the wonderful power of his dramatic art by reconciling the introduction of the most fascinating poetry with the action of characters whose discourse is replete with buffoonery ; so that, when the curtain falls, our admiration is divided between the serious and comic portions of the drama. The pathetic eloquence and enchanting graces of Viola are familiar to the most casual reader ; but it may be doubted whether the character of Malvolio has been correctly appreciated, whether, indeed, the poet did not in him intend to figure the lamentable consequences of extreme personal vanity in a person of really natural sound sense, not merely a vain, sententious fool, as he is too often represented on the stage. Sir Toby Belch is a genuine English humourist of the old school, and his butt, Sir Andrew Ague-cheek, is, perhaps, still more richly comic, always enjoying a joke, and never understanding it. The Clown, to a certain extent, is philosophical ; and some of the critics imagine even an æsthetic meaning in every line of the quaint little song which concludes the comedy.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Orsino, *Duke of Illyria.*

Sebastian, *a young Gentleman, Brother to Viola.*

Antonio, *a Sea Captain, Friend to Sebastian.*

A Sea Captain, *Friend to Viola.*

Valentine, Curio, } *Gentlemen attending on the Duke.*

Sir Toby Belch, *Uncle of Olivia.*

Sir Andrew Ague-cheek.

Malvolio, *Steward to Olivia.*

Fabian, Clown, } *Servants to Olivia.*

Olivia, *a rich Countess.*

Viola, *in love with the Duke.*

Maria, *Olivia's Woman.*

Lords, Priests, Sailors, Officers, Musicians, and other Attendants.

SCENE,—A City in Illyria; and the Sea-coast near it.

Act the First.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in the* Duke's *Palace.*

Enter Duke, Curio, Lords; *Musicians attending.*

Duke. If music be the food of love,[1] play on;
Give me excess of it; that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.—
That strain again;—it had a dying fall:
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound,[2]
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour.[3]—Enough; no more;
'Tis not so sweet now, as it was before.
O spirit of love, how quick and fresh art thou!
That, notwithstanding thy capacity,
Receiveth as the sea; nought enters there,
Of what validity and pitch soe'er,[4]
But falls into abatement and low price,
Even in a minute! So full of shapes is fancy,
That it alone is high fantastical.[5]

Cur. Will you go hunt, my lord?

Duke. What, Curio?

Cur. The hart.

Duke. Why, so I do, the noblest that I have:
O, when mine eyes did see Olivia first,

Methought, she purg'd the air of pestilence;
That instant was I turn'd into a hart;
And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,[6]
E'er since pursue me.—How now? what news from her?

Enter VALENTINE.

Val. So please my lord, I might not be admitted,
But from her handmaid do return this answer:
The element itself, till seven years' heat,[7]
Shall not behold her face at ample view:
But, like a cloistress, she will veiled walk,
And water once a day her chamber round
With eye-offending brine: all this, to season
A brother's dead love, which she would keep fresh,
And lasting, in her sad remembrance.

Duke. O, she, that hath a heart of that fine frame,
To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
How will she love, when the rich golden shaft,
Hath kill'd the flock of all affections else
That live in her! when liver, brain, and heart,
These sovereign thrones, are all supplied, and fill'd,
(Her sweet perfections,)[8] with one self king![9]—
Away before me to sweet beds of flowers;
Love-thoughts lie rich, when canopied with bowers. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Sea-coast.*

Enter VIOLA, Captain, *and* Sailors.

Vio. What country, friends, is this?
Cap. This is Illyria, lady.
Vio. And what should I do in Illyria?
My brother he is in Elysium.
Perchance, he is not drown'd:—What think you, sailors?
Cap. It is perchance, that you yourself were saved.
Vio. O my poor brother! and so, perchance, may he be.
Cap. True, madam: and, to comfort you with chance,
Assure yourself, after our ship did split,
When you, and those poor number saved with you,
Hung on our driving boat, I saw your brother,

Most provident in peril, bind himself
(Courage and hope both teaching him the practice)
To a strong mast, that lived upon the sea;
Where, like Arion on the dolphin's back,[10]
I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves,
So long as I could see.

Vio. For saying so, there 's gold:
Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope,
Whereto thy speech serves for authority,
The like of him. Know'st thou this country?

Cap. Ay, madam, well; for I was bred and born,
Not three hours' travel from this very place.

Vio. Who governs here?

Cap. A noble duke, in nature, as in name.

Vio. What is his name?

Cap. Orsino.

Vio. Orsino! I have heard my father name him:
He was a bachelor then.

Cap. And so is now,
Or was so very late: for but a month
Ago I went from hence; and then 'twas fresh
In murmur, (as, you know, what great ones do,
The less will prattle of,) that he did seek
The love of fair Olivia.

Vio. What 's she?

Cap. A virtuous maid, the daughter of a count
That died some twelvemonth since; then leaving her
In the protection of his son, her brother,
Who shortly also died; for whose dear love,
They say, she hath abjur'd the sight
And company of men.[11]

Vio. O, that I serv'd that lady:
And might not be deliver'd to the world,[12]
Till I had made mine own occasion mellow,
What my estate is.

Cap. That were hard to compass;
Because she will admit no kind of suit,
No, not the duke's.

Vio. There is a fair behaviour in thee, captain;
And though that nature with a beauteous wall
Doth oft close in pollution, yet of thee

I will believe, thou hast a mind that suits
With this thy fair and outward character.
I pray thee, and I 'll pay thee bounteously,
Conceal me what I am; and be my aid
For such disguise as, haply, shall become
The form of my intent. I 'll serve this duke:
Thou shalt present me as an eunuch to him,
It may be worth thy pains; for I can sing,
And speak to him in many sorts of music,
That will allow me very worth his service.
What else may hap, to time I will commit;
Only shape thou thy silence to my wit.

Cap. Be you his eunuch, and your mute I 'll be;
When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see!

Vio. I thank thee: Lead me on. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in* Olivia's *House.*

Enter Sir Toby Belch, *and* Maria.

Sir To. What a plague means my niece, to take the death of her brother thus? I am sure, care's an enemy to life.

Mar. By my troth, sir Toby, you must come in earlier o' nights; your cousin, my lady, takes great exceptions to your ill hours.

Sir To. Why, let her except before excepted.[13]

Mar. Ay, but you must confine yourself within the modest limits of order.

Sir To. Confine? I 'll confine myself no finer than I am: these clothes are good enough to drink in, and so be these boots too; an they be not, let them hang themselves in their own straps.

Mar. That quaffing and drinking will undo you: I heard my lady talk of it yesterday; and of a foolish knight, that you brought in one night here, to be her wooer.

Sir To. Who? Sir Andrew Ague-cheek?

Mar. Ay, he.

Sir To He's as tall a man as any 's in Illyria.

Mar. What 's that to the purpose?

Sir To. Why, he has three thousand ducats a year.

Mar. Ay, but he 'll have but a year in all these ducats; he 's a very fool, and a prodigal.

Sir To. Fye, that you 'll say so! he plays o' the viol-de-gamboys,[14] and speaks three or four languages word for word without book, and hath all the good gifts of nature.

Mar. He hath indeed,—almost natural:[15] for, besides that he 's a fool, he 's a great quarreller; and, but that he hath the gift of a coward to allay the gust he hath in quarrelling, 'tis thought among the prudent, he would quickly have the gift of a grave.

Sir To. By this hand, they are scoundrels, and substractors, that say so of him. Who are they?

Mar. They that add, moreover, he 's drunk nightly in your company.

Sir To. With drinking healths to my niece; I 'll drink to her, as long as there is a passage in my throat, and drink in Illyria: He 's a coward, and a coystril, that will not drink to my niece, till his brains turn o' the toe like a parish-top.[16] What, wench? Castiliano vulgo;[17] for here comes Sir Andrew Ague-face.

Enter Sir ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

Sir And. Sir Toby Belch! how now, Sir Toby Belch?

Sir To. Sweet Sir Andrew?

Sir And. Bless you, fair shrew.

Mar. And you too, sir.

Sir To. Accost, Sir Andrew, accost.[18]

Sir And. What 's that?

Sir To. My niece's chamber-maid.

Sir And. Good mistress Accost, I desire better acquaintance.

Mar. My name is Mary, sir.

Sir And. Good mistress Mary Accost,——

Sir To. You mistake, knight: accost, is, front her, board[19] her, woo her, assail her.

Sir And. By my troth, I would not undertake her in this company. Is that the meaning of accost?

Mar. Fare you well, gentlemen.

Sir To. An thou let part so, Sir Andrew, 'would thou might'st never draw sword again.

Sir An. An you part so, mistress, I would I might never draw sword again. Fair lady, do you think you have fools in hand?

Mar. Sir, I have not you by the hand.

Sir An. Marry, but you shall have; and here 's my hand.

Mar. Now, sir, thought is free [20] I pray you, bring your hand to the buttery-bar,[21] and let it drink.

Sir And. Wherefore, sweet heart? what's your metaphor?

Mar. It's dry, sir.[22]

Sir And. Why, I think so; I am not such an ass, but I can keep my hand dry.[23] But what's your jest?

Mar. A dry jest, sir.

Sir And. Are you full of them?

Mar. Ay, sir; I have them at my fingers' ends; marry, now I let go your hand, I am barren. [*Exit* MARIA.

Sir To. O knight, thou lack'st a cup of canary: When did I see thee so put down?

Sir And. Never in your life, I think; unless you see canary put me down: Methinks, sometimes I have no more wit than a Christian, or an ordinary man has; but I am a great eater of beef,[24] and, I believe, that does harm to my wit.

Sir To. No question.

Sir And. An I thought that, I'd forswear it. I'll ride home to-morrow, sir Toby.

Sir To. Pourquoy, my dear knight?

Sir And. What is *pourquoy?* do or not do? I would I had bestowed that time in the tongues, that I have in fencing, dancing, and bearbaiting:[25] O, had I but followed the arts!

Sir To. Then hadst thou had an excellent head of hair.

Sir And. Why, would that have mended my hair?

Sir To. Past question; for thou seest, it will not curl by nature.

Sir And. But it becomes me well enough, does't not?

Sir To. Excellent; it hangs like flax on a distaff;[26] and I hope to see a housewife take thee between her legs, and spin it off.

Sir And. 'Faith, I'll home to-morrow, sir Toby: your niece will not be seen; or, if she be, it's four to one she'll none of me: the count himself, here hard by, woos her.

Sir To. She'll none o' the count; she'll not match above her degree, neither in estate, years, nor wit: I have heard her swear it. Tut, there's life in't, man.

Sir And. I'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow o' the strangest mind i' the world; I delight in masques and revels sometimes altogether.

Sir To. Art thou good at these kick-shaws, knight?

Sir And. As any man in Illyria, whatsoever he be, under the degree of my betters; and yet I will not compare with an old man.[27]

Sir To. What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?

Sir And. 'Faith, I can cut a caper.

Sir To. And I can cut the mutton to 't.

Sir And. And, I think, I have the back-trick, simply as strong as any man in Illyria.

Sir To. Wherefore are these things hid? wherefore have these gifts a curtain before them? are they like to take dust, like mistress Mall's picture?[28] why dost thou not go to church in a galliard, and come home in a coranto? My very walk should be a jig; I would not so much as make water, but in a sink-a-pace.[29] What dost thou mean? is it a world to hide virtues in? I did think, by the excellent constitution of thy leg, it was formed under the star of a galliard.

Sir And. Ay, 'tis strong, and it does indifferent well in a flame-coloured stock.[30] Shall we set about some revels?

Sir To. What shall we do else? were we not born under Taurus?

Sir And. Taurus? that's sides and heart.

Sir To. No, sir; it is legs and thighs. Let me see thee caper: ha! higher: ha, ha!—excellent! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Room in the* Duke's *Palace.*

Enter VALENTINE, *and* VIOLA *in man's attire.*

Val. If the duke continue these favours towards you, Cesario, you are like to be much advanced; he hath known you but three days, and already you are no stranger.

Vio. You either fear his humour, or my negligence, that you call in question the continuance of his love: Is he inconstant, sir, in his favours?

Val. No, believe me.

Enter DUKE, CURIO, *and Attendants.*

Vio. I thank you. Here comes the count.

Duke. Who saw Cesario, ho?

Vio. On your attendance, my lord; here.
Duke. Stand you awhile aloof.—Cesario,
Thou know'st no less but all; I have unclasp'd
To thee the book even of my secret soul:
Therefore, good youth, address thy gait unto her;
Be not deny'd access, stand at her doors,
And tell them, there thy fixed foot shall grow,
Till thou have audience.
Vio. Sure, my noble lord,
If she be so abandon'd to her sorrow
As it is spoke, she never will admit me.
Duke. Be clamorous, and leap all civil bounds,
Rather than make unprofited return.
Vio. Say, I do speak with her, my lord: What then?
Duke. O, then unfold the passion of my love,
Surprise her with discourse of my dear faith:
It shall become thee well to act my woes;
She will attend it better in thy youth,
Than in a nuncio of more grave aspect.
Vio. I think not so, my lord.
Duke. Dear lad, believe it;
For they shall yet belie thy happy years,
That say, thou art a man: Diana's lip
Is not more smooth, and rubious; thy small pipe
Is as the maiden's organ, shrill, and sound,
And all is semblative a woman's part.
I know, thy constellation is right apt
For this affair:—Some four, or five, attend him;
All, if you will; for I myself am best,
When least in company:—Prosper well in this,
And thou shalt live as freely as thy lord,
To call his fortunes thine.
Vio. I'll do my best,
To woo your lady: yet, [*Aside.*] a barful strife![31]
Whoe'er I woo, myself would be his wife. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*A Room in* Olivia's *House.*

Enter MARIA, *and* Clown.

Mar. Nay, either tell me where thou hast been, or I will not open my lips, so wide as a bristle may enter, in way of thy excuse: my lady will hang thee for thy absence.

Clo. Let her hang me: he, that is well hanged in this world, needs to fear no colours.

Mar. Make that good.

Clo. He shall see none to fear.

Mar. A good lenten answer: I can tell thee where that saying was born, of, I fear no colours.[32]

Clo. Where, good mistress Mary?

Mar. In the wars; and that may you be bold to say in your foolery.

Clo. Well, God give them wisdom, that have it; and those that are fools, let them use their talents.[33]

Mar. Yet you will be hanged for being so long absent: or, to be turned away; is not that as good as a hanging to you?

Clo. Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage; and, for turning away, let summer bear it out.[34]

Mar. You are resolute then?

Clo. Not so neither; but I am resolved on two points.

Mar. That, if one break,[35] the other will hold; or, if both break, your gaskins fall.[36]

Clo. Apt, in good faith; very apt! Well, go thy way; if Sir Toby would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of Eve's flesh as any in Illyria.

Mar. Peace, you rogue, no more o' that; here comes my lady; make your excuse wisely, you were best. [*Exit.*

Enter OLIVIA, *and* MALVOLIO.

Clo. Wit, and 't be thy will, put me into good fooling! Those wits, that think they have thee, do very oft prove fools; and I, that am sure I lack thee, may pass for a wise man; For what says Quinapalus? Better a witty fool, than a foolish wit.[37] —God bless thee, lady!

Oli. Take the fool away.

Clo. Do you not hear, fellows? Take away the lady.

Oli. Go to, you're a dry fool; I'll no more of you: besides, you grow dishonest.

Clo. Two faults, madonna,[38] that drink and good counsel will amend: for give the dry fool drink, then is the fool not dry; bid the dishonest man mend himself; if he mend, he is no longer dishonest: if he cannot, let the botcher mend him: Any thing that's mended, is but patched: virtue, that trangresses, is but patched with sin; and sin, that amends, is but patched with virtue: If that this simple syllogism will serve, so; if it will not, What remedy? As there is no true cuckold but calamity, so beauty's a flower:—the lady bade take away the fool; therefore, I say again, take her away.

Oli. Sir, I bade them take away you.

Clo. Misprision in the highest degree!—Lady, *Cucullus non facit monachum;* that's as much as to say, I wear not motley in my brain. Good madonna, give me leave to prove you a fool.

Oli. Can you do it?

Clo. Dexteriously, good madonna.[39]

Oli. Make your proof.

Clo. I must catechise you for it, madonna: Good my mouse of virtue, answer me.

Oli. Well, sir, for want of other idleness, I'll bide your proof.

Clo. Good madonna, why mourn'st thou?

Oli. Good fool, for my brother's death.

Clo. I think, his soul is in hell, madonna.

Oli. I know his soul is in heaven, fool.

Clo. The more fool you, madonna, to mourn for your brother's soul being in heaven.—Take away the fool, gentlemen.

Oli. What think you of this fool, Malvolio? doth he not mend?

Mal. Yes; and shall do, till the pangs of death shake him: Infirmity, that decays the wise, doth ever make the better fool.

Clo. God send you, sir, a speedy infirmity, for the better increasing your folly! Sir Toby will be sworn, that I am no fox; but he will not pass his word for two-pence that you are no fool.

Oli. How say you to that, Malvolio?

Mal. I marvel your ladyship takes delight in such a barren rascal; I saw him put down the other day with an ordinary fool,

that has no more brain than a stone. Look you now, he's out of his guard already; unless you laugh and minister occasion to him, he is gagged. I protest, I take these wise men, that crow so at these set kind of fools, no better than the fools' zanies.[40]

Oli. O, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and taste with a distempered appetite. To be generous, guiltless, and of free disposition, is to take those things for bird-bolts,[41] that you deem cannon-bullets: There is no slander in an allowed fool,[42] though he do nothing but rail; nor no railing in a known discreet man, though he do nothing but reprove.

Clo. Now Mercury indue thee with leasing,[43] for thou speakest well of fools!

Re-enter MARIA.

Mar. Madam, there is at the gate a young gentleman, much desires to speak with you.

Oli. From the count Orsino, is it?

Mar. I know not, madam; 'tis a fair young man, and well attended.

Oli. Who of my people hold him in delay?

Mar. Sir Toby, madam, your kinsman.

Oli. Fetch him off, I pray you; he speaks nothing but madman: Fye on him! [*Exit* MARIA.] Go you, Malvolio: if it be a suit from the count, I am sick, or not at home; what you will, to dismiss it. [*Exit* MALVOLIO.] Now you see, sir, how your fooling grows old, and people dislike it.

Clo. Thou hast spoke for us, madonna, as if thy eldest son should be a fool: whose skull Jove cram with brains, for here he comes, one of thy kin, has a most weak *pia mater*.[44]

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH.

Oli. By mine honour, half drunk.—What is he at the gate, cousin?

Sir To. A gentleman.

Oli. A gentleman? What gentleman?

Sir To. 'Tis a gentleman here[45]—A plague o' these pickle-herrings!—How now, sot?

Clo. Good Sir Toby,——

Oli. Cousin, cousin, how have you come so early by this lethargy?

Sir To. Lechery! I defy lechery: There 's one at the gate.

Oli. Ay, marry; what is he?

Sir To. Let him be the devil, an he will, I care not: give me faith, say I. Well, it 's all one. [*Exit.*

Oli. What 's a drunken man like, fool?

Clo. Like a drown'd man, a fool, and a madman: one draught above heat makes him a fool; the second mads him; and a third drowns him.

Oli. Go thou and seek the coroner, and let him sit o' my coz; for he 's in the third degree of drink, he 's drown'd: go, look after him.

Clo. He is but mad yet, madonna: and the fool shall look to the madman. [*Exit* Clown.

Re-enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. Madam, yond young fellow swears he will speak with you. I told him you were sick: he takes on him to understand so much, and therefore comes to speak with you: I told him you were asleep; he seems to have a foreknowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speak with you. What is to be said to him, lady? he 's fortified against any denial.

Oli. Tell him, he shall not speak with me.

Mal. He has been told so; and he says, he 'll stand at your door like a sheriff 's post,[46] and be the supporter to a bench, but he 'll speak with you.

Oli. What kind of man is he?

Mal. Why, of man kind.

Oli. What manner of man?

Mal. Of very ill manner; he 'll speak with you, will you, or no.

Oli. Of what personage, and years, is he?

Mal. Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; as a squash is before 'tis a peascod,[47] or a codling when 'tis almost an apple:[48] 'tis with him e'en standing water, between boy and man. He is very well-favoured, and he speaks very shrewishly; one would think, his mother's milk were scarce out of him.

Oli. Let him approach: call in my gentlewoman.

Mal. Gentlewoman, my lady calls. [*Exit.*

Re-enter MARIA.

Oli. Give me my veil: come throw it o'er my face;
We 'll once more hear Orsino's embassy.

Enter VIOLA.

Vio. The honourable lady of the house, which is she?

Oli. Speak to me; I shall answer for her. Your will?

Vio. Most radiant, exquisite, and unmatchable beauty,—I pray you, tell me, if this be the lady of the house, for I never saw her: I would be loath to cast away my speech; for, besides that it is excellently well penn'd, I have taken great pains to con it. Good beauties, let me sustain no scorn; I am very comptible,[49] even to the least sinister usage.

Oli. Whence came you, sir?

Vio. I can say little more than I have studied, and that question 's out of my part. Good gentle one, give me modest assurance, if you be the lady of the house, that I may proceed in my speech.

Oli. Are you a comedian?

Vio. No, my profound heart: and yet, by the very fangs of malice, I swear I am not that I play. Are you the lady of the house?

Oli. If I do not usurp myself, I am.

Vio. Most certain, if you are she, you do usurp yourself; for what is yours to bestow, is not yours to reserve. But this is from my commission: I will on with my speech in your praise, and then shew you the heart of my message.

Oli. Come to what is important in 't: I forgive you the praise.

Vio. Alas, I took great pains to study it, and 'tis poetical.

Oli. It is the more like to be feigned; I pray you, keep it in. I heard, you were saucy at my gates; and allowed your approach, rather to wonder at you than to hear you. If you be not mad, be gone;[50] if you have reason, be brief: 'tis not that time of moon with me,[51] to make one in so skipping a dialogue.

Mar. Will you hoist sail, sir? here lies your way.

Vio. No, good swabber; I am to hull here[52] a little longer.—Some mollification for your giant,[53] sweet lady. Tell me your mind. I am a messenger.[54]

Oli. Sure, you have some hideous matter to deliver, when the courtesy of it is so fearful. Speak your office.

Vio. It alone concerns your ear. I bring no overture of war, no taxation of homage; I hold the olive in my hand: my words are as full of peace as matter.

Oli. Yet you began rudely. What are you? what would you?

Vio. The rudeness that hath appear'd in me, have I learn'd from my entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are as secret as maidenhead: to your ears, divinity: to any other's, profanation.

Oli. Give us the place alone: we will hear this divinity. [*Exit* MARIA.] Now, sir, what is your text?

Vio. Most sweet lady,——

Oli. A comfortable doctrine, and much may be said of it. Where lies your text?

Vio. In Orsino's bosom.

Oli. In his bosom? In what chapter of his bosom?

Vio. To answer by the method, in the first of his heart.

Oli. O, I have read it; it is heresy. Have you no more to say?

Vio. Good madam, let me see your face.

Oli. Have you any commission from your lord to negociate with my face? you are now out of your text: but we will draw the curtain,[55] and shew you the picture. Look you, sir, such a one I was this present:[56] Is 't not well done? [*Unveiling.*

Vio. Excellently done, if God did all.[57]

Oli. 'Tis in grain, sir; 'twill endure wind and weather.

Vio. 'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on:
Lady, you are the cruel'st she alive,
If you will lead these graces to the grave,
And leave the world no copy.

Oli. O, sir, I will not be so hard-hearted; I will give out divers schedules of my beauty; It shall be inventoried;[58] and every particle, and utensil, labelled to my will: as, item, two lips indifferent red; item, two grey eyes, with lids to them; item, one neck, one chin, and so forth. Were you sent hither to praise me?[59]

Vio. I see what you are: you are too proud;
But, if you were the devil, you are fair.
My lord and master loves you; O, such love
Could be but recompens'd, though you were crown'd
The nonpareil of beauty![60]

Oli. How does he love me?

Vio. With adorations, fertile tears,
With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.

Oli. Your lord does know my mind, I cannot love him:
Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,

Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth;
In voices well divulg'd, free, learn'd, and valiant,
And, in dimension, and the shape of nature,
A gracious person: but yet I cannot love him;
He might have took his answer long ago.

Vio. If I did love you in my master's flame,
With such a suffering, such a deadly life,
In your denial I would find no sense,
I would not understand it.

Oli. Why, what would you?

Vio. Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
And call upon my soul within the house;
Write loyal cantons of contemned love,[61]
And sing them loud even in the dead of night;
Holla your name to the reverberate hills,[62]
And make the babbling gossip of the air
Cry out, Olivia! O you should not rest
Between the elements of air and earth,
But you should pity me.

Oli. You might do much: What is your parentage?

Vio. Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:
I am a gentleman.

Oli. Get you to your lord;
I cannot love him: let him send no more;
Unless, perchance, you come to me again,
To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well:
I thank you for your pains: spend this for me.

Vio. I am no fee'd post, lady; keep your purse;
My master, not myself, lacks recompense.
Love make his heart of flint, that you shall love;
And let your fervour, like my master's, be
Plac'd in contempt! Farewell, fair cruelty. [*Exit.*

Oli. What is your parentage?
"Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:
I am a gentleman."——I 'll be sworn thou art;
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and spirit,
Do give thee five-fold blazon:—Not too fast:—soft! soft!
Unless the master were the man.[63]—How now?
Even so quickly may one catch the plague?
Methinks, I feel this youth's perfections,
With an invisible and subtle stealth,

To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.—
What ho, Malvolio!—

Re-enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. Here, madam, at your service.

Oli. Run after that same peevish messenger,
The county's man: he left this ring behind him,
Would I, or not; tell him, I 'll none of it.
Desire him not to flatter with his lord,[64]
Nor hold him up with hopes; I am not for him:
If that the youth will come this way to-morrow,
I 'll give him reasons for 't. Hie thee, Malvolio.

Mal. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*

Oli. I do I know not what: and fear to find
Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind.[65]
Fate, shew thy force: Ourselves we do not owe;[66]
What is decreed, must be; and be this so! [*Exit.*

Notes to the First Act.

[1] *If music be the food of love, play on.*

Tru. You are so immoderately given to music; methinks it should justle love out of your thoughts.—*Belf. Jun.* Oh no! Remember Shakespear; "If musick be the food of love, play on"—There 's nothing nourishes that soft passion like it; it imps his wings, and makes him fly a higher pitch. But, prithee, tell me what news of our dear mistresses? I never yet was so sincerely in love as with my pretty hypocrite; there is a fire in those eyes that strikes like lightning: what a constant Church-man she has made of me?—*The Squire of Alsatia*, 1688.

[2] *O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound.*

Sound, eds. 1623, 1632, 1663, 1685; *scent*, MS. Dent; *wind*, Rowe; *south*, Pope. "A soft and solemn breathing *sound*—Rose like a steam of rich distill'd perfumes,—And *stole* upon the air," Milton's Masque. The Duke intends the imagery in the line in the text to refer to the *strain*, which "had a dying fall," and came o'er his ear like the sweet low hum of the summer air, without allusion to any particular quarter whence the wind may come.

Pope's reading, however, has been so generally adopted, is so poetical, and has been accepted as Shakespeare's genuine text by so many of our best writers and poets, a few quotations bearing on the alteration will not be considered out of place. "Arise, O North, and come, O South, and blow on my garden, that the spices thereof may flow out," Song of Solomon, Genevan version, ed. 1595. And as her breath is more sweete then a gentle South-west wind, which comes creeping over flowrie fieldes and shadowed waters in the extreame heate of sommer, and yet is nothing, compared to the hony flowing speach that breath doth carrie," Sydney's Arcadia. "To these, the gentle south, with kisses smooth and soft, —Doth in her bosome breathe, and seemes to court her oft," Drayton's Polyolbion.

> Her eye shall sparkle like the diamond,
> And be as pure; her kisses soft and melting
> As the South wind, but undefil'd as heaven.
>
> *Hollands Leaguer, an Excellent Comedy*, 1633.

Shakespeare, however, in several other passages, in the Tempest, Coriolanus, Troilus and Cressida, &c., speaks of the South wind as extremely deleterious. According to Borde's Regyment of Healthe, 1567, "the South wynde doth corrupt and dothe make evyl vapours." So, in Batman upon Bartholome,—"This *Southern wind* is hot and moyst. . . . . *Southern winds* corrupt and destroy; they heat and maketh men fall into sicknesse."

[3] *Stealing, and giving odour.*

Milton, in his Paradise Lost, b. iv., has very successfully introduced the same image:

—— now gentle gales,
Fanning their odoriferous wings, dispense
Native perfumes, and whisper whence they *stole*
Those balmy spoils.—*Steevens.*

Here Shakespeare makes the wind steal odour from the violet. In his 99th Sonnet, the violet is made the thief:

The forward violet thus did I chide:
Sweet thief, whence didst thou steal thy sweet that smells,
If not from my love's breath?—*Malone.*

[4] *Of what validity and pitch soever.*

By meanes whereof, one and the same star seemeth to rise in sundrie times in diverse countries, and appeareth sooner or later to some than to others: and therefore the cause depending thereupon is not in all places of like *validitie*, nor sheweth the same effects alwaies at the same times.—*Holland's Plinie.*

This counterfet gentleman being consorted with another of his owne *pitch*, a byrde of the same feather, although in times past his onely familiaritie was but with dukes, earles, lordes, and such other worthy personages.—*Greene's Newes both from Heaven and Hell*, 1593.

[5] *That it alone is high fantastical.*

High, quite, full, to the utmost extent. So *high time*, quite time. *High lone*, quite alone, Romeo and Juliet, ed. 1597. "My high repented blames," All's Well that ends Well. Warburton proposed to alter *high* to *hight*.

[6] *And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds.*

This image evidently alludes to the story of Acteon, by which Shakespeare seems to think men cautioned against too great familiarity with forbidden beauty. Acteon, who saw Diana naked, and was torn to pieces by his hounds, represents a man, who, indulging his eyes, or his imagination, with the view of a woman that he cannot gain, has his heart torn with incessant longing. An interpretation far more elegant and natural than that of Sir Francis Bacon, who, in his Wisdom of the Ancients, supposes this story to warn us against enquiring into the secrets of princes, by showing, that those who know that which for reasons of state is to be concealed, will be detected and destroyed by their own servants.—*Johnson.*

Our author had here perhaps Daniel's fifth Sonnet (Delia, 1594) in his thoughts:

Which *turn'd* my sport into a *hart's* despaire,
Which still is chac'd, while I have any breath,
By mine own thoughts, sette on me by my faire;
My thoughts, like hounds, pursue me to my death.
Those that I foster'd of mine owne accord,
Are made by her to murder thus theyr lord.

Daniel, however, was not the original proprietor of this thought. He appears to have borrowed it from Whitney's Emblems, 1586, p. 15, where it thus appears:

Actæon, heare, unhappie man, behoulde,
When in the well hee sawe Diana brighte,
With greedie lookes hee waxed over boulde,
That to a stagge hee was transformed righte;
Whereat amas'de, hee thought to runne awaie,
But straighte his howndes did rente hym for their praie.
By which is ment, that those whoe do pursue.
Theire fancies fonde, and thinges unlawfull crave,
Like brutishe beastes appeare unto the viewe,
And shall at length Actæon's guerdon have:
And as his *howndes*, so theire *affections base*
Shall *them devoure*, and all theire deedes deface.

And Whitney himself should seem to have been indebted in this instance to a passage of the Dedication to the Earl of Sussex, prefixed by William Adlington to his translation of the Golden Asse of Apuleius, 4to. 1566:—"And not only that profit ariseth to children by such fained fables, but also the vertues of men are covertly thereby commended and their vices discommended and abhorred. For by the fable of Actæon, where it is feined that when he saw Diana washing herselfe in a well, he was immediately turned into a hart, and so was slaine of his owne dogs, may be meant, that when a man casteth his eies on the vaine and soon-fading beauty of the world, consenting thereto in his minde, he seemes to be turned into a bruite beast, and so to be slaine through the inordinate desire of his own affects."—*Malone.*

[7] *Till seven years heat.*

Heat for *heated.* The air, till it shall have been warmed by seven revolutions of the sun, shall not, &c. So, in King John:—"The iron of itself, though *heat* red hot—." Again, in Macbeth: "—— And this report—Hath so *exasperate* the king—."—*Malone.* Again, in Chapman's version of the nineteenth Odyssey: "—— When the sun was set,—And darkness rose, they slept till days fire *het*—Th' enlighten'd earth."—*Steevens.* "Therefore he charged and commanded that they should heate the fornace at once seven times more then it was wont to be *heat*," Daniel, iii. 19, Genevan version, ed. 1595. Lord Chedworth proposes to alter *heat* to *hence*, and Harness thinks the term *heat* is here used in the sense of course or race.

[8] *Her sweet perfections.*

With respect to Warburton's emendation, "O sweet perfection!", instead of, "*Her* sweet *perfections*," I would observe that the *sweet perfections* here mentioned are, her affections, her judgment, and her sentiments, sufficiently denoted by the preceding mention of the liver, brain, and heart, the several seats where they are vulgarly and poetically supposed to have their respective residence; whereas Warburton's reading is less complaisant to the lady, and a little assuming in the lover, as it insinuates that the perfection of the three sovereign thrones depends upon their being filled by, and subjected to a King.—*Heath.*

That man is woman's *perfection*, her completion, is a doctrine as old as Adam: and nearly of that age is the opinion that *brain, heart, and liver*, are the seats of human affection; it 's *thrones* properly, from the dominion it exercises; that which has it's seat in the *brain*, i. e., rises from judgment, being first in degree: but when all are *fill'd*, says this passage, *with one self-same king*, when love in every

stage of it centers in one man, then is love in full sovereignty, and woman in her perfection.—*Capell.*

Steevens thus explains this passage:—"Liver, brain, and heart, are admitted in poetry as the residence of passions, judgment, and sentiments. These are what Shakespeare calls her sweet perfections." The phrase ought probably to be "her sweet *perfection*," as given by Capell. The filling of the "sovereign thrones" with "one self king" is the *perfection* of Olivia's merits,—according to the ancient doctrine that a woman was not complete till her union with a "self king."—*Knight.*

[9] *With one self king.*

Self, same. Thus the original copy. The editor of the second folio, who in many instances appears to have been equally ignorant of our author's language and metre, reads, self-*same* king; a reading which all the subsequent editors have adopted. *Self-king* means *self-same king;* one and the same king. So, in King Richard II.: "—— that *self*-mould that fashion'd thee,—Made him a man." So, in King Lear, "The stars above us govern our conditions;—Else one *self-mate* and mate could not beget—Such different issues." Again, King Henry V., "As many fresh streams run in one *self-sea*." So also, in Marlowe's Hero and Leander, 1598:—"At one *self-instant* she poor soul assaies," &c. So also, in Gascoigne's Steele Glasse, 1576:—"A pair of twinnes at one self-burden borne." —*Malone.*

It be to no purpose that you have prescribed to avoid the companie of the naughtie, seeing that (if I may say it) of one *selfe* pitch we all have a touch.—*The Civile Conversation of M. Stephen Guazzo, by Pettie*, 1586.

Same appears to me to be necessary, unless an authority can be produced for *self* being used before a substantive, and to be understood as if it were *self-same.* The meaning is that the same king (Love) would be seated on the three thrones, the liver, the brain, and the heart.—*Hunter.*

[10] *Where, like Arion on the dolphin's back.*

"Arion was an excellent player upon the harp, and a lyric poet, who growing very rich, was desirous of returning into his own country, says Phœdrus, that he might shew his great riches. Having therefore embarqued in a ship, the seamen, a faithless and inhuman sort of people, having a mind to throw him into the sea for the sake of his riches, he intreated them before they did it, that he might make his own funeral oration, and sing an elegy to his harp: after that, when he threw himself into the sea with the most precious things that he had about him; the dolphins which came swimming to the ship, being charm'd with the sweetness of his musick, saved him from drowning, and one of them carried him on his back as far as Tenara, whence he went to Periander, who being acquainted with his story caused all the seamen to be hang'd in the place, where the dolphin had set him on shore; the dolphin died immediately after, and had a monument erected to it's memory. Shirley, in his tragi-comedy, intit'led, the Imposture, humorously banters this story:—"Here's a health to the dolphin, who was in love with the fidler's boy of Thebes, who carried him cross the seas on her back a fishing, while he sung the siege of Troy to the tune of green-sleeves, and caught a whale with an angling rod," Grey's Notes on Shakespeare. The simile in the text was familiar to the poet and his audience, not merely from the Classical story, but from its frequent introduction into the masques and pageants of the day. The annexed engraving, selected by Mr. Fairholt, is a reduced copy of a folio plate in Bathazar Küchler's Repræsentatio der Fürstlichen Auffzug und Ritterspiel Herren Johann Friedrich Hertzogen zu Württenberg, 1609, and represents a musician in Roman

habit sitting on the back of a huge dolphin; the machinery for moving it being concealed in the body of the fish, and the painted cloths which represent the

waves around it. In the original plate, the name ARION is engraved above the head of the singer.

[11] *The sight and company of men.*

So in the original, but Steevens transferred the places of the words *sight* and *company*. The language of the old text is that usual in Shakespeare's time. So, just above,—"for I was *bred* and *born*," &c.

[12] *And might not be delivered to the world.*

I wish I might not be *made public* to the world, with regard to the *state* of my birth and fortune, till I have gained a *ripe opportunity* for my design. Viola seems to have formed a very deep design with very little premeditation: she is thrown by shipwreck on an unknown coast, hears that the prince is a bachelor, and resolves to supplant the lady whom he courts.—*Johnson.* In the novel on which Shakespeare founded this play, the Duke Apolonius being driven by a tempest on the isle of Cyprus, Silla, the daughter of the governor, falls in love with him, and on his departure goes in pursuit of him. All this Shakespeare knew, and probably intended in some future scene to tell, but afterwards forgot it. If this were not the case, the impropriety censured by Johnson must be accounted for from the poet's having here, as in other places, sometimes adhered to the fable he had in view, and sometimes departed from it. Viola, in a subsequent scene, plainly alludes to her having been secretly in love with the duke.—*Malone.* It would have been inconsistent with Viola's delicacy to have made an open confession of her love for the Duke to the Captain.—*Boswell.*

Viola is shipwrecked, and cast upon a coast unknown to her; and when she finds out where she is, she asks,—"And what should I do in Illyria?" She had heard her father name Orsino, but had never seen him. In her abandoned and dejected state, she longs to get into the service of a lady who—"hath abjur'd the sight and company of men," and not to be "delivered to the world" till her opportunities and her talents had enabled her to better her then forlorn condition. She is told that she cannot get an audience of this lady; and then, perforce, is obliged to seek the protection of the Duke, which she does, not as a beautiful girl in distress, but in the very disguise most calculated to prevent him from taking any personal interest in her. But the danger proves to be reversed. She loves

him deeply, hopelessly; and yet at his bidding she goes to his "sovereign cruelty," effects the entrance denied to all others, and pleads his cause with such a fervor, that it would seem she was suing for her own happiness, rather than asking for that, which, in her own words, would make her life "a blank." In her disguise she captivates the very woman whose love she has sought for another; and so far is she from rejoicing at this check upon the Duke's designs, or finding a malicious and almost pardonable pleasure in the fatal and ludicrous passion of her rival, that she exclaims, repenting of her disguise, and pitying her master:—"I am the man;—If it be so,—as 'tis" &c.—*R. G. White.*

[13] *Let her except before excepted.*

The suggestion to read *as before* is unnecessary, the legal phrase here quaintly used by Sir Toby being used either with or without that particle. "To have and to hold except before excepted all the before demised premises unto the said William Bolter," MS. dated 1669. Sir Toby means to imply that he has as much exception to her melancholy and seclusion, as she has to his late hours and jocularity.

And the said R. for &c. to, and with the said T., his executors, administrators, and assignes, and everie of them, paying the rents, and performing the conditions and covenants in these presents expressed, on their parts to be paied and performed during all the said termes, if the said R. so long doe live, shall and may peaceably and quietly have, hold, occupy, and injoy all the said church, rectorie, and parsonage, mansion house, cottage, glebe lands, tithes, and all other the demised tenements and premisses with the appurtenances (*except before excepted*) according to the true meaning of these presents, without any lawfull let, suite, trouble, eviction or expulsion of the said R. his executors or administrators or any other person or persons lawfully having any estate or interest, of, and in the said demised tenements and premisses, or any part thereof, by the gift or graunt of the said R. other then the said T. and W. W. and their assignes, of such parcels of the sayd premisses, as are unto them, or either of them graunted before the making hereof. *West's Simboleography*, 1605.

[14] *He plays o' the viol-de-gamboys.*

"It appears, from numerous passages in our old plays, that a viol de gambo, a bass-viol, as Jonson also calls it, was an indispensable piece of furniture in every fashionable house, where it hung up in the best chamber, much as the guitar does in Spain, and the violin in Italy, to be played on at will, and to fill up the void of conversation. Whoever pretended to fashion, affected an acquaintance with this instrument;" Gifford. "And another made a couple of verses on my daughter that learnes to play on the violl *de gambo*,—Her *vyoll de gambo* is her best content,—For twixt her legges she holds her instrument," Return from Pernassus, 1606. These two lines are taken from Skialetheia, or a Shadowe of Truth, 1598. "Thy gambo violl plac'd between thy thighs, wherein the best part of thy courtship lies," Marston's Satires. "*Sink:* Save you, coose.—*Sly:* O, coosin, come, you shall sit betweene my legges heare.—*Sink:* No, indeede, coosin, the audience then will take me for a viol de gambo, and thinke that you play upon me.—*Sly:* Nay, rather that I worke upon you, coose," Malcontent, 1604. The annexed example of one of these instruments is selected by Mr. Fairholt from the curious alchemical MS. in the Harleian collection. "She now remaines at

London to learne fashions, practise musicke, the voyce betweene her lips, and the violl betweene her legges," Middleton's Trick to Catch the Old One, 1608.

[15] *He hath, indeed,—almost natural.*

Upton purposes to regulate this passage differently:—"He hath indeed, *all, most* natural." In a passage in Ben Jonson's Silent Woman, "all women are not to be taken *all ways*," the two last words are printed *always* in the original.

[16] *Till his brains turn o' the toe like a parish-top.*

A large top, says Steevens, was formerly kept in every village, to be whipped in frosty weather, that the peasants may be kept warm by exercise, and out of mischief, while they could not work. The same comparison is brought forward in the Night Walker of Fletcher:—"And dances like a *town-top*, and reels and hobbles." To "sleep like a *town-top*," adds Blackstone, is a proverbial expression. A top is said to *sleep*, when it turns round with great velocity, and makes a smooth humming noise. "Spins like the parish-top," Jonson's New Inn. "Presume to come more among men, I'll hazard my life upon it, that a boy of twelve should scourge him hither like a parish-top, and make him dance before you," Thierry and Theodoret. "Thinking it had power to keep, town-top like, itselfe asleep," verses pref. to Strong's Joanereidos, 1645. "The people will not, like a town-top, fall asleep with scourging," Rebellion of Naples, 1649, p. 10. "His chin resembling a town-top with a brass nayl at bottom," Don Zara del Fogo, a Mock-Romance, 1656. "Thou art the town-top;—a boy will set thee up, and make thee spin home with an eel-skin," Shirley's Ball. In the Fifteen Comforts of Marriage, p. 143, we read, "Another tells 'em of a project he has to make town tops spin without an eel-skin, as if he bore malice to the school-boys." So in the English Translation of Levinus Lemnius, fol. Lond. 1658, p. 369, "Young youth do merrily exercise themselves in whipping-top, and to make it run swiftly about that it cannot be seen, and will deceive the sight, and that in winter to catch themselves a heat." In a burlesque chronology in Cotgrave's Wits Interpreter, 1671, it is stated to be 1841 years "since the invention of *town-tops*." Evelyn, speaking of the uses of willow wood, among other things made of it, mentions "great *town-topps*," Sylva, xx. 29. An example of a parish-top has not presented itself. The above engraving of men whipping a top is copied by Mr. Fairholt from an illumination in an ancient MS., Bibl. Reg. 2B. vii.

> Of all she was a *towne toppe* called then,
> Now game for boyes that erst was sport for men.
> *The Newe Metamorphosis*, 1600, MS. i. 69.

Were it not for these netmongers, it is no flat lye to say, the flounder might lye flat in his watry cabin, and the eele (whose slippery taile put mee in mind of a formall courtiers promise) would wriggle up and downe in his muddy habitation, which would bee a great discommodity for schoole-boyes, through the want of scourges to whip gigs and *towne-tops.—Taylor's Workes*, 1630.

> I know you are writing some prodigious volume
> In praise of hunger, and immortall beggery;

This may in time advance you to a pedant,
To whip the *town-tops*, or gelded vicaridge,
Some forty markes *per annum*, and a chamber-maid
Commended by your patron.

Shirley's Honoria and Mammon, 1659.

His head, from's forehead to his crowne top,
Resembled much a revers'd *towne-top*.

Homer a la Mode, a Mock Poem, 1665.

But we can catch the idle fop,
And whip him like a *town-top*.

Canidia or the Witches, 1683.

[17] *Castiliano vulgo.*

If these words mean anything, and it is hardly a necessity to construe all Sir Toby's phrases, they may imply merely a hint to Maria to talk in common Spanish, that is, in familiar language. Warburton thinks that we should read *volto*, in English, put on your *Castilian* countenance; that is, your grave, solemn looks. The notes of the commentators are added:—

I meet with the word *Castilian* and *Castilians* in several of the old comedies. It is difficult to assign any peculiar propriety to it, unless it was adopted immediately after the defeat of the Armada, and became a cant term capriciously expressive of jollity or contempt. The Host, in the Merry Wives of Windsor, calls Caius a *Castilian-king Urinal;* and in the Merry Devil of Edmonton, one of the characters says; "Ha! my *Castilian* dialogues!" In an old comedy called Look About You, 1600, it is joined with another toper's exclamation very frequent in Shakespeare:—"And *Rivo* will he cry, and *Castile* too." So again, in Marlowe's Jew of Malta, 1633:—"Hey, *Rivo Castiliano*, man's a man." Again, in the Stately Moral of the Three Lords of London, 1590:—"Three Cavalieros *Castilianos* here," &c. Cotgrave, however, informs us that *Castille* not only signifies the noblest part of Spain, but *contention*, *debate*, *brabling*, *altercation*. "Ils sont en *Castille*,—There is a jarre betwixt them;" and "prendre la *Castille* pour autruy,—to undertake another man's quarrel."—*Steevens.*

Steevens has not attempted to explain *vulgo*, nor perhaps can the proper explanation be given, unless some incidental application of it may be found in connection with *Castiliano*, where the context defines its meaning. Sir Toby here, having just declared that he would persist in drinking the health of his nicce, as long as there was *a passage in his throat*, and drink in Illyria, at the sight of Sir Andrew, demands of Maria, with a banter, *Castiliano vulgo*. What this was, may be probably inferred from a speech in the Shoemaker's Holiday, 4to. 1610: "—Away, firke, *scower thy throat*, thou shalt wash it with *castilian licuor*."—*Henley.*

Castiliano volto is conjectured by Warburton for *Castiliano volgo*, of which no sense can be made, implying that Maria is to put on a courtly or solemn countenance. The conjecture is probably right; not because Sir Toby is to be supposed to have that idea of civility, as peculiar to himself, but because *Castilian* breeding was certainly most esteemed. Thus Marston draws the character of "—The absolute *Castilio*,—he that can all the poynts of courtship show." There seems no reason to suppose that Marston thought of *Balthasar Castiglioni*. —*Nares.*

By Castilian countenance, says the editor who first gave us *volto*, he means, your most civil and courtly looks; and "your grave solemn looks," is the interpretation of his successor, who claims the correction: but the speaker's idea

of his *Castiliano volto* had been better convey'd to us by cloathing it in these familiar expressions,—"*What, wench?* bridle up your chin and look big, *for here comes Sir Andrew Ague-face*," humorously corrupting the name in this place, as who should say, for here comes one who has no *face* to look big with: but of this humour editors had no perception, and Ague-cheek is the reading of three of them. This knight's figure, as to face, is, as Mrs. Quickly paints Slender, a *whee-face*, weazle face; a body dry and emaciated, lank hair, and a spindle shank; parts which in the course of this scene are severally play'd upon.—*Capell.*

I have no doubt that Warburton was right, for that reading is required by the context, and Castiliano *vulgo* has no meaning; but I have met with a passage in Hall's Satires, which, I think, places it beyond a doubt:—

——he can kiss his hand in gree,
And with good grace bow it below the knee,
Or make a *Spanish face* with fawning cheer,
With th' Iland conge like a cavalier,
And shake his head, and cringe his neck and side, etc.

The Spaniards were in high estimation for courtesy, though the natural gravity of the national countenance was thought to be a cloak for villany. The *Castiliano volto* was in direct opposition to the *viso sciolto*, which the noble Roman told Sir Henry Wootton would go safe over the world. Castiliano *vulgo*, besides its want of connection or meaning in this place, could hardly have been a proverbial phrase, when we remember that Castile is the *noblest* part of Spain.—*Singer.*

This is probably enough the meaning intended; but this edition has not deviated from the old reading, because it looks as if the author meant that Sir Toby should make an accidental or intentional blunder—just as he does as to the *viol-de-gamboys*, using of choice the vulgar corruption.—*Verplanck.*

[18] *Accost, sir Andrew, accost.*

To *accost*, had a signification in our author's time that the word now seems to have lost. In the second part of the English Dictionary, by H. C., 1655, in which the reader "who is desirous of a more refined and elegant speech," is furnished with *hard* words, "*to draw near*," is explained thus: "To *accost*, appropriate, appropinquate."—*Malone.* I find it in Chapman's Widow's Tears, 1612, Sign. B. 3, spelt *a-coast*, which may perhaps point out the original meaning of the word. "Accoster. To accoast, or joyne side to side; to approach, or draw neere unto; also, to wax acquainted, or grow familiar, with; also, to affront, urge, brave (to his face,)" Cotgrave. "Abordé. Approached, abboorded, accoasted, *boorded*, drawne neere unto; also arrived, or landed at," ibid. Kennett, MS. Lansd. 1033, explains it "to trie, to attempt;" Minsheu, to "draw neare unto one." It appears, from the following passages, that it was one of the fashionable terms of courtship current in Shakespeare's time.

—and tooke time to shew my courtship
In the three-quarter legge, and setled looke,
The quick kisse of the toppe of the forefinger,
And other such exploytes of *good accost.*
Sir Gyles Goosecappe, 1606.

Here is a gentleman, my scholar, whom, for some private reasons me specially moving, I am covetous to gratify with title of master in the noble and subtile science of courtship: for which grace, he shall this night, in court, and in the long gallery, hold his public act, by open challenge, to all masters of the mystery whatsoever, to play at the four choice and principal weapons thereof, viz.

the Bare Accost, *the Better Regard*, *the Solemn Address*, and *the Perfect Close*. What say you?—*Cynthia's Revels*.

[19] *Accost is, front her, board her, woo her, assail her.*

Board, to address, to accost; but the word is often used with a double entendre, and it is probable from Sir Andrew's answer that Sir Toby may have here alluded as well to the more wanton meaning. "*Lor.* O, prethee, doe thou boord her as she passes by.—*Wag.* Who, I boord her? by this light, I dare not. —*Lor*: Then I will; fairely met, faire Mistris.—*Mist. Cor.* Indeede, forsooth, I have bin; by my truth, I see he is a fine spoken man.—*Lor.* Where abouts is your house, faire lady?," Cupid's Whirligig. "I will put on my best grace, sweet wench; thy face is lovely, thy body comely, and all that the eyes can see inchanting, you see how unacquainted I am bold to *boord* you.—*Sil.* My father boords me alreadie," Mother Bombie. So, in the History of Celestina the Faire, 1596: "—whereat Alderine somewhat displeased for she would verie faine have knowne who he was, *boorded* him thus." "Ere long with like again he *boorded* me," Spenser. "Philautus taking Camilla by the hand, and as time served began to *boord* her on this manner," Lilly. In the following the original metaphor is preserved:—"So ladies pretend a great skirmish at the first, yet are *boorded* willinglie at the last;" ibid. Sir Kenelm Digby, in his Treatise of Bodies, 1643, fo. Paris, p. 253, speaking of a blind man, says: "He would at the first *aboard* of a stranger, as soone as he spoke to him, frame a right apprehension of his stature, bulke, and manner of making." The term should not be confused with *bourd*, to jest, to toy with; a word used also with a gross allusion, as in Pasquil's Night Cap, 1612. Bourde, says Junius in his Etymologicon, "est oblectabilium facetiarum hilaritate, variæque urbanitatis lepore, familiarium consortia detinere."

Comming to London, hee fell in company with a cockatrice, which pleased his eye so well, that George fell *aboording* of her, and profferred her the wine; which my Croshabell willingly accepted: to the taverne they go, where after a little idle talke, George fell to the question about the thing you wot of.—*Jests of George Peele*, n.d.

[20] *Thought is free.*

There is the same pleasantry in Lyly's Euphues, 1581: "None, quoth she, can judge of wit but they that have it; why then, quoth he, doest thou think me a fool? *Thought is free*, my Lord, quoth she."—*Holt White.*

[21] *Bring your hand to the buttery-bar.*

The buttery-bar was an important locality in the houses of the nobility, and in the palaces of royalty. "*Office of buttlarye of ale*, under the sergeaunt of sellars charge, one chief sobyr yeoman versoure, to resceyve all the ale or beere that shall be pourveyede by entayle, to viewe it in the commyng in, to resceyve the taylles foyles, to call the countrollers or clerkes of butterye, that is the clerke of kychyn, to gawge the pipes, to measure or prove any othyr vesselles, to assay, taste, or sette, the prise of alle suche drinkes upon the foyles, twoe or three dayes, next aftyr the commyng in thereof to this office. The olde custome of this courte is, to paye after as the clerke of markett wille present for every gallon ale; and that is, for the Kinge's houshold after as malte goeth in the markette, for every shillinge of the quarter of malte that the brewers bye, the Kinge to paye so many quad. the gallon ale into this houshold, if the ale be soe wurth; then the countrollers of butterye and kychyn to make suche entrye in theyre bookes, and suche allowaunces therefore in the counting-house, that they be preysed trulye and indifferently, as it is worthe, withoute love or hatrede; soe that no sclaunder aryse agaynst this courte. This yoman hathe the specyall charge, undyr the seyd

sergeaunt, of the keepinge of this ale, beere, or suche stuffe, and ministration thereof at the barre, for alle the household. Hym ought to be of temperate condition, and to preserve worship to straungers, with profit to suche as have dueties to lyveres, with honest and mannerly demeanynge; not to keepe dynners nor soupers customablye within this office, but for hymself. It fittyth the greate officers of the counting-house, oftyntymes and sodenly, to vysite the offices, to see and knowe yf any ryottous rules be used within forthe to the Kinge's hurt, and to amend it; alsoe of dewtie, because he taketh whoole allowaunce by every gallon, or dimid' gallon, hym owght to make delyveraunce to the halle, chambre, and lyvereys, by evyn, playne measure; also to give attendaunce dayly to the breifmentes with the clerkes of buttery in the halle, and to give awnswere thereto at the accomptes; also that he, or the groomes of this office, be attendaunt with the keye, if they be called for the Kinge, soveraignes, or straungers, not longe abydinge in the office at meles, with opyn wyndowes or doores, but as the Kinge's worship with profit dothe require. This yoman, by his sergeauntes advyce, makethe at every Mighelmas a petytion into this counting-house for abatementes and disallowaunces of his ale; and for ale gevyn to almesse; how muche and wherefore; and for ale leakinge in the vesselles, and spylte by drawinges. Also he askethe allowaunce for tubbys, treyes, and faucettes, occupied all the yeare before by record of countrollers, and clerkes of the buttreye. In lyvereye season, he hathe for his office as muche coole and candylles as shall be thought nedeful by the commaundmentes of the countyng-house. Othyr twoe groomes versoures in this office, to helpe to lodge theire ale; to helpe drawe it; and to help keepe the office cleane: and in the absence of the seide yeoman, to make ministration at the barre for the Kinge's chambre and halle, and for lyvereys; and soe to resceyve it as the yoman dothe when he is present. Theese officers should be marked and ordered after theyre mannerly condition and behavioure in all theyre ministration, or elles to be at the doetryne conveniente in the counting-house. They eate in the halle at the towell; and in all other dewties of clothinge and rewardes in this courte, lyke to the groomes of pantrey. One page in this office to helpe the yoman and groomes to keepe cleane the office; to helpe to lodge in the vesselles; and to sette in lyvereyes. There owght no page in anye office to keepe the *barre;* he hathe his lyverey into this office daylye, like to othyr pages. Of olde usage two pages wolde dyne togyder with one of theyre messes, so that theye maye spare that other messe for theyre souper. This page taketh lyvereys, rewardes, and clothinges, of the counting-house, as the pages of pantrey."—Liber Niger Domus Edwardi Quarti.

You, and the rats, here, keep possession.
Make it not strange. I know, yo' were one, could keepe
The *buttry-hatch* still lock'd, and save the chippings.

Ben Jonson's Alchemist, Act i. sc. 1.

A turkie-pie had beene often serv'd into a poore gentlemans boord, and at last a serving man being to serve it in againe, made some stay of it by the way, resting it upon the *buttry-hatch*. By chance his maister came by, and seing it there, ask'd him, why he did not carrie it in? Marie, sir, answered the serving-

man, I thought it could by this time have found the way in alone.—*Copley's Wits, Fits, and Fancies*, 1614.

The annexed engraving of a buttery-bar is copied by Mr. Fairholt from that still preserved at Christ Church, Oxford. This relic of ancient customs is still found in most of our ancient colleges. "Furst every mornyng at brekefast oon chyne of beyf at our kechyn, oon chete loff and oon maunchet at our panatry barre, and a galon of ale at our *buttrye barre;* Item, at dyner a pese of beyfe, a *stroke* of roste, and a rewarde at our said kechyn, a cast of chete bred at our panatrye barre, and a galon of ale at our *buttry barre;*" MS. dated 1522.

[22] *It's dry, sir.*

The bringing *the hand to the buttery-bar, and letting it drink*, is a proverbial phrase among forward Abigails, to ask at once for a kiss and a present. Sir Andrew's slowness of comprehension in this particular, gave her a just suspicion, at once, of his frigidity and avarice.—She therefore calls his hand dry:—the moistness of the hand being a sign of liberality, as well in matters of love as money.—*Dr. Kenrick.*

So, in Monsieur D'Olive, 1606: "But to say you had a dull eye, a sharp nose (the visible marks of a shrew); a *dry hand*, which is the sign of a bad liver, as he said you were, being toward a husband too; this was intolerable." Again, in Decker's Honest Whore, 1635: "Of all *dry-fisted* knights, I cannot abide that he should touch me." Again, in Westward Hoe, by Decker and Webster, 1606: "Let her marry a man of a melancholy complexion, she shall not be much troubled by him. My husband has a *hand dry* as his brains," &c. The Chief Justice likewise, in the Second Part of K. Henry IV. enumerates a *dry hand* among the characteristicks of debility and age. Again, in Antony and Cleopatra, Charmian says: "if an *oily palm* be not *a fruitful prognostication*, I cannot scratch mine ear."—*Steevens.* Compare, also, Othello's remark on a moist palm, "there is a young," &c. Kitely, in Every Man in his Humour, is distracted at the idea of this symptom being discovered in his wife,—"or if shee say, the day is hot, and bid him feele her hand, how hot it is, O that's a monstrous thing!" Old Foresight, in Love for Love, describes his wife also as having a mole upon her lip, with a *moist palm*, and an open liberality on the mount of Venus.

A very whoore, is a woman. She enquires out all the great meetings, which are medecines for her itching. Shee kisseth open mouth'd, and spits in the palmes of her hands to make them *moist.—Overbury's New and Choise Characters*, 12mo. Lond. 1615.

St. A. Why thus, that's a glanting squeez'd eye—or thus—for a moist hand, or thus, for a whore in a corner, or thus for downright cuckolding.—*Pol.* Well, I swear this will be rare sport, and so my damn'd spouse, I am resolv'd to tickle her with a squecz'd eye and a *moist hand*; and a whore in a corner till she confess herself guilty of downright cuckoldom; then in revenge for her last impudence, sue for a divorce.—*Lee's Princess of Cleve*, 1689.

[23] *I am not such an ass, but I can keep my hand dry.*

I suppose, Sir Andrew means that he is not such a fool but that he can keep himself out of the water.—*Malone.*

[24] *But I am a great eater of beef.*

Beefe is good meate for an Englyshman, so be it the beest be yonge, and that it be nat cowe flesshe, for olde befe and cowe flesshe dothe ingendre melancholy and lep ouse humours.—*Borde's Regyment of Healthe*, 1567.

The flesh of steeres, which we commonly call steere beefe, and so also of

heyfers, is of a firmer substance than veale; it giveth to the body much good and substantiall nourishment, and therefore for them that are healthy, and of a sound state of body, it is very agreeable, and not inferiour unto veale, though it be not altogether of so pure a temperature, and nourishment. Beefe of oxen that are of middle age, is for goodnesse of juyce, and easinesse of concoction next unto it: it is agreeable enough for young men that are of perfect health, and for any that have good stomacks, and are of a firme habitude of body; but unfit for such as are by nature weake, or any wayes enclined to melancholy, or dry of conplexion. Beefe of older oxen is of a very hard and grosse substance, it is very hardly digested, and breedeth a thick, grosse, and melancholick bloud, which by reason of the difficult distribution of it, causeth obstructions, especially of the spleene, and melancholick diseases: and therefore to melancholick bodies it is most hurtfull. But to rustick men, that labour painfully in the fields, and for those that inhabit cold countreys, whose concoctive faculty is commonly strong, it is agreeable enough: for by reason of their great labour, and strong internall heat, they will too soone resolve the juyce of lighter meats. But to those that lead a resty or studious kind of life, it is very hurtfull.—*Venner's Via Recta ad Vitam Longam*, 1637.

Who is not acquainted with this (saying) of the philosopher, that a fat belly hath a lean ingeny, because much meat affects the subtil spirits with grosse and turbulent fumes which doe darken the understanding.—*The Optick Glasse of Humors*, 1639.

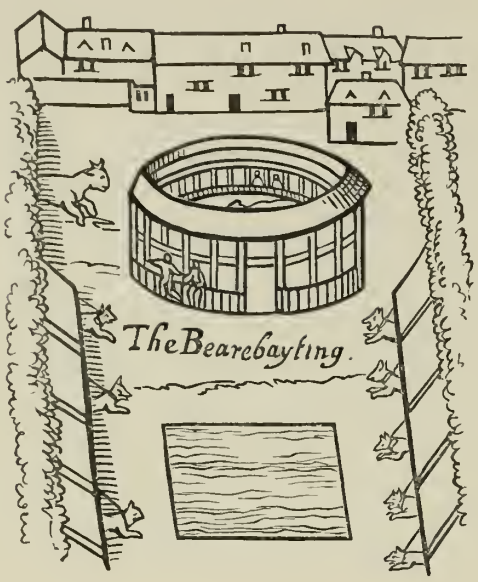
> Ere they compose, they must for a long space
> Be dieted as horses for the race.
> They must not bacon, beef, or pudding eat,
> A jest may chance be starv'd with such grosse meat.
>
> *Randolph's Poems.*

At that time when the law of ostracisme was in force among the Athenians, a rude, boorish, *beef-brain'd* fellow, with a scrole of paper in his hand, chanced to meet him, who with much importunacy would have forced him to write his name therein.—*The Sage Senator.*

[25] *In fencing, dancing, and bear-baiting.*

These were three of the fashionable amusements of the sixteenth century. In Laneham's Account of the Queen's Entertainment at Killingworth Castle, 1575, there is the following curious picture of a bear-baiting, in a letter to Mr. Martin, a mercer of London: "Well, syr, the bearz wear brought foorth intoo the court, the dogs set too them, too argu the points even face to face; they had learn'd counsel also a both parts: what may they be coounted parciall that are retain but a to syde? I ween no. Very feers both ton and toother and eager in argument; if the dog in pleadyng would pluk the bear by the throte, the bear with travers woould claw him again by the scalp; confess and a list, but avoyd a coold not that waz bound too the bar: and his coounsell toold him that it coould be too him no pollecy in pleading. Thearfore thus with fending and prooving, with plucking and tugging, skratting and byting, by plain tooth and nayll a to side and toother, such expens of blood and leather waz thear between them, az a moonth's licking, I ween, wyl not recoover; and yet remain az far out az ever they wear. It was a sport very plcazaunt of thecz beasts; to see the bear with his pink nyez leering after hiz enmiez approch, the nimbleness and wayt of the dog to take hiz avauntage, and the fors and experiens of the bear agayn to avoyd the assauts: if he wear bitten in one place, how he would pynch in an oother to get free: that if he wear taken onez, then what shyft, with byting, with clawyng, with roring,

tossing, and tumbling, he woould woork too wynd hymself from them ; and when he waz lose, to shake his cars twyse or thryse wyth the blud and the slaver about his fiznamy, was a matter of goodly releef." The annexed interesting engraving of the bear-garden in Southwark is copied by Mr. Fairholt from the early and rare woodcut view of London, in the Guildhall Library, which is supposed to have been published about the year 1533. The houses above the building are on the Bankside opposite the Thames as it runs past St. Paul's. The dogs are ranged in kennels on each side, the pond being that used for washing them. The building itself was composed of timber and plaster. "He threatened me, that if I did drowne him, hee would spend a hundred pound but hee would see me hanged for it; I desired him to be quiet and feare nothing, and so in little space I landed him at the *Beares Colledge on the Bank-side*."—Taylor's Workes, 1630.



[26] *It hangs like flax on a distaff.*

Lusia, who scornes all others imitations,
Cannot abide to be out-gone in fashions;
She sayes, she cannot have a hat or ruffe,
A gowne, a pettycoate, a band or cuffe,
But that these citizens, whom she doth hate,
Will get into 't at nere so deare a rate;
But Lusia now doth such a fashion follow,
Whose hayre is *flax*, and band as saffron yellow.

The House of Correction, or Certayne Satyricall Epigrams, 1619.

The annexed engraving of a lady using a distaff is copied by Mr. Fairholt from an illumination of the fourteenth century in MS. Harl. 1527.

[27] *Yet I will not compare with an old man.*

"This is intended as a satire on that common vanity of old men, in preferring their own times, and the past generation, to the present," Warburton. "The sense seems to be, And yet I look on myself as above being put on a level with an old man in this matter, how superior soever he may be to me in other respects," Heath. This stroke of pretended satire but ill accords with the character of the foolish knight. Ague-cheek, though willing enough to arrogate to himself such experience as is commonly the acquisition of age, is yet careful to exempt his person from being compared with its bodily weakness. In short, he would say with Falstaff:—"I am old in nothing but my understanding."—*Steevens.* Theobald, in a letter to Warburton, proposed to read, "with *a nobleman;*" but the text seems to be correct, being merely one of Sir Andrew's absurdities, and intentional on the part of the author. The worthy knight's head was none of the clearest.

[23] *Like mistress Mall's picture.*

This is generally supposed, with some probability, to be an allusion to Mary Frith, or Mall Cutpurse, as she was usually termed, a celebrated courtezan who began to attract the notice of the public early in the seventeenth century. Her birth has been assigned to the year 1584 or 1585, but the author of her Life, 1662, states that "she was born A.D. 1589, in Barbican, at the upper end of Aldersgate Street," a statement which is followed in another account of her, entitled, the Woman's Champion or the Strange Wonder, being a true Relation of the mad Pranks of Mrs. Mary Frith, commonly called Mall Cutpurse, living near Fleet Conduit, 4to. Lond. 1662. Mistress Mary, the "brave curtezan," is introduced into the comedy of How to Choose a Good Wife from a Bad, 1602, the name being perhaps suggested by the celebrity of that of Mary Frith. Mall Cutpurse appears to have attained the zenith of her notoriety about the year 1610, when she became the subject of more than one dramatic composition. On the books of the Stationers' Company, under the date of August 7th, 1610, is the following entry,—"Henry Gosson.—Entred for his copye under thandes of Mr. Edw. Abbott and Mr. Adames, Warden, a booke called the Madde Prancks of mery Mall of the Banckside, with her walkes in man's apparell, and to what purpose, written by John Day." In the following year was published a comedy by Middleton and Decker, of which she is the heroine, entitled, the Roaring Girle or Moll Cut-purse, as it hath lately beene Acted on the Fortune-stage by the Prince his Players, written by T. Middleton and T. Dekkar, 4to. 1611. On the title-page is the curious wood-cut, here engraved, representing the heroine in her male attire, smoking tobacco, the following legend being within the inner margin,—"My case is alter'd, I must worke for my living." Thomas Middleton, in the preface, confesses that a lenient view has been taken of her character in this production,—"Worse things, I must needs confess, the world has taxed her for than has been written of her; but 'tis the excellency of a writer to leave things better than he finds 'em; though some obscene fellow, that cares not what he writes against others, yet keeps a mystical bawdy-house himself, and entertains drunkards, to make use of their pockets and vent his private bottle-ale at midnight,—though such a one would have ript up the most nasty vice that ever hell belched forth, and presented it to a modest assembly, yet we rather wish in such discoveries, where reputation lies bleeding, a slackness of truth than fulness of slander." In the prologue, it is stated that she was called "mad Moll" by the public. Early in the following year, there appeared another work relating to her, for on the books of the

Stationers' Company, under the date of 18 Feb. 1611-12, is the following entry, —"Ambr. Garbrand.—R.ª of him for th' entrance of a booke eoncerninge Mall Cutpurse, vj.*d.*" The following very curious account of her doing penance is preserved in a MS. in the British Museum, in a letter from John Chamberlain to Sir Dudley Carleton, dated February 12th, 1611-12,—"This last Sunday Moll Cutpurse, a notorious baggage that used to go in man's apparel, and challenged the field of diverse gallants, was brought to the same place, [St. Paul's Cross,] where she wept bitterly, and seemed very penitent; but it is since doubted she was maudlin drunk, being discovered to have tippel'd of three quarts of sack before she came to her penance. She had the daintiest preacher or ghostly father that ever I saw in the pulpit, one Radcliffe of Brazen-Nose College in Oxford, a likelier man to have led the revels in some inn of court, than to be where he was. But the best is, he did extreme badly, and so wearied the audience, that the best part went away, and the rest tarried rather to hear Moll Cutpurse than him." This incident is thus alluded to in the Life and Death of Mistress Mary Frith, 12mo. 1662,—"Some promooting apparitor, set on by an adversary of mine, whom I could never punctually know, cited me to appear in the Court of the arches, where was an accusation exhibited against me for wearing undecent and manly apparel. I was advised by my proctor to demur to the jurisdiction of the Court, as for a crime, if such, not cognizable there or elsewhere; but he did it to spin out my cause, and get my mony; for in the conclusion, I was sentenced there to stand and do penance in a white sheet at Paul's Cross, during morning sermon on a Sunday," p. 69. Mall Cutpurse is introduced in one scene in Field's comedy of Amends for Ladies, 1618, where there is a distinct allusion to her being an hermaphrodite, "—— Hence lewd impudent,—I know not what to term thee; man or woman;—For nature, shaming to acknowledge thee—For either, hath produc'd thee to the world—Without a sex: Some say, that thou art woman;—Others, a man: to many thou art both—Woman and man; but I think rather neither;—Or man, or horse, as centaurs old were feign'd." She was always dressed in man's apparel, the doublet, "and to her dying day she would not leave it off, till the infirmity and weaknesse of nature had brought her a-bed to her last travail, changed it for a wastcoat, and her pettycoats for a winding-sheet," Life, p. 18. According to Granger, she was "a woman of a masculine spirit and make, who was commonly supposed to have been an hermaphrodite, practised, or was instrumental to almost every crime and wild frolick which is notorious in the most abandoned eeeentric of both sexes. She was infamous as a prostitute and a procuress, a fortune-teller, a pick-pocket, a thief, and a receiver of stolen goods: she was also concerned with a dextrous scribe in forging hands. Her most signal exploit was robbing General Fairfax upon Hounslow-Heath, for which she was sent to Newgate; but was, by a proper application of a large sum of money, soon set at liberty.—She died of the dropsy, in the 75th year of her age; but would probably have died sooner, if she had not smoked tobacco, in the frequent use of which she had long indulged herself." Another account says,—"Mrs. Mary Frith, alias Moll Cut-purse, born in Barbican, the daughter of a shoemaker, died at her house in Fleet-street, next the Globe Tavern, July 26, 1659, and was buried in the church of Saint Bridget's. She left twenty pounds by her will, for the conduit to run with wine when King Charles the Second returned, which happened in a short time after." Mr. Cunningham asserts that she was buried on August 10th, 1659, a date which, if correct, seems at variance with the day of her death above given, as her body would hardly have remained so long unburied. She is the "honest Moll alluded to by City-wit in R. Brome's Court Beggar, to whom he is to go for the recovery of his purse, after he had had his pocket picked while looking at the news in the window of "the Coranto shop." He afterwards

states that she "deals in private for the recovery of such goods." A curious anecdote is related of her in the biographical account previously cited,—"After that unnatural and detestable Rebellion of the Scots in 1638, upon his Majesties return home to London, where preparation was made for his magnificent entry, I was also resolved to show my loyal and dutiful respects to the King in as ample manner as I could or might be permitted. . . . . I was resolved in my own account to beare a part in the charge of this solemnity; and therefore undertook to supply Fleet-street Conduit adjacent to my house with wine, to run continually for that triumphal day, which I performed with no less expence then credit and delight, and the satisfaction of all comers and spectators. And as the King passed by me, I put out my hand and caught him by his, and grasped it very hard, saying, "Welcome Home, CHARLES!" His Majesty smiled, and I beleeve took me for some mad bold Beatrice or other, while the people shouted and made a noyse, in part at my confidence and presumption, and in part for joy of the King's return. The rest of that day I spent in jollity and carousing, and concluded the night with fireworks and drink. This celebrated action of mine, it being the town talk, made people look upon me at another rate then formerly." Attached to this work, is a portrait of her in male attire, with hat and sword, a lion near her right hand, an ape on her left, and an eagle peering into her face. The countenance in this portrait bears a probability of authenticity. Her notoriety was so astonishing, that it is not surprising, according to the evidence of the authors of the Witch of Edmonton, that some of the dogs at Paris Garden, used in baiting bulls and bears, were named after her. Her name was synonymous with the worst of female characters. "Oh miserable man! I have not only married a Londoner, and consequently a strumpet, and consequently one that is not sound, but the most audacious of her sex, a Mall-Cutpurse, a Doll Common," Epsom Wells, 1673. "Who but one troubled with the brimps,—Would pick up Mal Cutpurses nymphs," Canidia or the Witches, 1683. Butler, in his Hudibras, alludes to her as "English Mall."

There's not a play, saith hee, worth looking on,
And Mistris Moll from Clarkenwell is gone.
The Mastive, or Young-Whelpe of the Olde Dogge, n. d.

Of Moll Cutpurse disguised going.

They say Mol's honest, and it may bee so,
But yet it is a shrewd presumption, no:
To touch but pitch, 'tis knowne it will defile;
Moll weares the breech, what may she be the while;
Sure shee that doth the shadow so much grace,
What will shee when the substance comes in place?
Freeman's Rubbe and a Great Cast, 1614.

They say a new plantation is intended
Neare or about the Amazonian river,
But sure that mannish race is now quite ended.
O that great Jove, of all good gifts the giver,
Wold move King James once more to store that clyme
With the Mall Cut-purses of our bad time.
Wroth's Abortive of an Idle Houre, 1620.

That Muld-sack for his most unfashion'd fashions,
Is the fit patterne of their transformations:
And Mary Frith doth teach them modesty,
For she doth keepe one fashion constantly,

And therefore she deserves a matrons praise,
In these inconstant moone-like changing dayes.
The Workes of Taylor the Water-Poet, 1630.

Moll Cut-purse sent, with ambergreece,
Two fooles made sweet, with crownes apeece,
With a monkey to make 'em sport.
Mill's Night's Search, Second Part, 1646.

A vertuous woman thinks it a disgrace
To paste her body, or to paint her face,
And in despight of such as Mary Frith,
What nature sends she is contented with.
The Embleme of a Vertuous Woman, p. 5.

Chr. Stay, coward, shall two men run a-way from one woman?—*Blep.* One woman! I, but 'tis Poverty; Penia Poverty, or Penia Pennylesse. No tyger so cruel: I had rather fight with *Mall Cutpurse* and my Lady Sands both together at quarter-staffe.—*Hey for Honesty*, 1651.

I have wondered often why the plundered country-men should repair to him for succour; certainly it is under the same notion as one whose pockets are pickt goes to *Mol Cut-purse* as the predominant in that faculty.—*Cleaveland's Poems*, 1651.

And a father all these have Derich, or his successor, and the mother of the grand family, *Maria Sciss-Marsupia* (*Moll Cut-purse*), who is seldom troubled at the loss of any of them, having many, and to spare.—*Gayton's Festivous Notes.*

We cannot do that neither in quiet,—So many have found his lodging out; —And now *Moll Cut-purse* that oracle of felonie—Is dead, there 's not a pocket pickt,—But hee 's acquainted with it.—*The Feign'd Astrologer*, 1668.

If any miss a ring or spoon,
Strait these examine Mistress Moon,
As Queen of Nimmers, or, what's worse,
Executrix of *Moll Cut-purse.*
Mock-Thyestes in Burlesque, 1674.

[29] *But in a sink-a-pace.*

So all the old copies, the allusion being to the dance called the cinque-pace. A somewhat similar quibble between *sink* and *cinque* occurs in Much Ado about Nothing. "I know not how many, or if all, the editions authorize this reading of *sink-a-pace*, but I have ever looked upon it as so vile a blot in this admirable piece of raillery of Sir Toby's, that I cannot help imputing it to the interpolation of some transcriber. The conceit, however, is so low and vile, that I cannot give into the notion that Shakespeare, fond as he seems of punning and playing upon words, was the author of it. I am confirmed in this opinion also by reflecting, that the attention of the reader is diverted from the real humour of the passage, by this horrid conundrum. Sir Toby, in carrying his ridicule of poor Ague-cheek's dancing-accomplishments to the highest pitch, proceeds so far as to tell him, he would not stand still on the most necessary occasion; but that he might not betray himself, even to this fool, by talking of absolute

impossibilities, he fixes on a grave, slow, and even hobbling kind of dance, the *cinque-pace*, for this suspicious occasion. I could wish, therefore, the authority of the copies would bear me out in discarding this miserable pun, and restoring the word to its genuine and original spelling," Kenrick. A worse quibble on the word occurs in Nash's Have With You to Saffron Walden, 1596,—"if you would have anie rymes to the tune of stink-a-pisse, hec is for you." The accompanying engraving of a gentleman dancing the cinque-pace is selected by Mr. Fairholt from a work by C. Negri, of Milane, Nuove Inventioni di Balli, fol. 1604.

These lively youths and full of favour, having stalkt up and downe the just measures of a *sink-a-pace*, opened one of the principal chests they brought.—*Nash's Terrors of the Night*, 1594.

Thirdly, they descanted of the new Faerie Queene, and the old both; and the greatest fault they could find in it was that the last verse disordered their mouths, and was like a trick of seventeen in a *sinkapace.—Harrington's Apology*, 1596.

[30] *In a flame-coloured stock.*

A dam'd colour'd stocke, eds. 1623, 1632; a dam'd colour'd stocken, eds. 1663, 1685. Stockings were commonly called *stocks* in Shakespeare's time. At a later period, they were known as stock-drawers. "Thy upper stocks, be they stuft with silke or flocks, Never become thee like a nether paire of stocks," Heywood's Epigrams, 1562. Stubbes, who calls them nether-stocks, is very severe against the lavish expense bestowed on this part of the dress. "Then," he says, "have they nether-stocks or *stockings*, not of cloth, though never so fine, for that is thought too bare, but of jarnsey, worsted, cruel, silk, thread, and such like, or else, at least, of the finest yarn that can be got, and so curiously knit with open seams down the leg, with quirkes and clocks about the ankles, and sometimes haply, interlaced with gold or silver threads, as is wonderful to behold; and to such impudent insolency and shameful outrage it is now grown, that every one almost, though otherwise very poor, having scarcely forty shillings of wages by the year, will not stick to have two or three pair of these silk nether stockes, or else of the finest yarn that can be got, though the price of them be a royal, or twenty shillings, or more, as commonly it is; for, how can they be less, when, as the very knitting of them is worth a noble, or a royal, and some much more. The time hath been, when one might have clothed all his body well from top to toe for less than a pair of these nether stockes will cost." The following curious account of the introduction of silk stockings into England is given in Stow's Chronicle, p. 867,—"In the second yeere of Queene Elizabeth, one thousand five hundred and sixtie, her silke woman, Mistris Mountague, presented her Majestie with a payre of blacke knit silke stockings for a new yeeres gift, the which, after a few dayes wearing, pleased her highnesse so well, that shee sent for Mistris Mountague, and asked her where she had them, and if shee could helpe her to any more, who answered saying, I made them very carefully of purpose only for your Majestie, and seeing these please you so well, I will presently set more in hand; do so, quoth the Queene, for indeede I like silke stockings so well, because they are pleasant, fine, and delicate, that henceforth I wil weare no more cloth stockings; and from that time, unto her death, the Queene never wore any more cloath hose, but only silke stockings, for you shall understand that King Henry the Eight did weare oncly cloath hose, or hose cut out of ell broade taffaty or that, by great chance, there came a paire of Spanish silke stockings from Spaine; King Edward the Sixt had a payre of long Spanish silke stockings sent him for a great present; dukes daughters then wore gownes of satten of Bridges, upon solemne dayes; cushens, and window pillowes of velvet, and damaske, &c., were onely used in the houses of the chiefe princes, and peeres of the land, though at this day

those ornaments of estate, and other princely furniture, be very plenteous in most citizens houses, and many other of the like ranke. The passion for silk-stockings is frequently alluded to by contemporary writers. "Or would my *silk stock* should lose his gloss else," Jack Drum's Entertainment, 1601. "*Step.* Foh, the stockings be good enough, now summer is coming on, for the dust: I'll have a pair of silk against winter, that I go to dwell i' th' town. I think my leg would shew in a silk hose.—*Brai.* Believe me, master Stephen, rarely well.—*Step.* In sadness, I think it would: I have a reasonable good leg.—*Brai.* You have an excellent good leg, master Stephen; but I cannot stay to praise it longer now, and I am very sorry for't."—Every Man in his Humour. Bobadill, who is the mirror of fashion in this play, observes Gifford, is furnished with silk stockings; and it is not one of the least evils, with which the humorous malice of the poet has pursued his disgrace, to make him pawn this favourite article of gallantry, to procure a warrant for binding over the turbulent Downright to keep the peace. "This town craves maintenance; *silk stockings* must be had,"—Miseries of inforced Marriage. "Good parts without habiliments of gallantry, are no more set by in these times, than a *good leg in a woollen stocking*,"—Hogge Hath Lost his Pearl. Pope altered *dam'd* to *flame*, a reading adopted by most modern editors. *Dun-colour'd*, Perkins MS. Knight reads *damask-coloured*, and Phelps suggests, *damson-coloured.*

With a linen *stock* on one leg, and a kersey boot hose on the other.—*Taming of the Shrew.*

> Which our plain fathers erst would have accounted sin,
> Before the costly coach and silken *stock* came in.—*Drayton.*

A plaine olde man of three score yeres, with a buttoned cap, a buckram falling band, coarse, but cleane: a russett coat, a white belt of horse-hide, a close round breech of russett sheeps wool, with a long *stocke* of white kersey, a high shoe with yellow buckles, all white with dust.—*Foole upon Foole*, 1605.

In the yeere 1599, was devised and perfected the art of knitting or weaving silke stockings, wastecoates, and divers other things, by engines or steele loomes, by William Lee, Master of Arts of St. Johns Colledge, in Cambridge, and after that hee went into France, where hee obtained a pattent of the king, and there taught them that mistery, his servants were entertained in forraine nations, as in Spayne, Venice, and in Ireland, and in other places, where they taught the secret of their art, and so it went through the world.—*Stowe's Annales.*

Next marched owne hundred gent. on foote all in a liverie sutable, which was a roabe, Morisco fashion almost to the small of the legge of *flame coulor* velvet, yet so darkned with black-silke and gold lace, that you might easily imagine there was sorrow mingled with his glory; they had sea-caps embrodred sorting to his Imprese, semiters according, and halfe buskins of white Spanish leather enclosed on the outside with *flame-coulor* ribbin.—*History of Trebizond.*

[31] *Yet, a barful strife!*

That is, a contest full of obstacles. Pope altered this to,—"Yet, *O baneful* strife!"

[32] *Needs to fear no colours.*

"*Adventureux*, hazardous, adventurous, that feares no colours," Cotgrave. "All alone have amongst them, if there were ten thousand of them. Faith, well said; I perceive thou fear'st no colours," Nash's Have With You to Saffron Walden, 1596. "Are you disposed, sir?—Yes indeed: I *fear no colours;* change sides, Richard," Two Angry Women of Abingdon, 1599. Ben Jonson,

in his Sejanus, p. 27, applies the phrase to ladies who are naturally fair,—"For those that are, their beauties fear no colours;" and it has been conjectured that there is also, in the passage in the text, an allusion to the complexion as well as to bravery. "And dyers though you doe *no colours feare*,—'Tis hemsced that doth you to riches reare," Taylor's Workes, 1630. "Yet grant me, thou brave man, that ne'r *feard colors*—T' accept the poore lines of an artlesse scullers," ibid. In the Women Pleas'd, the phrase is applied to a horse destined for the wars,—"he'll prance it bravely, friend; he fears no colours," act iv. "*Obl.* As you love me—Peace——*War.* Thou must make extempore reparties subservient to occasion ——*Obl. Fear no colours*——," Cytherea, 1677.

> Take courage then, let honour be your aim,
> And drag not back, you that will honour gain.
> At your return, then, shall you honour have,
> As your deserts by venturing far shall crave.
> Then *fear no colours*, set the chance on Christ!
> He is your load-star, God of power highest!
> *The Trumpet of Fame, by H. R.*, 1595.

> I know not if 't be profit or else pride,
> But sure th' oft'ner ridden then they ride:
> These females seeme to be most valiant there,
> Their painting shewes they doe *no colours feare.*
> Most art-like plastring Natures imperfections,
> With sublimated, white and red complexions;
> *Taylor's Workes*, fol. Lond. 1630.

> But our new tinker, swelled with content,
> *Fearing no colours*, to the towne did passe.
> *Historie of Albino and Bellama*, 1638.

The divel a can as soon; we *fear no colors*, let him do his worst; there's many a tall fellow besides us, will die rather then see his living taken from them, nay even eat up.—*The Sun's Darling*, 1656.

She will look so at you, I can tell you, or me, or my governour, for all he is a captain. She *fears no colours*, I'faith; to tell you true, she beat him once for a jest he broke upon her monkey. Is it not she, think'st thou?—*Brome's Northern Lass.*

[33] *Let them use their talents.*

"Heaven give real wisdom to those that are called wise, and a discreet use of their talents to fools or jesters," Nares. Perhaps, however, the Clown is perpetrating a joke on *talents* and *talons*, a quibble which occurs with greater distinctness in Love's Labour's Lost.

[34] *For turning away, let summer bear it out.*

"This seems to be a pun from the nearness in the pronunciation of *turning away* and *turning of whey*," Dr. Letherland. I am of opinion that this note, however specious, is wrong, the literal meaning being easy and apposite. "For turning away, let summer bear it out;"—it is common for unsettled and vagrant serving-men, to grow negligent of their business towards summer; and the sense of the passage is: "If I am turned away, the advantages of the approaching summer will bear out, or support all the inconveniences of dismission; for I shall find employment in every field, and lodging under every hedge." —*Steevens.*

[35] *If one break, the other will hold.*

Points were metal hooks, fastened to the hose or breeches, which had then no opening or buttons, and going into straps or eyes fixed to the doublet, and thereby keeping the hose from falling down.—*Blackstone.* So, in King Henry IV. Part I.: "Their *points* being broken,—down fell their hose." Again, in Antony and Cleopatra: "———mingle eyes—With one that ties his *points*?"—*Steevens.* Holme, in his Academy of Armoury, 1688, calls them *eyes* or *holders*, which he says "are small wiers made round, through which the breeches hooks are put, to keep them from falling." The annexed curious figure, taken by Mr. Fairholt from a MS. of the Four Sons of Aymon in the Imperial Library at Paris, No. 6976, shows distinctly how the points secured the hose to the upper garment. It represents a man partially stripped for execution, his hands being secured by cords. There is another figure, similarly dressed, in the same illumination.

[36] *Or, if both break, your gaskins fall.*

"Galligaskins, *galligæ Galligasconitæ*, wide breeches or slops, so called from the Gascoignes, who first brought them in use," Blount's Glossographia, 1681. "Gregues: f. wide slops, gregs, gallogascoines, Venitians; a great gascon, or Spanish, hose; Greguesques: f. Slops, gregs, gallogascoines, Venetians," Cotgrave. They are called *gally-breeches* in Gaulfrido and Barnardo, 1570. Harrison, speaking of excess in *women's* apparel, mentions "their galligascons to beare out their bums and make their attire to sit plum round (as they terme it) about them." Dekker, in his Belman of London, says that shoplifters generally wore *gallye slops*,—"their apparele in which they walke is commonly freize jerkins and gallye slops." Nash, in his Pierce Penilesse, says, "Of the vesture of salvation make some of us babies and apes coates, others straight trusses and divels breeches; some gallygascoynes, or a shipman's hose," 1592. "Galligaskins, *braccæ laxæ*," Coles. "*Greguescos*, great wide breeches called galligaskoines," Percivale's Spanish Dictionarie, 1599. "*Brache*, all maner of breeches, slops, hosen, breekes, *gascoines*, venetians," Florio's Worlde of Wordes, 1598. "Galliegaskines, or Galigascoines: quod inter Gallos hæc femoralia fuerint primum in usu in illa Galliæ provincia quæ Gasconia sive Vasconia nuncupatur. L. Brachæ laxæ. I. Braehe larghe. G. Chausses à la garguesque, Garguesque, Garguésques. H. Greguéscos," Minsheu. "This is the devil-thief; an if he take me, woe be to my gally-gaskins!," Fletcher's Pilgrim. The term *gaskins* appears sometimes to have been applied to any kind of breeches, not exclusively to wide slops. "Come, come, George, let's be merry and wise: the child's a fatherless child; and say they should put him into a strait pair of gaskins, 'twere worse than knot-grass; he would never grow after it," Knight of the Burning Pestle.

[37] *Better a witty fool, than a foolish wit.*

Hall, in his Chronicle, speaking of the death of Sir Thomas More, says "that he knows not whether to call him a *foolish wise man*, or a *wise foolish man*."—*Johnson.* The term *wit*, in Shakespeare's time, being generally applied in reference to the intellectual powers, a *witty* person then signified either a man of cunning and shrewdness, or one of sound understanding, of considerable intellectual endowments. "*Wittie*, having the senses sharp, that perceiveth or foreseeth quicklie," Baret's Alvearie, 1580. "I-wysse thou art a *wytty* man,—Thou shalt

wel drynk therfore," MS. Cantab. Ff. v. 48, f. 49. "Maister Dr. Gager is likewise, I understand, a *man of giftes*, a good *schollar*, and an honest man, and, as it should seeme by Maister Rainoldes his severall aunsweres and replies, hath saied more for the defense of plaies than can be well saied againe by any man that shall succede and come after him. So that the cause being thus *wittely* and *schollerlike* maintained," Overthrow of Stage Playes, 1599. In Davies' Scourge of Folly, 1611, is an epigram "of wise fooles, or foolish wise men," ep. 26.

[38] *Madonna.*

"*Madonna*, mistres, mistres mine, madam," Florio's Worlde of Wordes, 1598. The anglicized use of the word was not always appropriately applied, and seems to have been considered familiar, at least in some cases.

> I prethee, Fusca, wouldst thou have a coach
> To poast the streets, so like a paragon,
> That all that to thy concave carre approach
> May cry *Madona* to a curtezan.
>
> *Freeman's Rubbe and a Great Cast*, 1614.

[39] *Dexteriously, good madonna.*

Dexteriously, eds. 1623, 1632, 1663; *dexterously*, ed. 1685. There is little doubt that Malone is right in preserving the Clown's vulgarism, as it stands in the original edition. "Much of this gentleman's wit lyes in coining strange names, and putting words out of joint, sometimes oddly enough: specimens of his manner are, *Quinapalus*, and *dexteriously*," Capell.

[40] *No better than the fools' zanies.*

"*Zane*, the name of John; also, a sillie John, a gull, a noddie; used also for a simple vice, clowne, foole, or simple fellowe in a plaie or comedie," Florio's Worlde of Wordes, 1598. "Zany, or foolish imitator," Minsheu. The term zany was generally applied in England to an inferior fool or buffoon attending on and imitating another, and in this sense the word is used in the text. "Hee's like the zani to a tumbler, that tries tricks after him to make men laugh," Every Man out of his Humour, p. 139. "The other gallant is his zany, and doth most of these tricks after him," Cynthia's Revels. "Your inn-a-court man is zany to the knights, and, many very scurvily, comes limping after it," Decker's Gulls Hornbook, 1609. "The canon, thunder's zany," Whore of Babylon. "Th' English apes and very zanies be, of everything that they do hear and see," Drayton. "As if he had beene but a zany to the fashion, or a man made for the purpose for them to whet their scorne upon," Taylor's Workes, 1630. "Now Comedy to Farce gives place, which but its zany is," Six Days Adventure, 1671. In some of the above instances, and in many others that might be adduced, the term *zany* seems to be merely used in the sense of *imitator*, a metaphorical use derived from the interpretation above given. The fool or attendant on a mountebank was also called a zany. In Ben Jonson's play of the Fox, when Volpone is disguised as a mountebank doctor, he addresses his attendant as his zany. "Every mountebank must have his zany," Cleaveland's Poems, 1651, repeated in his Works, ed. 1687, p. 87. See other allusions in the play of the Projectors, 1665, p. 4; Emperor of the Moon, 1687, p. 53; Hudibras Redivivus, 1707. The use of the word *zany* generally applied to a mimic, buffoon, or tumbler, is of very frequent occurrence. "Zany on tumbling" is one of the books in a nonsensical list in Taylor's Workes, 1630. "*Zany*, a tumbler who procures laughter by his mimick gestures," Coles' English Dictionary, 1685. "Scaramouche, an Italian *zani*, or player, who lately acted in London," ibid. "Hee is not ashamed, being sober, in coole bloud to

dance country dances and matachines, as a zanie or pantaloon," Healy's Characters. "They think our divisions, which they have made, have already destroyed us; and they now hire a sort of scaramouchy Zaneys, Merry Andrews, and Jack-Puddings to insult over us, and make sport at our miseries," Hunt's Postscript, 1682. In some instances the term is applied to an inferior servile attendant, and it occurs sometimes as a verb, to mimic or buffoon.

Goe too, you French *zanies* you; you wil follow the French steps so long, till you be not able to set one sound steepe o' th' ground all the daies of your life.—*Sir Gyles Goosecappe*, 1606.

Man is God's ape, and an ape is *zani* to a man, doing ever those trickes, especially if they be knavish, which hee sees done before him.—*Decker's Seven Deadly Sinnes of London*, 1606.

> Thou art the fowler, and doest shew us shapes,
> And we are all thy *zanies*, thy true apes.
>
> *Coryat's Crudities*, 1611.

It may likewise be objected, why amongst sad and grave histories I have here and there inserted fabulous jests and tales savouring of lightness. I answer, I have therein imitated our historical and comical poets, that write to the stage, who, lest the auditory should be dulled with serious courses, which are merely weighty and material, in every act present some *zany*, with his mimick action to breed in the less capable mirth and laughter; for they that write to all, must strive to please all. And as such fashion themselves to a multitude diversely addicted, so I to an universality of readers diversely disposed.—*Heywood's History of Women*, 1624.

> Now what a rimer is unto a poet,
> Because thou knowst it not, I 'l make thee know it:
> Th' are like bell-ringers to musicians,
> Or base quack-saluers to phisicians;
> *Or as a zany to a tumbler is*,
> A rimer's to a poet such as this;
> And such art thou, or in a worse degree.
>
> *Taylor's Workes*, fol. Lond. 1630.

Among the visitors is a mountebank extraordinary with four *zanies*, or blustring Æolus with his cardinal winds.—*Cleaveland Revived*, 1660.

What little pyed devil's that, whispers with him?—*Cel.* 'Tis his man.—*Lu.* His *zanie*, his *Jack-Pudding*;—*Fan.* 'Tis some quack this, I warrant you, some mountebank.—*Cel.* Peace, he comes towards us.—*Raw.* Wrap your answer in fustian, sir; 'tis a warm wear, and will look gravely.—*The Feign'd Astrologer*, 1668.

Scar. No, this is not the devil. Who art thou? Whence comest thou? What's thy business, Quick, or Hogon strogon?—*Harl.* Hold, hold, hold, I am poor Harlequin: By the learned I am called *Zane*, by the vulgar Jack-Pudding. I was late fool to a mountebank; and last night, in the mistaking the pipkin, I eat up a pot of bolus, instead of hasty pudding; and devour'd three yards of diaculum plaister instead of pancake, for which my master has turn'd me out of doors instead of wages: therefore, to be reveng'd, I come to hire a devil or two of you, Mr. Doctor, of a strong constitution, that may swallow up his turpentine pills as fast as he makes 'em, that he may never cure poor whore more of a clap; and then he'll be undone, for they are his chief patients.—*Life and Death of Doctor Faustus*, 1697.

[41] *To take those things for bird-bolts.*

A bird-bolt was an arrow with a blunted end, generally used for shooting at the smaller birds. "*Top.* You shall. Here is a *bird-bolt* for the ugly beast the blackbird.—*Dares.* A cruel sight.—*Top.* Here is the musket for the untamed, or as the vulgar sort term it, the wild mallard," Lilly's Endimion. "*Age.* He aims still at the noblest marks.—*Clind.* But those, sir, that are wise, wear privy coats, and then his darts prove but *burbolts*, and drop down at our feet," Carlell's Passionate Lovers, 1655.

[42] *There is no slander in an allowed fool.*

A licensed fool, a fool permitted to say anything. "Go, you are allow'd," that is, may say anything, you are licensed, Love's Labour's Lost. In Hollyband's Dictionarie, 1593, mention is made of "an *allowed* cart or chariot."

[43] *Now Mercury endue thee with leasing.*

Leasing was generally used as a substantive, in the sense of a lie; a falsehood. (*A.-S.*) *Lesynge berare*, a liar. See Prompt. Parv. p. 298. "Then shalle I gif the a cote—Withowt any *lesyng*," MS. Cantab. Ff. v. 48, f. 48. "And of knyghtis hardy, that mochel is lesyngis," Langtoft. "The puple gyveth credence to many mengid leesyngis," Sermon, xiv. Cent. MS. "Now mone we leeve it no leasinge," Chester Plays. "Of a knyght y wylle yow rowne, withowt lesyng," Bevis of Hamtoun, MS. Cantab. Ff. ii. 38. "I bequeth my tounge, that never lied lesinge," Wyl Bucke his Testament. "And how he, to content her mynde, feyned that leasynge," Tales and Quicke Answeres. An instance of the word, as an adjective, occurs in Warner's Albions England,—"His leasing sicknes then to acte by arte was more than neede."

Leasing, eds. 1623, 1632, 1663, 1685; *learning*, Hanmer; *pleasing*, Warburton.—The old reading was, "indue thee with *leasing*." Olivia had been making a kind of apology for fools: and the fool in recompense prays Mercury, who was the god of cheats, and consequently of liars, to bestow upon her the gift of leasing, or lying; humorously intimating, that whoever undertook the defence of fools would have plentiful occasion for that talent. The word Warburton hath substituted for it, *pleasing*, is vague and unmeaning, without any determinate signification, and hath no more relation to eloquence than to any other accomplishment Olivia was possessed of.—*Heath.*

Is it not rather,—since thou speakest the truth of fools, which is not profitable, may Mercury give thee the advantageous gift of lying.—*Knight.*

[44] *A most weak pia-mater.*

The *pia mater* is the membrane that immediately covers the substance of the brain. So, in Philemon Holland's Translation of Pliny's Natural History, book xxiv. chap. 8.: "—the fine pellicle called *pia mater*, which lappeth and enfoldeth the braine," edit. 1601, p. 185.—*Steevens.*

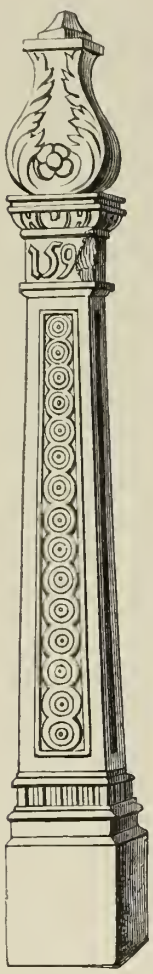
[45] *'Tis a gentleman here.*

He had before said it was a gentleman. He was asked, what gentleman? and he makes this reply; which, it is plain, is corrupt, and should be read thus: —"'Tis a gentleman-*heir*," i. e., some lady's eldest son just come out of the nursery; for this was the appearance Viola made in men's clothes. See the character Malvolio draws of him presently after.—*Warburton.* In Brome's Jovial Crew, Scentwell says to the gypsies: "We must find a young *gentlewoman-heir* among you."—*Farmer.* Can any thing be plainer than that Sir Toby was

going to describe the gentleman, but was interrupted by the effects of his *pickle-herring?* I would print it as an imperfect sentence.—*Steevens.*

[46] *He'll stand at your door like a sheriff's post.*

The houses of mayors and sheriffs of towns were distinguished by large posts set up before the doors. These posts were often elaborately carved, and were generally repainted on an accession or re-election to the office. "Their lips are as lavishly red, as if they used to kisse an okerman every morning, and their cheekes suger-candyed and cherry blusht so sweetly after the colour of a *newe Lord Mayor's posts*, as if the pageant of their wedlocke holiday were hard at the doore; so that if a painter were to drawe anie of their counterfets on a table, he needes no more but wet his pencill, and dab it on their cheekes, and he shall have vermillion and white enough to furnish out his work," Nash's Pierce Penilesse. The annexed representation of one of these posts is taken from a specimen at Norwich, the original being 8ft. 5½ inch. high, in Elm Hill, near the Tomb Land. From the letters T.P. on the companion post, and the date 159— on the present one, it is conjectured that the house probably belonged to Thomas Pettys, who, according to Blomefield, was Mayor of Norwich in 1592. Upon the arch of the postern of the gate is the date 1608, in which year there was another mayor of the same name. On one side of the gateway a shield contains the arms of Pettys, and on the other side are the arms of Pettys and an unknown coat, quarterly.



Whose sonne more justly of his gentry boasts,
Than who were borne at two pied *painted postes*,
And had some traunting merchant to his syre.
Hall's Satires.

My lord maior's *posts* must needs be trimmed against he takes his oath.—*To the Painters, Owle's Alm.* p. 52.

Or to praise the cleannesse of the street, wherein hee dwelt? or the provident painting of his posts against hee should have beene Prætor?—*Cynthia's Revels.*

Or like a new sherifes gate-posts, whose old faces
Are furbisht over to smoothe times disgraces.
Skialetheia, or a Shadowe of Truth, 1598.

Thou doest likewise lye with usury: how often hast thou bin found in bed with her! How often hath she bin openly disgraced at the Crosse for a strumpet! yet still doest thou keepe her company, and art not ashamed of it, because you commit sinne together, even in those houses that have paynted posts standing at the gates.—*Decker's Seven Deadly Sinnes of London.*

Communis Sensus. Crave my counsell, tell me what maner of man he is? can he entertain a man into his house? can he hold his velvet cap in one hand, and vale his bonnet with the other? knowes he how to become a scarlet gowne? hath he *a paire of fresh posts* at his doore?—*Phantastes.* Hee's about some hasty state matters, he talks of postes methinks.—*Com. S.* Can he part a couple of dogges brawling in the streete? why then chose him mayor upon my credit; heele prove a wise officer.—*Lingua, or a Combat of the Tongue*, 1607.

Reig. What brave *carv'd posts !* who knows but here, in time, sir, you may keep your shrievalty; and I be one o' th' serjeants.—*O. Lio.* They are well carv'd.—*Ric.* And cost me a good price, sir.—*Heywood's English Traveller.*

His discourse (an alderman's) is commonly the annals of his mayoralty, and what good government there was in the days of his gold chain, though the *door posts* were the only things that suffered reformation.—*Earle's Microcosmography.*

This court is a brave place to live in: oh if I could come to speake, or be acquainted with the Lord Philomusus, whom the whole townes long tongue talkes on for the brave wit; and by miracle prove a wit too; I would *paint the great posts* at my fathers dore, turne prætor of the city, and keepe open house for all the wits ith' towne; and some of 'hem, poore soules, have neede on't: for I have heard they are glad oft-times to feede upon stone in a Cathedrall church.—*The Noble Stranger*, 1640.

> How long should I be, ere I should put off
> To the lord chancellor's tomb, or the shrives' posts?
> *Every Man out of his Humour.*

He saw the doores of notorious carted bawdes (like hell gates) stand night and day wide open, with a paire of harlots in taffata gownes (*like two painted posts*) garnishing out those doores, being better to the house than a double signe.—*Decker's Villanies Discovered, or the Belman's Night Walkes.*

The cherry lips open, like the new-painted gates of a lord-mayor's house, to take in provision.—*Decker's Gulls Hornbook*, 1609.

"*Pye.* We will attend his worship. Worship, I think; for so much the posts at his door should signify, and the fair coming-in, and the wicket; else I neither knew him nor his worship," The Puritan. "The posts of his gate are a-painting too," that is, he will soon be sheriff, Honest Whore. "A pair of such brothers were fitter for posts without door, indeed, to make a shew at a new-chosen magistrate's gate, than to be used in a woman's chamber," The Widow. "Excellent courtiers all, and all as neat as a magnifico's post new painted at his entrance to an office," Fair Maid of the Inn. In the Contention for Honour and Riches, a masque by Shirley, 1633, one of the competitors swears:—"By the *Shrive's post*," &c. Again, in A Woman Never Vex'd, com. by Rowley, 1632:—"If e'er I live to see thee *sheriff* of London,—I'll gild thy painted *posts* cum privilegio." In the Poor Man's Comfort, 1655, "garnisht posts" are mentioned, probably in allusion to this practice.

[47] *As a squash is before 'tis a peascod.*

A squash is the pod of a pea when it is first formed, before the peas appear, or when they are mere seeds. In the Midsummer Night's Dream, Bottom speaks of mistress Squash as the mother of Peas-blossom. The term was applied, as in the Winter's Tale, in contempt to a young lad. Lilly, in his Midas, calls a young country booby, a *swad*, which is a word of similar meaning. There is a cognate expression used in Randolph's Amyntas, or the Impossible Dowry, 1640,—"these young rascalls, these *pescod-shelers* do so cheat my master."

[48] *Or a codling, when 'tis almost an apple.*

Codling, a mere diminutive of *cod*, Gifford remarks in a note on Jonson's Alchemist, is not "necessarily restricted to this or that—it means an *involucrum* or *kell*, and was used by our old writers for that early state of vegetation, when the fruit, after shaking off the blossom, began to assume a globular and determinate form." If the species of apple called codlings was known in Shakespeare's time,

the passage in the text may merely refer to an immature eodling apple. "Like a maymed cripple, not able to travell, till after much diligent seareh, a meete mate be found, whose correspondeney may be as equivalent to the surviving palfrey, and in all respects, as like as a broome to a besome, barme to yeast, or *quodlings* to boyld apples," Taylor's Workes, 1630. Florio, in his New World of Words, 1611, p. 307, has "*Mele cotte*, quodlings, boyled apples."

[49] *I am very comptible.*

Comptible is literally *accountable*, as in the following passage in Grafton's Chroniele,—"Whereat the archbishop making delayes, not well eontented at the matter, he was so ealled upon, that eyther he should be *comptable* to the king for the money, or else he should ineurre presant daunger." In the text, the word is used by Viola in the oblique sense, ready to make aceount of, in another word, *susceptible*.

[50] *If you be not mad, be gone.*

The sense evidently requires that we should read: "If you *be mad*, be gone," &e., for the words "be mad," in the first part of the sentenee, are opposed to *reason* in the seeond.—*M. Mason.* Mason says, the sense evidently requires that we should read, "if you be mad;" but Olivia must be evidently in want of her senses to speak so, to a person whom she thought mad. The seeond sentenee is only a slight eorrection of the first: "if you be not mad, begone—if you are, indeed, rational, be brief."—*Seymour.*

[51] *'Tis not that time of moon with me.*

In other words, it is not my humour. "You have prevailed;—My wrath, like flaming wax, hath spent itself;—I know 'twas but some peevish moon in him; —Go, let him be releas'd," Revenger's Tragedy.

"Which fashion is now seen in your Freneh and English gentry, but afterwards *the moon changed*, and the Freneh gallants wore their boots and shooes exeeedingly expansed in the toe," Bulwer's Pedigree of the English Gallant, 1654.

[52] *I am to hull here a little longer.*

To *hull* means to drive to and fro upon the water, without sails or rudder. So, in Philemon Holland's translation of the 9th Book of Pliny's Natural History, 1601, p. 239: "— fell to be drowsie and sleepie, and *hulled* to and fro with the waves, as if it had beene halfe dead." Again, in the Noble Soldier, 1634:— "That all these misehiefs *hull* with flagging sail."—*Steevens.*

Bartholomew undertaking to be the archbishop his pilot, untill hee were past the barre, ineouraged his maister to imbarke himselfe hard by the Dams gate. And as they were *hulling* in the ehannell that evening, they were not waric, untill the barke strake on the sands neere Clontarfe.—*Holinshed, Chron. Ireland.*

Troth, as you see, for the advaneement of a siquis, or two; wherein he has so varied himselfe, that if any one of 'hem take, he may *hull* up and downe i' the humorous world a little longer.—*Every Man out of his Humour.*

[53] *Some mollification for your giant.*

Ladies, in romanee, are guarded by giants, who repel all improper or troublesome advanees. Viola, seeing the waiting-maid so eager to oppose her message, intreats Olivia to pacify her giant.—*Johnson.* Viola likewise alludes to the diminutive size of Maria, who is ealled on subsequent oecasions, "little villain, youngest wren of nine," &e.—*Steevens.* So, Falstaff to his page, in King Henry IV., "Sirrah, you *giant*," &e.—*Malone.* In Shakespeare's time, the part of Maria would be played by a boy.

[54] *Tell me your mind.—I am a messenger.*

These words (which in the old copy are part of Viola's last speech) must be divided between the two speakers. Viola growing troublesome, Olivia would dismiss her, and therefore cuts her short with this command, "Tell me your mind." The other, taking advantage of the ambiguity of the word *mind*, which signifies either *business* or *inclination*, replies as if she had used it in the former sense, "I am a messenger."—*Warburton.* As a *messenger*, she was not to speak her own mind, but that of her employer.—*M. Mason.*

Since the time of Warburton, "Tell me your mind" has been given to Olivia, and "I am a messenger" made a very inconsequential observation by Viola. All the old copies have the passage as it stands in our text, Viola asking Olivia to tell her her mind, because she is a messenger, and wishes to take back an answer. Olivia could hardly say to Viola, "Tell me *your* mind," when she knew that Viola only brought a message from the duke.—*Collier.*

The two short speeches given to Olivia and Viola are in the folios parts of the speech of Viola, who in them evidently appeals to Olivia whether she will suffer Maria to turn her out of the house so unceremoniously, and claims the privilege of an ambassador to be courteously treated, and allowed to deliver his message.—*Hunter.*

[55] *We will draw the curtain, and show you the picture.*

In allusion to the custom which prevailed, in Shakespeare's time, of oil paintings being protected by curtains, which were only drawn on particular occasions or for the purposes of exhibition. The application to a woman's face again occurs in Troilus and Cressida, where Pandarus says,—"come draw this curtain, and let us see your picture." Allusions to curtains before pictures are frequently met with. "Two great tables of the Queenes Majesties pictures, with one curtaine changeable silck; two great pictures of my Lord, in whole proporcion, the one in armor, the other in a sute of russett sattin; with one *curtaine* to them," Inventory of the Goods at Kenilworth Castle, 1588. "Of the pictures which Jack of Newbery had in his house, whereby he encouraged his servants to seek for fame and dignity.—In a fair and large parlor, which was wainscoated round about, Jack of Newbery had fifteen fair pictures hanging, which were covered with curtains of green silk, fringed with gold; which he would often shew to his friends and servants," History of Jack of Newbury. "I yet but draw the curtain; now to your picture," Vittoria Corombona, 1612. Sir Toby has already alluded to pictures being protected from the dust by curtains, in the third scene of the present act. "For makinge of one greate frame of wainscott for the Lady Elizabeth's picture; for a curtain-rod and loopes to hange yt by; for the makinge of the curtaine and the ringes; for the settinge of yt in the frame and the nayles," MS. account of "worke donne for the Prince his highnesse at Saint James," that is, Prince Henry, son of James I. "But my discourse touching this contemplative perfection, was purposely to draw the *curtaine* from before the *picture*, and to shew to their eye that faire *idæa*, or feature which hath beene so long shadowed," Brathwait's English Gentleman, 1630. "Enter to them two footmen bearing the frame of a great picture; curtains drawne," stage-direction in the Cityе Match, 1639. "We will draw the curtain and shew you the picture" is, according to Mr. Hunter, a recollected phrase; she is speaking in the language of the theatre, or at least of the play-books. Thus in Hemings' Fatal Contract, 1653, a stage direction is, "Draw the curtain and shew the picture."

> Oh, sir, she's painted, and you know the guise,
> Pictures are curtaind from the vulger eyes.
> *Skialetheia, or a Shadowe of Truth*, 1598.

For painted pictures must, you know the guise,
Be alwaies curtain'd from the vulgar eyes.
Parrot's Laquei Ridiculosi, or Springes for Woodcocks, 1613.

In an eminent part of the chamber, was one large piece with a curtaine spred before it, which tempted him to display it; which being rashly unveil'd, startled the bold discoverer, so that he stood extatiz'd at that picture, whose person and substance his soule thirsted for. It was Euphema in her haire, at full proportion, in a blew rich embroyder'd mantle, preparing for bed.—*Gayton's Festivous Notes on Don Quixote*, 1654.

[56] *Such a one I was this present.*

This text appears clear enough. Olivia says, "We will draw the curtain, and show you the picture." She then unveils her face for an instant only; and adds, "Look you, sir, such a one I was this present,"—such I was this moment. The text has been confused by a slight change which has been overlooked; for we find in all the modern editions, "such a one *as* I was this present."—*Knight.* "At this present in London is to be seen a man-childe very monsterous," Munday's View of Sundry Examples, 1580. "And work the peace of the present," Tempest. "The fifth of this present which you pleas'd to send me," Howell's Letters, 1650. Various unnecessary alterations in the text have been proposed, *e. g.*, *I wear*, Warburton; "we may read—"Such a one I was. This *presence*, is 't not well done?" *i. e.*, this mien, is it not happily represented?," Steevens; "Look you, sir, such *as once* I was, this presents," Mason; "such a one *as* I was this *presents*," Jackson; "such a one I *am at* this present," MS. Perkins; "such a one I was *as* this *presents*," Singer.

A pleasantry upon herself most undoubtedly; and it's meaning, when you make your report of me, you may say I *was* such and such when you saw me, but can't answer for what I may be at the time you are talking: the intimation is both genteeler in this way, and juster-worded, than by that alteration which is given in the collection; for who talks of *wearing* a *picture?* yet that is the predicate, and to that the terms after should be accommodated.—*Capell.*

[57] *Excellently done, if God did all.*

If she could leave the courtship shee learnt when she was a waiter, she might quickly prove a reasonable good woman. Her body is, I presume, of *Gods making:* and yet I cannot tell, for many parts therof she made herselfe.—*Stephen's Essayes*, 1615.

Our English ladies, who seeme to have borrowed some of their cosmeticall conceits from barbarous nations, are seldome known to be contented *with a face of Gods making;* for they are either adding, detracting, or altering continually, having many fucusses in readinesse for the same purpose.—*Bulwer's Man Transformed*, 1654.

[58] *It shall be inventoried.*

Punt. What complexion, or what stature beares he?—*Gent.* Of your stature, and very neere upon your complexion.—*Punt.* Mine is melancholy:—*Carl.* So is the dogges, just.—*Punt.* And doth argue constancie, chiefly in love. What are his endowments? Is he courteous?—*Gent.* O, the most courteous knight in Christian land, sir.—*Punt.* Is he magnanimous?—*Gent.* As the skin betweene your browes, sir.—*Punt.* Is he bountifull?—*Carl.* 'Slud, he takes an *inventory of his owne good parts.*—*Gent.* Bountifull? I, sir, I would you should know it; the poore are serv'd at his gate, early and late, sir.—*Every Man out of his Humour.*

[59] *Were you sent hither to praise me?*

That is, to *appraise*, or *appretiate* me. The foregoing words, *schedules*, and *inventoried*, show, I think, that this is the meaning. So again, in Cymbeline: "I could then have looked on him without the help of admiration; though the *catalogue* of his endowments had been *tabled* by his side, and I to peruse him by *items*."—*Malone.*

Malone's conjecture is ingenious, and I should have thought it the true reading, if the foregoing words, *schedule* and *inventoried*, had been used by Viola: but as it is Olivia herself who makes use of them, I believe the old reading is right, though Steevens has adopted that of Malone. Viola has extolled her beauty so highly, that Olivia asks whether she was sent there on purpose to praise her.—*M. Mason.*

There can be little doubt, I think, of the justness of Malone's conjecture that *appraise* not praise (extol) was the poet's idea; and though the words which immediately introduce it, *schedules*, *inventoried*, &c., did not proceed from Viola, they were yet suggested to the speaker by the equivocal term *copy*, that Viola had uttered.—*Seymour.*

Olivia is here speaking very satirically, and asks Viola, in ridicule or assumed indignation, whether he (she) was sent to appraise her beauties, like a broker might do furniture. "*I prayse* a thynge, I esteme of what value it is, *Je aprise*, prim. conj. I can nat prayse justly howe moche it is worthe, but as I gesse: *je ne le puis poynt apriser combien il vault, mays comme je divine*," Palsgrave, 1530. "Prayse by value, *estimo*," Huloet's Abcedarium, 1552. "A praiser or valuer," Baret's Alvearie, 1580.

[60] *Though you were crown'd the nonpareil of beauty.*

Though your beauty were unparalleled, it would not be more than a just recompence for such love as my master's.—*Malone.*

[61] *Write loyal cantons of contemned love.*

The old copy has *cantons;* which Capell, who appears to have been entirely unacquainted with our ancient language, has changed into *canzons.*—There is no need of alteration. *Canton* was used for *canto* in our author's time. So, in the London Prodigal, a comedy, 1605: "What-do-you-call-him has it there in his third *canton*." Again, in Heywood's Preface to Britaynes Troy, 1609:—"I have taskt myselfe to such succinctnesse and brevity, that in the judicial perusal of these few *cantons* as little time shall be hazarded as profite from them be any way expected."—*Malone.*

[62] *Holla your name to the reverberate hills.*

Reverberant, Theobald. Upton well observes, that Shakespeare frequently uses the adjective passive, *actively*. Theobald's emendation is therefore unnecessary. Jonson, in one of his masques at court, says: "—which skill, Pythagoras first taught to men by a *reverberate* glass."—*Steevens.* Johnson, in his Dictionary, adopted Theobald's correction; but the following line from T. Heywood's Troja Britannica, 1609, canto xi. st. 9, shows that the original text should be preserved:—"Give shrill *reverberat echoes* and rebounds."—*Holt White.*

[63] *Unless the master were the man.*

Unless the dignity of the master were added to the merit of the servant, I shall go too far, and disgrace myself. Let me stop in time.—*Malone.* Perhaps she means to check herself by observing,—"This is unbecoming forwardness on my part, unless I were as much in love with the master as I am with the man."—*Steevens.*

[64] *To flatter with his lord.*

This was the phraseology of the time. So, in King Richard II.:—"Shall dying men flatter *with* those that live." Many more instances might be added.—*Malone.*

[65] *Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind.*

This seems to mean, I fear it will turn out that my eye will indulge me in wishes and expectations, so that it will overpower my judgment. Dr. Johnson, however, explains it thus,—"I am not mistress of my own actions; I am afraid that my eyes betray me, and flatter the youth without my consent, with discoveries of love." Monck Mason observes that "it would be strange indeed if Olivia should say that she feared her eyes would betray her passion and flatter the youth, without her consent, with a discovery of her love, after she had actually sent him a ring, which must have discovered her passion more strongly, and was sent for that very purpose. The true meaning appears to me to be this: —she fears that her eyes had formed so flattering an idea of Cesario, that she would not have strength of mind sufficient to resist the impression."

[66] *Ourselves we do not owe.*

Owe, own. In other words, we are not our own masters, we do not exercise absolute control over ourselves.

Act the Second.

SCENE I.—*The Sea-coast.*

Enter Antonio *and* Sebastian.

Ant. Will you stay no longer? nor will you not, that I go with you?

Seb. By your patience, no: my stars shine darkly over me; the malignancy of my fate might, perhaps, distemper yours; therefore I shall crave of you your leave, that I may bear my evils alone: It were a bad recompense for your love, to lay any of them on you.

Ant. Let me yet know of you, whither you are bound.

Seb. No, 'sooth, sir; my determinate voyage is mere extravagancy. But I perceive in you so excellent a touch of modesty, that you will not extort from me what I am willing to keep in; therefore it charges me in manners the rather to express myself.[1] You must know of me then, Antonio, my name is Sebastian, which I called Rodorigo; my father was that Sebastian of Messaline,[2] whom I know, you have heard of: he left behind him, myself, and a sister, both born in an hour. If the heavens had been pleased, 'would we had so ended! but you, sir, altered that; for some hour before you took me from the breach of the sea,[3] was my sister drowned.

Ant. Alas, the day!

Seb. A lady, sir, though it was said she much resembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful: but, though I could not, with such estimable wonder,[4] over-far believe that, yet thus far I will boldly publish her, she bore a mind that envy could not but call fair: she is drowned already, sir, with salt water, though I seem to drown her remembrance again with more.

Ant. Pardon me, sir, your bad entertainment.

Seb. O, good Antonio, forgive me your trouble.

Ant. If you will not murder me for my love, let me be your servant.

Seb. If you will not undo what you have done, that is, kill him whom you have recovered, desire it not. Fare ye well at once: my bosom is full of kindness; and I am yet so near the manners of my mother, that upon the least occasion more, mine eyes will tell tales of me. I am bound to the count Orsino's court: farewell. [*Exit.*

Ant. The gentleness of all the gods go with thee!
I have many enemies in Orsino's court,
Else would I very shortly see thee there:
But, come what may, I do adore thee so,
That danger shall seem sport, and I will go. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*A Street.*

Enter VIOLA; MALVOLIO *following.*

Mal. Were not you even now with the countess Olivia?

Vio. Even now, sir; on a moderate pace I have since arrived but hither.

Mal. She returns this ring to you, sir; you might have saved me my pains, to have taken it away yourself. She adds moreover, that you should put your lord into a desperate assurance she will none of him: And one thing more; that you be never so hardy to come again in his affairs, unless it be to report your lord's taking of this. Receive it so.[5]

Vio. She took the ring of me![6]—I'll none of it.

Mal. Come, sir, you peevishly threw it to her; and her will is, it should be so returned: if it be worth stooping for, there it lies in your eye; if not, be it his that finds it. [*Exit.*

Vio. I left no ring with her: What means this lady?

Fortune forbid, my outside have not charm'd her!
She made good view of me; indeed, so much,
That, methought, her eyes had lost her tongue,[7]
For she did speak in starts distractedly.
She loves me, sure; the cunning of her passion
Invites me in this churlish messenger.
None of my lord's ring! why, he sent her none.—
I am the man;—If it be so,—as 'tis,—
Poor lady, she were better love a dream.
Disguise, I see, thou art a wickedness,
Wherein the pregnant enemy does much.
How easy is it, for the proper-false[8]
In women's waxen hearts to set their forms!
Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we;
For, such as we are made of, such we be.[9]
How will this fadge?[10] My master loves her dearly;
And I, poor monster, fond as much on him;
And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me:
What will become of this! As I am man,
My state is desperate for my master's love;
As I am woman, now alas the day!
What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe?
O time, thou must untangle this, not I;
It is too hard a knot for me to untie. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in* Olivia's *House.*

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH *and Sir* ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

Sir To. Approach, sir Andrew: not to be a-bed after midnight, is to be up betimes; and *diluculo surgere*, thou know'st,——

Sir And. Nay, by my troth, I know not: but I know, to be up late, is to be up late.

Sir To. A false conclusion; I hate it as an unfilled can; To be up after midnight, and to go to bed then is early: so that, to go to bed after midnight, is to go to bed betimes. Do not our lives consist of the four elements?[11]

Sir And. 'Faith, so they say; but, I think, it rather consists of eating and drinking.

Sir To. Thou art a scholar; let us therefore eat and drink.—Marian, I say!——a stoop of wine.[12]

Enter Clown.

Sir And. Here comes the fool, i'faith.

Clo. How now, my hearts? Did you never see the picture of We Three?[13]

Sir To. Welcome, ass. Now let's have a catch.

Sir And. By my troth, the fool has an excellent breast.[14] I had rather than forty shillings I had such a leg, and so sweet a breath to sing, as the fool has. In sooth, thou wast in very gracious fooling last night, when thou spokest of Pigrogromitus,[15] of the Vapians passing the equinoctial of Queubus; 'twas very good, i'faith. I sent thee six-pence for thy leman:[16] Hadst it?

Clo. I did impeticos thy gratillity;[17] for Malvolio's nose is no whipstock:[18] My lady has a white hand, and the Myrmidons are no bottle-ale houses.

Sir And. Excellent! Why, this is the best fooling, when all is done. Now, a song.

Sir To. Come on; there is sixpence for you: lets have a song.

Sir And. There's a testril of me, too:[19] if one knight give a——

Clo. Would you have a love-song, or a song of good life?

Sir To. A love-song, a love-song.

Sir And. Ay, ay; I care not for good life.[20]

SONG.

Clo.

O mistress mine, where are you roaming?[21]
O, stay and hear; your true love's coming,
That can sing both high and low:
Trip no further, pretty sweeting,
Journeys end in lovers' meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.

Sir And. Excellent good, i'faith.

Sir To. Good, good.

Clo.

What is love? 'tis not hereafter;
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What's to come, is still unsure;
In delay there lies no plenty;[22]
Then come kiss me, sweet-and-twenty,[23]
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

Sir And. A mellifluous voice, as I am true knight.

Sir To. A contagious breath.

Sir And. Very sweet and contagious, i'faith.

Sir To. To hear by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion. But shall we make the welkin dance[24] indeed? Shall we rouse the night-owl in a catch, that will draw three souls out of one weaver?[25] shall we do that?

Sir And. An you love me, let's do't: I am dog at a catch.[26]

Clo. By'r lady, sir, and some dogs will catch well.

Sir And. Most certain: let our catch be, "Thou knave."

Clo. "Hold thy peace, thou knave," knight? I shall be constrain'd in't to call thee knave, knight.

Sir And. 'Tis not the first time I have constrained one to call me knave. Begin, fool; it begins, "Hold thy peace."

Clo. I shall never begin, if I hold my peace.

Sir And. Good, i'faith! Come, begin. [*They sing a catch.*[27]

Enter MARIA.

Mar. What a catterwauling do you keep here! If my lady have not called up her steward, Malvolio, and bid him turn you out of doors, never trust me.

Sir To. My lady's a Cataian,[28] we are politicians; Malvolio's a Peg-a-Ramsay,[29] and "Three merry men be we."[30] Am not I consanguineous? am I not of her blood? Tilly-valley, lady?[31] "There dwelt a man in Babylon,[32]

Lady, Lady!" [*Singing.*

Clo. Beshrew me, the knight's in admirable fooling.

Sir And. Ay, he does well enough, if he be disposed, and so do I too; he does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural.

Sir To. "O, the twelfth day of December,"— [*Singing.*

Mar. For the love o' God, peace.

Enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. My masters, are you mad? or what are you? Have you no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? Do ye make an alehouse of my lady's house, that ye squeak out your coziers'[33] catches without any mitigation or remorse of voice? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time, in you?

Sir To. We did keep time, sir, in our catches. Sneck up![34]

Mal. Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My lady bade me tell you, that, though she harbours you as her kinsman,

she's nothing allied to your disorders. If you can separate yourself and your misdemeanors, you are welcome to the house; if not, an it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

Sir To. "Farewell, dear heart,[35] since I must needs be gone."

Mar. Nay, good sir Toby.

Clo. "His eyes do shew his days are almost done."

Mal. Is't even so?

Sir To. "But I will never die."[36] [*Falls down drunkenly.*

Clo. Sir Toby, there you lie.

Mal. This is much credit to you.

Sir To. "Shall I bid him go?" [*Singing.*

Clo. "What an if you do?"

Sir To. "Shall I bid him go, and spare not?"

Clo. "O no, no, no, no, you dare not."

Sir To. Out o'time? sir, ye lie.[37]—Art any more than a steward? Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?

Clo. Yes, by Saint Anne; and ginger shall be hot i' the mouth too.

Sir To. Thou'rt i' the right.—Go, sir, rub your chain with crumbs:[38]—A stoop of wine, Maria!

Mal. Mistress Mary, if you prized my lady's favour at any thing more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil rule;[39] she shall know of it, by this hand. [*Exit.*

Mar. Go shake your ears.[40]

Sir And. 'Twere as good a deed as to drink when a man's a hungry, to challenge him the field; and then to break promise with him, and make a fool of him.

Sir To. Do't knight; I'll write thee a challenge; or I'll deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

Mar. Sweet Sir Toby, be patient for to-night; since the youth of the count's was to-day with my lady, she is much out of quiet. For monsieur Malvolio, let me alone with him: if I do not gull him into a nayword,[41] and make him a common recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lie straight in my bed: I know I can do it.

Sir To. Possess us,[42] possess us; tell us something of him.

Mar. Marry, sir, sometimes he is a kind of Puritan.

Sir And. O, if I thought that, I'd beat him like a dog.

Sir To. What, for being a Puritan? thy exquisite reason, dear knight?

Sir And. I have no exquisite reason for 't, but I have reason good enough.

Mar. The devil a Puritan that he is, or anything constantly but a time-pleaser; an affection'd[43] ass, that cons state without book, and utters it by great swarths:[44] the best persuaded of himself, so crammed, as he thinks, with excellencies, that it is his ground of faith, that all, that look on him, love him; and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work.

Sir To. What wilt thou do?

Mar. I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love; wherein, by the colour of his beard, the shape of his leg, the manner of his gait, the expressure of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he shall find himself most feelingly personated: I can write very like my lady, your niece; on a forgotten matter we can hardly make distinction of our hands.

Sir To. Excellent! I smell a device.

Sir And. I have 't in my nose too.

Sir To. He shall think, by the letters that thou wilt drop, that they come from my niece, and that she is in love with him.

Mar. My purpose is, indeed, a horse of that colour.

Sir And. And your horse[45] now would make him an ass.

Mar. Ass, I doubt not.

Sir And. O, 'twill be admirable.

Mar. Sport royal, I warrant you: I know, my physic will work with him. I will plant you two, and let the fool make a third, where he shall find the letter; observe his construction of it. For this night, to bed, and dream on the event. Farewell.

[*Exit.*

Sir To. Good night, Penthesilea.

Sir And. Before me, she 's a good wench.

Sir To. She 's a beagle, true bred, and one that adores me; What o' that?

Sir And. I was adored once too.

Sir To. Let's to bed, knight.—Thou hadst need send for more money.

Sir And. If I cannot recover your niece, I am a foul way out.

Sir To. Send for money, knight; if thou hast her not i' the end, call me Cut.[46]

Sir And. If I do not, never trust me, take it how you will.

Sir To. Come, come; I 'll go burn some sack, 'tis too late to go to bed now: come, knight; come, knight. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Room in the* Duke's *Palace.*

Enter Duke, VIOLA, CURIO, *and others.*

Duke. Give me some music:—Now, good morrow, friends:—
Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song,
That old and antique song we heard last night;
Methought, it did relieve my passion much;
More than light airs and recollected[47] terms,
Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times:—
Come, but one verse.

Cur. He is not here, so please your lordship, that should sing it.

Duke. Who was it?

Cur. Feste, the jester, my lord; a fool, that the lady Olivia's father took much delight in: he is about the house.

Duke. Seek him out, and play the tune the while.
[*Exit* CURIO.—*Music.*
Come hither, boy; If ever thou shalt love,
In the sweet pangs of it, remember me:
For, such as I am, all true lovers are;
Unstaid and skittish in all motions else,
Save, in the constant image of the creature
That is belov'd.—How dost thou like this tune?

Vio. It gives a very echo to the seat
Where love is thron'd.[48]

Duke. Thou dost speak masterly;
My life upon 't, young though thou art, thine eye
Hath stay'd upon some favour that it loves;
Hath it not, boy?

Vio. A little, by your favour.

Duke. What kind of woman is 't?

Vio. Of your complexion.

Duke. She is not worth thee then. What years, i' faith?

Vio. About your years, my lord.[49]

Duke. Too old, by heaven; let still the woman take
An elder than herself;[50] so wears she to him,
So sways she level in her husband's heart.

For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,
Than women's are.

Vio. I think it well, my lord.

Duke. Then let thy love be younger than thyself,
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent;
For women are as roses; whose fair flower,
Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour.

Vio. And so they are: alas, that they are so;
To die, even when they to perfection grow!

Re-enter CURIO, *and* Clown.

Duke. O fellow, come, the song we had last night:—
Mark it, Cesario; it is old, and plain:
The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,
And the free[51] maids that weave their thread with bones,
Do use to chaunt it; it is silly sooth,
And dallies with the innocence of love,
Like the old age.

Clo. Are you ready, sir?

Duke. Ay; pr'ythee, sing. [*Music.*

SONG.

Clo.

Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress[52] let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O prepare it;
My part of death no one so true[53]
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown;
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown:
A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O, where
Sad true lover never find my grave,
To weep there.

Duke. There 's for thy pains.

Clo. No pains, sir; I take pleasure in singing, sir.

Duke. I 'll pay thy pleasure then.

Clo. Truly, sir, and pleasure will be paid, one time or another.

Duke. Give me now leave to leave thee.[54]

Clo. Now, the melancholy god protect thee; and the tailor make thy doublet of changeable taffata,[55] for thy mind is a very opal!—I would have men of such constancy put to sea, that their business might be every thing, and their intent every where;[56] for that 's it, that always makes a good voyage of nothing.—Farewell. [*Exit* Clown.

Duke. Let all the rest give place.——

[*Exeunt* CURIO *and Attendants.*

Once more, Cesario,
Get thee to yon' same sovereign cruelty:
Tell her, my love, more noble than the world,
Prizes not quantity of dirty lands;
The parts that fortune hath bestow'd upon her,
Tell her, I hold as giddily as fortune;
But 'tis that miracle, and queen of gems,
That nature pranks[57] her in, attracts my soul.

Vio. But, if she cannot love you, sir?

Duke. I cannot be so answer'd.[58]

Vio. Sooth, but you must.
Say, that some lady, as, perhaps, there is,
Hath for your love as great a pang of heart
As you have for Olivia: you cannot love her;
You tell her so; Must she not then be answer'd?

Duke. There is no woman's sides,
Can bide the beating of so strong a passion
As love doth give my heart: no woman's heart
So big, to hold so much; they lack retention.
Alas, their love may be call'd appetite,—
No motion of the liver, but the palate,—
That suffer surfeit, cloyment, and revolt;[59]
But mine is all as hungry as the sea,
And can digest as much; make no compare
Between that love a woman can bear me,
And that I owe Olivia.

Vio. Ay, but I know,—

Duke. What dost thou know?

Vio. Too well what love women to men may owe:
In faith, they are as true of heart as we.
My father had a daughter lov'd a man,
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
I should your lordship.

Duke. And what 's her history?
Vio. A blank, my lord: She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek: she pin'd in thought;[60]
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,[61]
She sat like Patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief.[62] Was not this love, indeed?
We men may say more, swear more: but, indeed,
Our shows are more than will; for still we prove
Much in our vows, but little in our love.
Duke. But died thy sister of her love, my boy?
Vio. I am all the daughters of my father's house,
And all the brothers too;[63]—and yet I know not:—
Sir, shall I to this lady?
Duke. Ay, that 's the theme.
To her in haste; give her this jewel; say,
My love can give no place, bide no denay.[64] [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—Olivia's *Garden.*

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH, *Sir* ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK, *and* FABIAN.

Sir To. Come thy ways, signior Fabian.
Fab. Nay, I 'll come; if I lose a scruple of this sport, let me be boiled to death with melancholy.
Sir To. Would'st thou not be glad to have the niggardly rascally sheep-biter[65] come by some notable shame?
Fab. I would exult, man: you know, he brought me out of favour with my lady, about a bear-baiting here.
Sir To. To anger him, we 'll have the bear again; and we will fool him black and blue:—Shall we not, Sir Andrew?
Sir And. An we do not, it is pity of our lives.

Enter MARIA.

Sir To. Here comes the little villain:—How now, my metal of India?[66]
Mar. Get ye all three into the box-tree: Malvolio's coming down this walk; he has been yonder i' the sun, practising

behaviour to his own shadow, this half hour: observe him, for the love of mockery; for, I know, this letter will make a contemplative idiot of him. Close, in the name of jesting! [*The men hide themselves.*] Lie thou there; [*throws down a letter.*] for here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling.[67]

[*Exit* MARIA.

Enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. 'Tis but fortune; all is fortune. Maria once told me, she did affect me: and I have heard herself come thus near, that, should she fancy, it should be one of my complexion. Besides, she uses me with a more exalted respect than any one else that follows her. What should I think on 't?

Sir To. Here 's an over-weening rogue!

Fab. O, peace! Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him; how he jets under his advanced plumes![68]

Sir And. 'Slight, I could so beat the rogue:[69]—

Sir To. Peace, I say.

Mal. To be count Malvolio.

Sir To. Ah, rogue!

Sir And. Pistol him, pistol him.

Sir To. Peace, peace!

Mal. There is example for 't; the lady of the Strachy[70] married the yeoman of the wardrobe.[71]

Sir And. Fie on him, Jezebel!

Fab. O, peace! now he 's deeply in; look, how imagination blows him.[72]

Mal. Having been three months married to her, sitting in my state,[73]—

Sir To. O, for a stone-bow,[74] to hit him in the eye!

Mal. Calling my officers about me, in my branched velvet gown; having come from a day-bed,[75] where I have left Olivia sleeping.

Sir To. Fire and brimstone!

Fab. O, peace, peace!

Mal. And then to have the humour of state:[76] and after a demure travel of regard,—telling them, I know my place, as I would they should do theirs,—to ask for my kinsman Toby!

Sir To. Bolts and shackles!

Fab. O, peace, peace, peace! now, now.

Mal. Seven of my people, with an obedient start, make out

for him: I frown the while; and, perchance, wind up my watch,[77] or play with my some rich jewel.[78] Toby approaches; court'sies there to me:[79]

Sir To. Shall this fellow live?

Fab. Though our silence be drawn from us with cars,[80] yet peace.

Mal. I extend my hand to him thus, quenching my familiar smile with an austere regard of control:

Sir To. And does not Toby take you a blow o' the lips then?

Mal. Saying, "Cousin Toby, my fortunes having cast me on your niece, give me this prerogative of speech:"—

Sir To. What, what?

Mal. "You must amend your drunkenness."

Sir To. Out, scab![81]

Fab. Nay, patience, or we break the sinews of our plot.

Mal. "Besides, you waste the treasure of your time with a foolish knight;"

Sir And. That 's me, I warrant you.

Mal. "One Sir Andrew:"

Sir And. I knew, 'twas I; for many do call me fool.

Mal. What employment have we here?[82]

[*Taking up the letter.*

Fab. Now is the woodcock near the gin.

Sir To. O, peace! and the spirit of humours intimate reading aloud to him!

Mal. By my life, this is my lady's hand: these be her very C's, her U's, and her T's; and thus makes she her great P's. It is, in contempt of question, her hand.

Sir And. Her C's, her U's, and her T's: Why that?

Mal. [reads] "To the Unknown Beloved,[83] This, and my good Wishes:" her very phrases!—By your leave, wax.—Soft![84]—and the impressure her Lucrece,[85] with which she uses to seal: 'tis my lady: To whom should this be?

Fab. This wins him, liver and all.

Mal. [reads] "Jove knows, I love:

But who?

Lips do not move,

No man must know."

"No man must know:"—What follows? the numbers altered![86]—"No man must know:"—If this should be thee, Malvolio?

Sir To. Marry, hang thee, brock![87]

Mal. "I may command, where I adore:
But silence, like a Lucrece knife,
With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore;
M, O, A, I, doth sway my life."[88]

Fab. A fustian riddle!

Sir To. Excellent wench, say I.

Mal. "M, O, A, I, doth sway my life."—Nay, but first, let me see,—let me see,—let me see.

Fab. What dish a' poison has she dressed him!

Sir To. And with what wing the stanniel checks[89] at it!

Mal. "I may command where I adore." Why, she may command me; I serve her, she is my lady. Why, this is evident to any formal capacity.[90] There is no obstruction in this;—And the end,—What should that alphabetical position portend? if I could make that resemble something in me,—Softly!—M, O, A, I.—

Sir To. O, ay! make up that:—he is now at a cold scent.

Fab Sowter will cry upon 't,[91] for all this, though it be as rank as a fox.

Mal. M,—Malvolio;—M,—why, that begins my name.

Fab. Did not I say, he would work it out? the cur is excellent at faults.

Mal. M,—But then there is no consonancy in the sequel; that suffers under probation: A should follow, but O does.

Fab. And O shall end, I hope.[92]

Sir To. Ay, or I 'll cudgel him, and make him cry, O.

Mal. And then I comes behind.

Fab. Ay, an you had any eye behind you, you might see more detraction at your heels, than fortunes before you.

Mal. "M, O, A, I;"—This simulation is not as the former:—and yet, to crush this a little, it would bow to me, for every one of these letters are in my name. Soft; here follows prose.—"If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my stars I am above thee; but be not afraid of greatness: Some are born great,[93] some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them. Thy fates open their hands; let thy blood and spirit embrace them. And, to inure thyself to what thou art like to be, cast thy humble slough, and appear fresh. Be opposite with a kinsman,[94] surly with servants: let thy tongue tang arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity: She thus advises thee, that sighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings;[95] and wished to see thee ever

cross-gartered: I say, remember. Go to; thou art made, if thou desirest to be so; if not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servants, and not worthy to touch fortune's fingers. Farewell. She that would alter services with thee,

THE FORTUNATE-UNHAPPY.[96]

Daylight and champian[97] discover not more: this is open. I will be proud, I will read politic authors, I will baffle Sir Toby, I will wash off gross acquaintance, I will be point-device,[98] the very man. I do not now fool myself, to let imagination jade me; for every reason excites to this, that my lady loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late, she did praise my leg being cross-gartered; and in this she manifests herself to my love, and with a kind of injunction, drives me to these habits of her liking. I thank my stars, I am happy. I will be strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and cross-gartered, even with the swiftness of putting on. God, and my stars be praised!—Here is yet a postscript. "Thou canst not choose but know who I am. If thou entertainest my love, let it appear in thy smiling; thy smiles become thee well; therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet, I pr'ythee." God, I thank thee.—I will smile; I will do every thing that thou wilt have me. [*Exit.*

Fab. I will not give my part of this sport for a pension of thousands to be paid from the Sophy.

Sir To. I could marry this wench for this device:

Sir And. So could I too.

Sir To. And ask no other dowry with her, but such another jest.

Sir And. Nor I neither.

Enter MARIA.

Fab. Here comes my noble gull-catcher.[99]

Sir To. Wilt thou set thy foot o' my neck?

Sir And. Or o' mine either?

Sir To. Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip,[100] and become thy bond-slave?

Sir And. I' faith, or I either.

Sir To. Why, thou hast put him in such a dream, that, when the image of it leaves him, he must run mad.

Mar. Nay, but say true; does it work upon him?

Sir To. Like aqua-vitæ with a midwife.

Mar. If you will then see the fruits of the sport, mark his first approach before my lady: he will come to her in yellow

stockings, and 'tis a colour she abhors; and cross-gartered, a fashion she detests;[101] and he will smile upon her, which will now be so unsuitable to her disposition, being addicted to a melancholy as she is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt: if you will see it, follow me.

Sir To. To the gates of Tartar, thou most excellent devil of wit!

Sir And. I 'll make one too. [*Exeunt.*

Notes to the Second Act.

[1] *The rather to express myself.*

Express, to reveal, to discover. See an instance of this use of the word in Kendall's Flowers of Epigrammes, 1577,—

When thei had robde hym of his coine,
Quoth one among the reste,—
My maisters, let us cutte his throte,
For feare we be *expreste*.

[2] *Messaline.*

Hanmer very judiciously offers to read *Metelin*, an island in the Archipelago; but Shakespeare knew little of geography, and was not at all solicitous about orthographical nicety. The same mistake occurs in the concluding scene of the play.—*Steevens.*

[3] *The breach of the sea.*

That is, what we now call the *breaking* of the sea. In Pericles it is styled—"the *rupture* of the sea."—*Steevens.* Dr. Grey proposes to read, *beach.*

[4] *With such estimable wonder.*

In other words, though I could not altogether agree with such a high degree of admiration. Estimable wonder, observes Dr. Johnson, means, esteeming wonder. The Perkins MS. reads very awkwardly,—"though I could not with *self-estimation wander so far to* believe that;" and another annotated copy has,—"though I could not, with such *estimators*, *wander* overfar *to* believe that." Malone observes that Milton uses *unexpressive* notes, for *unexpressible*, in his Hymn on the Nativity. The active and passive senses of adjectives were frequently interchanged by our old writers.

If we hold it to signify such "estimative wonder," or, in short, "such an amount of esteem and wonder," there comes really to be no obscurity at all. The special adjective "estimable" is certainly not so used ordinarily, at least now-a-days; but there occur innumerable instances in Shakespeare where similar adjectives, founded on verbs, bear little more than the general sense of their

radicals. For example, in As you Like it, "inexpressive" means "inexpressible," and implies that the qualities of the lady were too high to be expressed in words. Again, we find in Much Ado About Nothing a case still more to the purpose. Don Pedro says that Benedict will scorn the love of Beatrice, "for the man," adds the Prince, "hath a contemptible spirit." The adjective in this instance, formed exactly like "estimable," has the obvious sense of "contemptuous," in place of "worthy of contempt," its common meaning. All that is required, then, to clear up the preceding passage, is to interpret "estimable," not into "worthy of esteem," but into "estimating" or "estimative." This is not much to ask, considering how often Shakespeare has so employed other adjectives of the like constitution. —*Smibert.*

[5] *Receive it so.*

One of the modern editors reads, with some probability, "receive it, *sir;*" but the present reading is sufficiently intelligible.—*Malone.* "*Receive* it so" is, *understand* it so. Thus, in the third act of this play, Olivia says to Viola:—"To one of your *receiving*—Enough is shewn."—*Steevens.*

[6] *She took the ring of me!*

This passage has been hitherto thus pointed:—"She took the ring of me: I'll none of it," which renders it, as it appears to me, quite unintelligible. The punctuation now adopted:—"She took the ring of me!—I'll none of it," certainly renders the line less exceptionable: yet I cannot but think there is some corruption in the text. Had our author intended such a mode of speech, he would probably have written:—"She took *a* ring of me!—I'll none of it." Malvolio's answer seems to intimate that Viola had said she had not given any ring. We ought, therefore, perhaps to read:—"She took *no* ring of me!—I'll none of it." So afterwards: "I left *no* ring with her." Viola expressly denies her having given Olivia any ring. How then can she assert, as she is made to do by the old regulation of the passage, that the lady had received one from her?—*Malone.*

Mr. Knight, commenting upon this passage, says, "Viola has been blamed for this assertion. She would screen Olivia from the suspicions of her own servant. The lady has said that the ring was left with her, and Viola has too strong a respect for her own sex to proclaim the truth. She makes up her mind during Malvolio's speech to refuse the ring, but not to expose the cause of her refusal." A note of admiration after *me* best expresses the author's intention, which was no doubt to make Viola utter an exclamation of surprise, equivalent to saying, is it possible any one can say she took the ring of me? Besides, the real truth of the matter is not suspected by Viola until afterwards, and she is too much taken by surprise to imagine a subterfuge that would fit the occasion.

[7] *Her eyes had lost her tongue.*

Warburton unnecessarily proposes to alter *lost* to *crost.* Johnson explains it, —"We say a man *loses* his company when they go one way and he goes another. So Olivia's tongue *lost* her eyes; her tongue was talking of the Duke, and her eyes gazing on his messenger." *Lost*, as we understand the lines, here means *ruined.* Olivia's eyes had deprived her tongue of its powers: she could only speak distractedly. This signification of *lost* was not uncommon in our poet's days. Thus Cordelia says to Lear: "Though not to have it" (a professing tongue) "hath *lost* me in your liking;" i. e. *ruin'd* me in your good opinion. In Love's Labour's Lost we have "to *lose* an oath," to violate it. So also in Beaumont and Fletcher's Love's Pilgrimage: "If my unhappy fortune have not *lost me;*" i. e., *ruin'd* me. Again, in the same scene, "From these we bred desires, but *lose*

me heaven, if mine were lustful;" *i. e.*, let heaven destroy me. In the Double Marriage, of the same authors, Sesse says to his daughter Martia, "For thou, in taking leave of modesty, hast kill'd thy father, and his honour *lost;*" i. e., *ruin'd* his reputation.—*Anon.* Her eyes had lost the assistance of her tongue, that is, were so very busy in expressing her meaning, as if they could not find her tongue to do it with.—*Heath.* The plain meaning seems to be that her eyes were so occupied in looking at Viola, her talk was distracted.

[8] *The proper-false.*

This is one of the numerous examples of the double adjective, the conjunction being understood, that are to be met with in Shakespeare. The *proper-false*, that is, the proper and false, the handsome and deceitful. The use of the word *proper*, in the sense of *handsome*, is very common. With these lines may be compared those in the Rape of Lucrece which commence,—"For men have marble, women waxen minds."

[9] *For, such as we are made of, such we be.*

The old copy reads—"made *if*." Tyrwhitt observes that "instead of transposing these lines according to Dr. Johnson's conjecture," he is inclined to read the latter as I have printed it. So, in the Tempest: "——we are such stuff —As dreams are made *of*."—*Steevens.* *Of* and *if* are frequently confounded in the old copies. Thus in the folio 1632, King John, p. 6: "Lord of our presence, Angiers, and *if* you," instead of—*of* you. Again, *of* is printed instead of *if*, Merchant of Venice, 1623:—"Mine own I would say, but, *of* mine, then yours." In As You Like It, we have a line constructed nearly like the present, as now corrected:—"Who such a one as she, such is her neighbour."—*Malone.* Dr. Johnson, retaining the old reading, proposed to transpose this and the previous line.

Steevens justifies the change of *if* to *of* by the passage in the Tempest—"We are such stuff as dreams are made *of*." But the passages are not analogous. If Viola meant to say—we be such as we are made—the particle *of* is surplusage. But we think she does not mean this. She would say, "Our frailty is the cause, not we ourselves, that the proper-false deceive us; because such as we are *made* frail *if* we be frail." The poet did not mean the reasoning to be very conclusive. —*C. Knight.*

[10] *How will this fadge?*

Fadge, to suit, to fit; and hence used in a great variety of oblique senses, to go, to pass into action, to prosper, to proceed, to agree, &c. "I'll have thy advice; and if it fadge, thou shalt eat, thou shalt sweat, play till thou sleep, and sleep till thy bones ake," Mother Bombie. "But how will it *fadge* in the end——? All this *fadges* well—. We are about a matter of legerdemain, how will this *fadge?* ——in good time it *fadges*," ibid. "I shall never *fadge* with the humour, because I cannot lie," Old Fortunatus, 1600. "*Andar' a vanga*, to fadge, to prosper with, to go as one would have it," Florio's Worlde of Wordes, 1598. "Then John, and Joane, and Madge,—Were call'd the merry crew:— That with no drinke could *fadge*,—But where the fat they knew," Friar Bakon's Prophesie, 1604. "This fashion will not *fadge* with me," Wit without Money. "This *fadging* conflict," Chapman's Homer. The word is used in Nashe's Lenten Stuff, 1599: "It would not *fadge*, for then the market was raised to three hundred." Again, in Old Law, "Now it begins *to fadge*," 1656. "Now, Master Clare, you see how matters *fadge*," Merry Devil of Edmonton. "If all things *fadge* not, as all things should doe,—We shall be sped, fayth, Matt shall have her due," Englishmen for my Money.

With flatterie my muse could never *fage*,
Nor could affect such vaine scurrility,
To please lewd lorrels, in their foolery.
Drayton's Shepherd's Garland, 1593.

For who so bearcs simplicities true badge,
To live in Princes' courts doe seldome *fadge*.
Niccols' Beggars Ape, n. d.

I am one of those, whose opinion is that divine poesie doth never *fadge* so well—as in a youthful, wanton, and unbridled subject.—*Florio*, *Transl. of Montaigne*, B. i. ch. 28.

But, sirra Ned, what sayes Mathea to thee? Wilt *fadge?* wilt *fadge?* What, will it be a match? *Walg.* A match say you; a mischiefe twill as soone. —*Englishmen for my Money.*

"He will never *fadge* with these Toledos," Love's Cure. "If this Scotch garboils do not *fadge* to our minds, we will pell-mell run amongst the Cornish choughs presently, and in a trice," Perkin Warbeck. "In good sooth, sir, this match *fadged* him," Promos and Cassandra. "Thus wodden yeou doone and I were dead, but while I live yeou *fadge* not on it; is this aw the warke yeou confine?," Heywood's Late Lancashire Witches, 1634. "To *fadge*, to succeed, to be disposed or ordred, as, things fadge well or ill, that won't fadge, Kent," Kennett's Glossary, MS. Lansd. 1033. "Qui ne peut mouldre à un moulin aille à l'autre: Prov. Let him that cannot *fadge* in one course fall to another," Cotgrave. The word is still used in the West, in the same sense of agreeing, or suiting. "He and she don't *fadge*."—"That waint do, it esn't fitty, it don't *fadge*."—"How do'ee *fadge?*," i. e., how are you?

[11] *Do not our lives consist of the four elements?*

The following account, "how the four elementes ben sette," is extracted from the Myrrour and Dyscrypcyon of the Worlde with many Mervaylles, fol., c. 1525,—"This clerenesse of which we have spoken which is callyd ayer spyrytuall, and where the angels take theyr aray and atourement, envyronneth all aboute the world the foure elementis whiche God created and sette one wyth in that other; of whych that one is the fyre, the seconde is thayer, the thyrd is the water, and the fourthe is the erthe, of which that one is fastned in that other, and that one susteyneth that other in suche maner as the erthe holdeth hym in the myddle. The fyre which is the fyrst, encloseth this aire in which we be, and this ayer encloseth the water after the wyche holdeth hym all aboute the erthe, all in like wyse as is sene of an egge, and as the whyte encloseth the yolke. And in the myddle of the yolke is also, as it were, a droppe of greace which holdeth on no part. And the droppe of grece, which is in the myddle, holdeth on neyther parte. By such and semblable

regarde is the erthe set in the myddle of heven so juste and so egally that as fer is the erthe fro heven fro above as fro bynethe; for wher so ever thou be upon the erthe, thou art lyke ferre fro heven, lyke as ye may se the poynte of a compas which is sette in the myddle of the cercle, that is to saye, that it is sette in the lowest place. For of all fourmes that be made in the compas alwaye the poynt is lowest in the myddle, and thus ben the foure elementes sette that one within that other so that the erthe is alway in the myddle; for as moche space is alwaye the heven frome under the erthe as it appereth frome above." It was the old and popular notion that man was composed of the four elements. "Elements there are foure, and so there be foure qualities of elements, of the which every bodie that hath a soule is composed and made, as of matter; and namely man's bodie, that is noblest among all the elements, and most nobly ordeined among all things that be composed and made of diverse thinges, as that it is assigned to the proper instrument or organe of the reasonable soule, in his works as well of kinde as of will. So man's bodie is made of foure elements, that is to wit, of earth, water, fire, and aire," Batman uppon Bartholome, 1582.

So, in our author's 45th Sonnet:—"My life being made of four, with two alone—Sinks down to death," &c. So also, in King Henry V.: "He is pure air and fire; and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him."—*Malone.* Again, in Antony and Cleopatra:—"I am fire and air; my other *elements*—I give to *baser* life."—*Steevens.* And in Fletcher's Nice Valour,—

> I prithee, thou four elements ill-brew'd,
> Torment none but thyself: away, I say,
> Thou beast of passion, as the drunkard is
> The beast of wine! dishonour to thy making,
> Thou man in fragments!

[12] *A stoop of wine.*

"*Stoup* is a common word in Scotland at this day, and denotes a pewter vessel resembling our wine measure; but of no determinate quantity, *that* being ascertained by an adjunct, as *gallon-stoup*, *pint-stoup*, *mutchkin-stoup*, &c. The vessel in which they fetch or keep water is also called the *water-stoup*. A *stoup of wine* is therefore equivalent to a pitcher of wine," Ritson. The annexed example of a pewter wine stoop or stoup, eleven inches in height, and containing eight imperial pints, was kindly furnished me by Mr. Whincopp. The specimen formerly belonged to a tavern in Bunhill, a long row near Moorfields in London. When Sir Toby calls for a stoop of wine, a vessel of large size was probably intended, out of which the glasses or cups could be frequently replenished. Mention is made of "the Switzer's stoop of Rhenish" in Decker's Gulls Hornbook, 1609. "Let my new grave be made amongst good fellows, that have died before me, and merry hosts of my kind.—And forty *stoops* of wine drunk at thy funeral," Lover's Progress. "Was thy cheese mouldy, or thy pennyworths small? was not thy ale the mightiest of the earth in malt, and thy stoop filled like a tide?," Triumph of Honour. "Yet, I thank God, I break not a wrinkle more than I had. Not a stoop, boys? Care, live with cats: I defy thee!," Knight of the Burning Pestle. In Hexham's Low Dutch Dictionary, 1660, a *gallon* is

explained by *een kanne van twee stoopen*. A *stoop*, however, seems to have been something more than half a gallon. In a Catalogue of the Rarities in the Anatomy Hall at Leyden, printed there, 4to. 1701, is "the bladder of a man containing four *stoop* (which is something above *two* English gallons) of water."

[13] *Did you never see the picture of We Three.*

This is in allusion to a common old sign of two fools, inscribed, *We three;* the spectator being presumed to make the third fool. An old token, dated 1665, of a person who kept a house with this sign in Tooley Street, Southwark, is distinguished by two heads face to face, below which is the inscription, *We are three.* The sign is still preserved in several places in England, where a few taverns still exist, the sign consisting of two grotesque or idiotic heads, and the inscription being,—"We three, loggerheads be."

> Plaine home-spun stuffe shall now proceed from me,
> Much like unto the Picture of Wee Three.
> *Taylor's Farewell to the Tower-Bottles*, 1622.

The marginal note to this is,—"The picture of two fooles, and the third looking on, I doe fitly compare with the two black bottles and myselfe."

The original picture, or sign as it sometimes was, seems to have been two *fools.* Thus, in Shirley's Bird in a Cage, Morello, who counterfeits a *fool*, says, "*We be three of old*, without exception to your lordship, only with this difference, I am the wisest fool, for you play the fool in your old clothes, and I have a new coat on." In Day's comedy of Law Tricks, 1608, Jul. says, "appoint the place prest." To which Em. answers, "At the *three fools.*" Sometimes, as Henley has stated, it was two asses.—*Douce.*

Frail. There is none of us, I can tell you, but shall be soundly whip'd for swearing.—*Oath.* Why how now, *we three?* Puritanical scrape-shoes, flesh o' Good-Fridays, a hand.—*The Puritan, or the Widow of Watling Street*, 1607.

By sitting on the stage, if you be a knight, you may happily get you a mistress; if a mere Fleet-street gentleman, a wife: but assure yourself, by continual residence, you are the first and principal man in election to begin the number of "We three."—*Decker's Gulls Hornbook*, 1609.

Sos. Thou a gentleman! thou an ass.—*Nean.* He is ne'er the farther from being a gentleman, I assure you.—*Tutor.* May it please your grace, I am another. —*Nean.* He is another ass, he says; I believe him.—*Uncle.* We be three, heroical prince—*Nean.* Nay, then, we must have the picture of 'em, and the word *Nos sumus.*—*The Queen of Corinth*, ed. Dyce.

Lol. Here's my place: mark now, Tony, there a fool before a knave.—*Ant.* That's I, cousin.—*Lol.* Here's a fool behind a knave, that's I; and between us two fools there is a knave, that's my master; 'tis but we three, that's all.—*Ant.* We three, we three, cousin.—*The Changeling.*

The annals of the Mancha are in as large a faire foolio, as those of Goteham, and are kept in very safe custodie, few travellers have had the favour to see them; Tom Coriat had a view, and to a wise man it is enough. It is very difficult now, unlesse recommended from some great personage, to have admittance to the sight of them: there must be two certificates at least, of the family of the We be three, who are of the quorum alwayes.—*Gayton's Festivous Notes on Don Quixote*, 1654.

[14] *The fool has an excellent breast.*

I have been advised, as the discourse runs on the Fool's singing, that this should be, *breath:* because it is said in the very next line,—"and so sweet a

breath to sing;" and in the very next page,—"A mellifluous *voice*—a contagious *breath*." But I have no doubt but it was the phrase for what we now call, good lungs, a good power of holding out in singing. So, in Ben Jonson's Masque of Metamorphized Gipsies, "An excellent song, and a sweet songster, and would have done rarely in a cage with a dish of water and hemp-seed; fine *breast* of his own;" and in a Spanish vocabulary, printed in Queen Elizabeth's time, this phrase, *Aquel tiene linda boz, i. e.*, he has a fine voice, is Englished—he has a *good breast*. —*Theobald.*

Breast, voice. Breath has been here proposed: but many instances may be brought to justify the old reading beyond a doubt. In the statutes of Stoke-College, founded by Archbishop Parker, 1535,—"Which said queristers, after their *breasts* are changed (i. e. their voices broke,) we will the most apt of wit and capacity be helpen with exhibitions of forty shillings," &c. In Fiddes's Life of Wolsey, Append. p. 128: "Singing-men well *breasted*." In Tusser's Husbandrie, p. 155, edit. P. Short:—"The better *brest*, the lesser rest,—To serve the queer, now there now heere." Tusser, in this piece, called the Author's Life, tells us that he was a choir-boy in the collegiate chapel of Wallingford Castle; and that, on account of the excellence of his *voice*, he was successively removed to various choirs.—*Warton.* Jonson uses the word *breast* in the same manner, in his Masque of Gypsies, p. 623, edit. 1692. In an old play called the Four P's, written by J. Heywood, 1569, is this passage:—"*Poticary.* I pray you, tell me, can you sing? —*Pedler.* Sir, I have some sight in singing.—*Poticary.* But is your *breast* any thing sweet?—*Pedler.* Whatever my *breast* be, my voice is meet." In birds, the seat of the song is actually in the breast, there being a conformation at the lower end of the windpipe for the modulation of their notes. "Than sayd the pecocke, —All ye well wot—I syng not musycall;—For my *brest* is decayd,—Yet I have, he sayd,—Fethers angelicall," The Armonye of Byrdes.

> A naturall *breste* is goode with sowndes of moderacion,
> A glorifiede *breste* is to curyus withe notis of alteracion,
> But he that syngithe a trewe songe mesurithe in the meane,
> And he that rechithe to hye a trebill his tewyns is not clene.
> *The Proverbis in the Garet at Lekingfelde.*

> A breste to audible mowntithe to affexion,
> He that mesurithe in the meane causithe more devocion,
> And he that caryethe more crochettes than his connynge can prove,
> Makithe more discorde of doblenes than melody of love.
> He that hathe a brym breste and litill inspexion withe all,
> Ought to be advisede twyse of his notis musicall,
> For he whiche hathe a voice exaltynge to hy,
> For lac of goode knowlege marrithe muche melody.—*Ibid.*

"So loe! that is a breast to blowe out a candle," Ralph Roister Doister. "Pray ye, stay a little: lets heare him sing, h'as a fine breast," Beaumont and Fletcher's Pilgrim. "Swect-breasted as the nightingale or thrush," Love's Cure. "Which said queristers, after their *breasts* are changed, &c.," Strype's Life of Abp. Parker, p. 9. "Truely two degrees of men shall greatly lacke the use of singinge, preachers and lawyers, because they shall not, without this, be able to rule their *breastes* for every purpose," Ascham's Toxophilus. "A man's *brest* giveth a great ornament and grace to all these instruments," Hoby's Courtyer, translated from Castiglione, 1588. The original is "la voce humana;" the French, "la voix humaine." Again, in Middleton's More Dissemblers besides Women, Dondolo, after a song by his Page, says, "Oh rich, ravishing, rare, and inticing! Well, go

thy ways, for as *sweet a brested* page as ever lay at his master's feet in a truckle-bed;" and in Women beware Women, 1657,—"*Duke.* Yea the voice too, sir?—*Fab.* I and *a sweet brest* too, my lord, I hope,—Or I have cast away my money wisely."

[15] *When thou spokest of Pigrogomitus.*

The quaint word-coinage of the clown seems to have been most acceptable to Sir Andrew; it is the best fooling of all! One of Tarlton's modes of raising a laugh was the invention of odd words. "Without all *paraquestions*, quoth Tarlton," Ulysses upon Ajax, 1596. Tarlton's "amplifications a-per-se-a," mentioned in Harvey's Foure Letters and Certaine Sonnets, 1592, may perhaps allude to this system of extending words for the sake of producing a ridiculous compound. "Wherefore, *shokkatorum*, that which will bee shall bee,"—King's Halfe-Pennyworth of Wit, 1613.

[16] *I sent thee sixpence for thy leman.*

Leman, a lover, or gallant; a mistress. In very early English, the term is sometimes used simply for a dear or beloved person. "To leven and let my leman, swettist of al ȝinge," verses in the Red Book of Ossory, MS. "The bolle get in the corn, but mi leman love well," MS. Arundel 27, fol. 130, in the Heralds College. "When there lemmanys hert begynnyth to wry,—I holde hyt the beste, my trowth y plyght,—To pluk of here bellys, and let here fly," MS. ballad, temp. Hen. VI. "Now the lady byseches he—That scho wolde his *lemane* be,—Fast he frayned that free—For any kyns aughte," romance of Sir Perceval. "Drof of hors and gyl of fisch,—So hat my *lemman* war ȝe ys;—Water of rother and taymys brother,—So hat my *lemman* in non other," curious nonsense verses of the fifteenth century in MS. Douce 257. In the early metrical Lives of the Saints, the term *lemman* is applied to a whoremonger, or an unchaste man. The writer, after describing the chastisement inflicted by St. Edmund on a young girl who solicited him, says,—"Thus maidenes that beoth wilful, foli for to do,—Ich wolde hi fonde such a *lemman*, that hem wolde chasti so." The word *leman*, applied to an illicit lover of either sex, is of very frequent occurrence in early English. It is used by Shakespeare in the present instance for a mistress; but, in the Merry Wives of Windsor, the expression is employed in reference to the paramour of a wife. "A lemman, or a married man's concubine," Baret's Alvearie, 1580. "*Concubina*, a concubine, a leman," Florio's Worlde of Wordes, 1598. "When Titan is constrayned to forsake—His *lemmans* couche, and clymeth to his cart," Gascoigne's Works, 1587. The word is spelt *lemon* in the old copies, a very common form of the word. "He bad him bryng hys *lemon* in sight," Sir Launfal, Douce fragment. "It is a proverbe in England that the men of Tividal, borderers on the English midle marches, have likers, *lemmons*, and lyerbies," Melbancke's Philotimus, 1583. "Judge Apius, prickt forth with filthy desire,—Thy person as *lemmon* doth greatly require," Apius and Virginia, 1575. "A line from the bottom of the mount of Venus up to the finger, denotes a single levitical priest, yet loving a *lemmon*," Saunders' Physiognomie, 1653. "He is a bottle-head that would thinke otherwise, then that Elisabat the barber kept Queen Madasina as his *lemmon*," Gayton. "Your holiness would have her turn a nun, your *cloyster-lemmon*," Day's Blind Beggar of Bednal Green, 1659. The words *lemon* and *leman* were frequently made the subjects of quibbles. When Queen Mary told Heywood that the priests must forego their wives, he merrily answered, "Then your grace must allow them *lemans*, for the clergy cannot live without sauce."—"All say a limon in wine is good; some thinke a leman and wine better," Buttes' Dyets Dry Dinner, 1599. The following

curious extract, illustrating this subject, is taken from Gascoigne's Hundreth Sundrie Flowres bounde up in one small Poesie, 1572. The abrupt opening is explained by what follows,—

He held himselfe herwith contented; and afterwardes, when they were better acquainted, he chaunced once, groping in her pocket, to find a letter of hir old lovers; and thinking it wer better to wincke than utterly to put out his eyes, seemed not too understand this first offence, but soone after, finding a lemman, the which he thought he saw hir old lemman put there, he devised therof thus, and delivered it unto hir in writing:—

I groped in thy pocket, pretty peat,
And found a lemman, which I looked not:
So found I once, which now I must repeat,
Both leaves and letters which I liked not.
Such hap have I to find and seeke it not,
But since I see no faster meanes to bind, then
I will, henceforth, take lemmans as I find them.

The Dame within very short space did aunswere it thus:—

A lymone, but no lemmane, sir, you found,
For lemmans beare their name to broad before;
The which, since it hath given you such a wound,
That you seeme now offended very sore;
Content yourself you shall find (there) no more;
But take your lemmans henceforth were you lust,
For I will shew my letters where I trust.

"He shall have a *lemmon*, to moysten his mouth:—A *lymon*, I meane, no *lemman*, I trow;—Take hede, my faire maides, you take me not so," Contention between Liberalitie and Prodigalitie, 1602. "One demanded of his friend what was the reason that when a man meets a light wench, the first word he speaks to her is, Gentlewoman, will you goe to the taverne? O, saies the other, a *leman* is never good without wine," Jests to Make you Merie, 1607, p. 4. "*Leman*, quasi, lye by a man, a woman taken in steed of a wife, *concubina*, commonly pronounced *lemmon*, that sharp colde fruit of the hot countries," Butler's English Grammar, 1633. Sometimes, on the other hand, *lemon* is spelt *leman*. "Lemans, fruyte lyke an orynge, *limones*," Huloet's Abcedarium, fol. Lond. 1552.

Thider cam men of miche might,
Erls and barouns bothe aplight;
Levedis and maidens of gret mounde,
That in the lond wer y-founde:
Everiche maiden ches hir love
Of knightes that wer thider y-come,
And everich knight his *leman*
Of that gentil maiden wiman.—*Gy of Warwike*, *p.* 3.

That (for the most) our gentles that professe
Tobacconisme, love *lemman-sauce* so well;
Or that such legions of the base pel-mel,
Under the standard of tobacco, use
To Turnbull first, then to our Bartholmews.—*Du Bartas*, p. 577.

Of filthy incest I do thee accuse,
That, *lemmon-like*, didst with thy father lye.
The Scourge of Venus, or the Wanton Lady, 1614.

'Tis a great signe that Leno's stomack's hot,
Because, hee's noted to love lemons so;
But of this reason some approveth not,
Who better do his constitution know,
For they affirme his lemons got by theft,
And those are cast ones, such as priests have left.
Wroth's Abortive of an Idle Houre, 1620.

The suggestion that Sir Andrew really intended to mean a lemon, the fruit so called, scarcely merits discussion; but it may not be superfluous to add that sixpence was the cost of the lower sort of leman, as will appear from the following curious extracts,—

She will requite his kindnesse every way;
Her inside with such treasury is stor'd,
As may become the pocket of a lord;
All, from the cottage, to the castle high,
From Palatines unto the peasantry,
If they'l permit their wisedomes rule their will,
May keepe this whore, and yet be honest still.
Yet is she common unto all that crave her,
For *sixe pence* honest man or knave may have her;
To be both turn'd and tost, she free affords,
And, like a prating whore, she's full of words.
The Workes of Taylor, the Water-Poet, 1630.

Thy money's spent, which makes thy envie burne;
A trull of sixpence might have serv'd thy turne.
Mill's Night Search, 1640.

[17] *I did impeticos thy gratillity.*

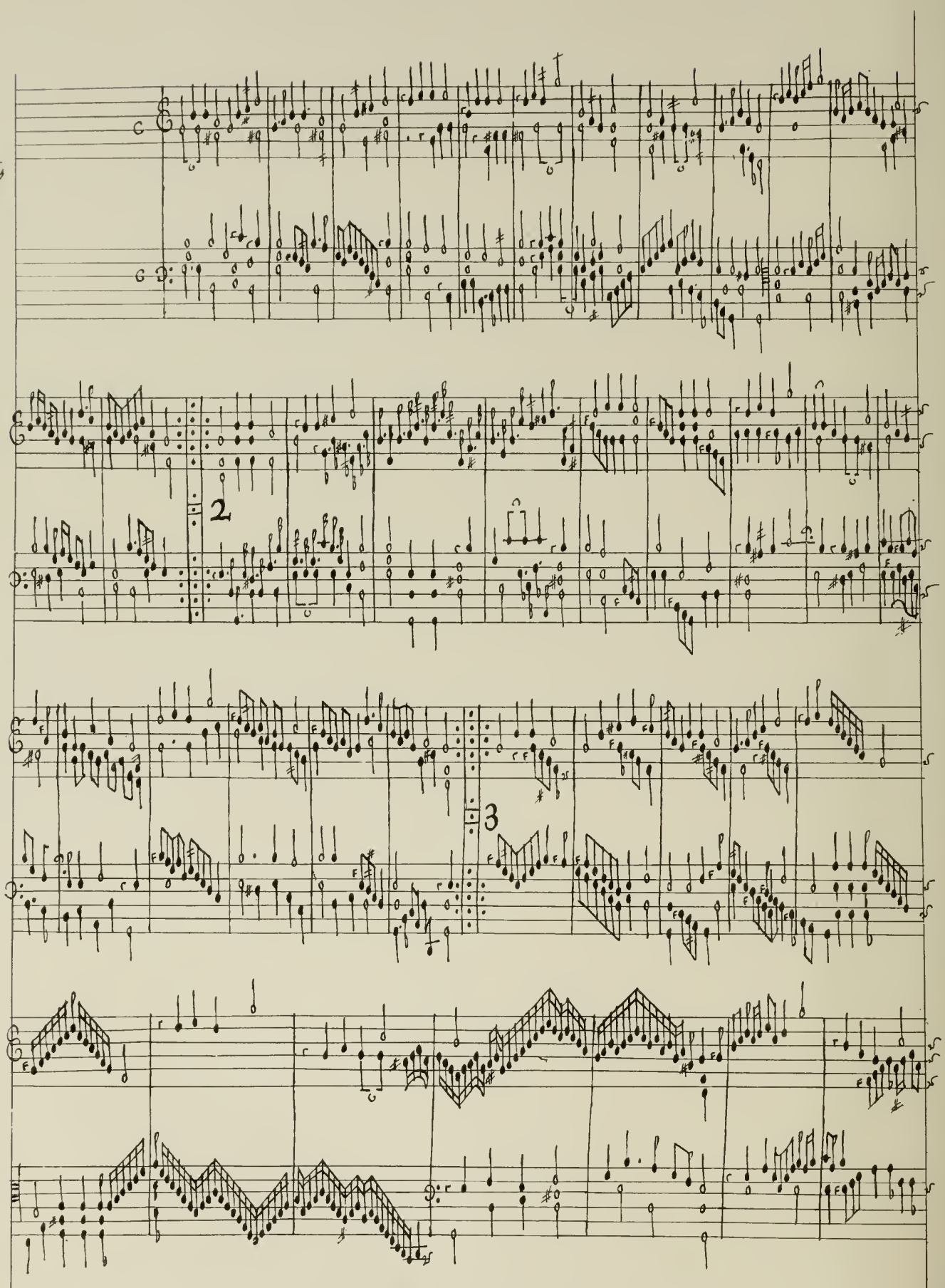
This grotesque language is purposely corrupted. The Clown means either that he gave the gratuity to his petticoat companion, or that he put it into his own petticoat, a part of dress worn sometimes by fools.

The clown in this play is a domestic or hired fool, in the service of Olivia. He is specifically termed "an allowed fool," and "Feste the jester, a fool that the lady Olivia's father took much delight in." Malvolio likewise speaks of him as "a set fool." Of his dress it is impossible to speak correctly. If the fool's expression, "I will *impeticoat* thy gratility," be the original language, he must have been habited accordingly. Ritson has asserted that he has neither coxcomb nor bauble, deducing his argument from the want of any allusion to them; yet such an omission may be a very fallacious guide in judging of the habit of this character on the stage. It is very certain that, although the idiot fools were generally dressed in petticoats, the allowed fool was occasionally habited in like manner.—*Douce.*

[18] *Malvolio's nose is no whipstock.*

"Malvolio's nose is no whipstock," that is, Malvolio may smell out our connection, but his suspicion will not prove the instrument of our punishment. "My mistress has a white hand, and the myrmidons are no bottle-ale houses," that is, my mistress is handsome, but the houses kept by officers of justice are no places to make merry and entertain her at. Such may be the meaning of this

The Original Tune to the Song, "O mistress mine, where are you roaming", from Queen Elizabeth's Virginal Book preserved in the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge.



Ashbee & Danforfield Fac sim.
22 Bedford Street Covent Garden.

To face p 3

whimsical speech. A *whipstock* is the handle of a whip, round which a strap of leather is usually twisted, and is sometimes put for the *whip* itself.—*Steevens.*

[19] *There 's a testril of me too.*

In the Perkins MS., the present speech is thus completed,—"There's a testrill of me too: if one knight give a- *way sixe pence so will I give an other: go to, a song.*" No addition of this kind can be admitted without absolute authority, and the present one renders the dialogue more prosaic than it is in the original. *Testril*, a corrupted form of *teston.*

[20] *Or a song of good life.*

The song of *good life*, in opposition to the *love-song*, means a moral song, a ballad of a serious tone, a pious ditty. The Clown speaks in jest, meaning to tantalise Sir Andrew and Sir Toby. The words *good life* occur, in the Merry Wives of Windsor, in the sense of, virtuous character.

[21] *O mistress mine, where are you roaming?*

"The tune to this song is contained in both the editions of Morley's Consort Lessons, 1599 and 1611. It is also in Queen Elizabeth's Virginal Book, arranged by Byrd. As it is to be found in print in 1599, it proves either that Twelfth Night was written in or before that year, or that, in accordance with the then prevailing custom, *O mistress mine* was an old song, introduced into the play," Chappell. The tune, as it occurs in Queen Elizabeth's Virginal Book, is given in facsimile in the accompanying plate from the original MS. in the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge.

[22] *In delay there lies no plenty.*

No man will ever be worth much, who *delays* the advantages offered by the present hour, in hopes that the future will offer more. So, in Richard III.—"*Delay* leads impotent and snail-pac'd beggary." Again, in Henry VI. Part I.:—"Defer no time, *delays* have dangerous ends." Again, in a Scots proverb: "After a *delay* comes a let." See Kelly's Collection, p. 52.—*Steevens.* Warburton proposed to alter *delay* to *decay.*

[23] *Then come kiss me, sweet-and-twenty.*

Sweet-and-twenty, twenty times sweet. So, in the Merry Wives of Windsor, "Good even and twenty," twenty times good even. So, in Wit of a Woman, 1604: "*Sweet and twenty:* all sweet and sweet." Again, in the Life and Death of the Merry Devil of Edmonton, &c. by T. B. 1631: "—his little wanton wagtailes, his *sweet and twenties*, his pretty pinckineyd pigsnies, &c. as he himself used commonly to call them."—*Steevens.* If we read, says Nares, as suggested by Johnson,—"Come, a kiss then, sweet, and twenty;" or,—"Then a kiss, my sweet, and twenty;" all would be easy: but Johnson himself doubted of the change. There is, in fact, no necessity for alteration. It may be worth observation that *twain-ty* occurs in the Devonshire dialect as a term of endearment to little children, possibly in the sense of, double sweet.

[24] *Shall we make the welkin dance.*

That is, drink till the sky seems to turn round.—*Johnson.* So, in Antony and Cleopatra,—"Cup us *till the world go round.*"—*Steevens.*

> Ridotta sips and dances, till she see
> The doubling lustres *dance* as fast as she.—*Pope.*

[25] *That will draw three souls out of one weaver.*

The fondness of weavers for music is elsewhere noticed, and the meaning of

the present passage seems to be,—shall we sing so eloquently as to draw three souls from one person. The peripatetic philosophy, which governed the schools in the time of our old dramatists, assigns to every man three souls; the *vegetative*, the *animal*, and the *rational*. "What, will I turn shark upon my friends, or my friends friends? I scorn it with my *three souls*," Jonson's Poetaster. After the 45th day of conception, says Howell,—"The embryon is animated with *three souls;* with that of plants, called the *vegetable* soul; then with a *sensitive*, which all brute animals have; and lastly, the *rational* soul is infused; and these three in man are like *Trigonus* in *Tetragono*."

If we take heed to the soule in comparison to his working, wee finde three manner of vertues. *Vegetabilis*, that giveth lyfe, *Sensibilis*, that giveth feeling, *Racionalis*, that giveth reason. In diverse bodyes the soule is sayde to be three-folde, that is to saye, *Vegetabilis*, that giveth lyfe, and no feeling, and that is in plants and rootes; *Sensibilis*, that giveth life and feeling, and not reason, that is in unskilfull beasts; *Racionalis*, that giveth lyfe, feeling, and reason, and this is in men. The philosopher lykeneth the soule that is called *Vegetabilis*, to a triangle; for as a triangle hath three corners, this manner soule hath three vertues, of begetting, of nourishing, and of growing. And this soule *Vegetabilis* is lyke to a triangle in geometrie; and hee lykeneth the soule *Sensibilis* to a quadrangle square, and foure cornerd, for in a quadrangle is a line drawne from one corner to another, before it maketh two triangles of vertues; for where-ever the soule sensible is, there is also the soule *Vegetabilis*, but not backwarde. And hee lykeneth the soule *Racionabilis* to a circle, because of his perfection and conteining, for of all the figures that be called *Isoperimetra*, that is of al the figures of the same length the circle is most, and most conteineth. Though the soule reasonable be made perfect in cunning and vertues, as it is sayde in *Liber de Anima*, it is most perfect, and most may conteine in the manner of a circle, touching the kindly vertues; and therefore who that hath the soule reasonable, hath also the power *Sensibilis* and *Vegetabilis*, but not contrariwise.—*Batman uppon Bartholome*, 1582.

I doubt whether our author intended any allusion to this division of souls. In the Tempest, we have—"*trebles* thee o'er;" that is, makes thee thrice as great as thou wert before. In the same manner, I believe, he here only means to describe Sir Toby's catch as so harmonious, that it would hale the soul out of a weaver, the warmest lover of a song, *thrice over:* or in other words, give him thrice more delight than it would give another man. Warburton's supposition that there is an allusion to the catch being in *three* parts, appears to me one of his refinements.—*Malone.*

[26] *I am dog at a catch.*

Am dog, eds. 1623, 1632; *am a dog*, eds. 1663, 1685. There does not appear, from the annexed examples, to be a necessity for the particle.

Oh, I have it now, for I remember my great grandfather's grandmother's sister's coosen told mee, that pigges and French-men speake one language, *awee, awee; I am dogg at* this: but what must he speake else?—*Englishmen for my Money.*

I myselfe have knowne many old women old *dogge* at this kind of divination, who hold that if the nayles of the hand grow yellow, it is a great signe of ill lucke. —*Melton's Astrologaster*, 1620.

Cook. Are you ready for your collation?—*Jane.* No, no, we'll have a bout at blindmans-buff and a dance first.—*Jobson.* Ay, ay, come I'm *old dogg at* that; blind me, perhaps I'm as great a master at blindmans-buff as any one in Europe, no dispraise to any man.—*The Devil of a Wife*, 1686.

[27] *They sing a catch.*

"*Catch*, a good fellows' song, sung in parcels by several in company alternately in a round; it is most properly so called, as being catcht from one to another," Phillips' New World of Words, 1678. The definition of a catch is a piece for three or more voices, one of which leads, and the others follow in the same notes. It must be so contrived, that rests (which are made for that purpose) in the music of one line, be filled up with a word or two from another line; these form a cross-purpose or catch, from whence the name.

A *catch* is a species of vocal harmony to be sung by three or more persons; and is so contrived, that though each sings precisely the same notes as his fellows, yet by beginning at stated periods of time from each other, there results from the performance a harmony of as many parts as there are singers. Compositions of this kind are, in strictness, called *Canons in the unison;* and as properly, *Catches*, when the words in the different parts are made to *catch* or answer each other. One of the most remarkable examples of a true *catch* is that of Purcel, *Let's live good honest lives*, in which, immediately after one person has uttered these words, "What need we fear the Pope?" another in the course of his singing fills up a rest which the first makes with the words, "The devil." The *catch* above mentioned to be sung by Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and the Clown, from the hints given of it, appears to be so contrived as that each of the singers calls the other *knave* in turn; and for this the Clown means to apologize to the knight, when he says that he shall be constrained to call him *knave*. The original music to this catch is given in Deuteromelia, or the Second Part of Musicks Melodie, or Melodius Musicke of Pleasant Roundelaies, 1609, where the words are,—"Hold thy peace, and I pree thee hold thy peace—thou knave, thou knave! hold thy peace, thou knave."—*Hawkins*. A catch of the same kind, where the singers call each other "fool," the music by John Bennett, is contained in Ravenscroft's Briefe Discourse, &c., London, 1614, 4to.—*Collier*.

[28] *My lady 's a Cataian.*

The term *Cataian* (a Chinese) seems here used merely in contempt, but, in the Merry Wives of Windsor, it is apparently intended for a sharper or liar, in allusion probably to the general character of the natives of Cataia, or China.

[29] *Malvolio's a Peg-a-Ramsey.*

"There are two tunes under the name of Peg-a-Ramsey, and both as old as Shakespeare's time. The first is called Peg-a-Ramsey in William Ballet's Lute Book, and is given by Sir John Hawkins as the tune quoted in the text. Little Pegge of Ramsie is one of the tunes in a manuscript by Dr. Bull, which formed a part of Dr. Pepusch's, and afterwards of Dr. Kitchener's library. Ramsey, in Huntingdonshire, was formerly an important town, and called Ramsey the Rich, before the destruction of its abbey," Chappell. Dauney mentions the tune of Magge Ramsay, in a MS. written about the year 1628, supposed to be a Scotch version of the Shaksperian ballad. In D'Urfey's Pills, v. 139, there is a song of this name beginning—

> Bonny Peggy Ramsey, that any man may see,
> And bonny was her face, with a fair freckled eye.

The tune there given is the same with that of "Our Polly is a sad slut," in the Beggar's Opera; but that given in the Rowallan MS. is different. Nash, in his Have With You to Saffron Walden, 1596, speaks of Peg-a-Ramsey as a dance-tune,—"or doo as Dick Harvey did, that having preacht and beat downe three pulpits in inveighing against dauncing, one Sunday evening, when hys wench or

friskin was footing it aloft on the greene, with foote out and foote in, and as busie as might be at Rogero, Basilino, Turkelony, All the flowers of the broom, Pepper is black, Greene Sleeves, Peggie Ramsey." It is also mentioned as a dance-tune in Brathwait's Wildman's Measures, 8vo. 1621, p. 211.—"Measures store, to please thy mind;—Roundelayes, Irish-hayes,—Cogs and rongs, and Peggie Ramsie;" lines which are repeated in Wits Recreations, 1640. Burton, in his Anatomy of Melancholy, says, "So long as we are wooers, we may kiss at our pleasure, nothing is so sweet, we are in heaven as we think; but when we are once tied, and have lost our liberty, marriage is an hell;—"Give me my yellow hose again:" a mouse in a trap lives as merrily."—"Give me my yellow hose" is the burden of a ballad called—

A merry jest of John Tomson, and Jackaman his wife,
Whose jealousy was justly the cause of all their strife;

to the tune of Pegge of Ramsey," Chappell's Airs, p. 218. "A new song, and a base viall, makes him. He deceives with his commodity worse then a tobacco man; for he will utter Peg of Ramsey, and the Masque of Lincolnes Inne, both for one prise," Stephens' Essayes and Characters, 1615.

[30] *Three merry men be we.*

This song is alluded to in Peele's Old Wives Tale, 1595. Anticke, Frolicke, and Fantasticke, three adventurers, are lost in a wood, in the night. They agree to sing the old song,

Three merrie men, and three merrie men,
And three merrie men be wee;
I in the wood, and thou on the ground,
And Jacke sleeps in the tree.

Again, in Laugh and Lie downe, 1605, "he plaied such a song of the *three merry men*, that had the dittie beene in a strange language, I should have been puzzled in the musick." The tune, says Mr. Chappell, "is contained in a MS. common-place book, in the handwriting of John Playford, the publisher of the Dancing Master, in the possession of the Hon. George O'Callaghan." It is quoted by a character in Barrey's Ram-Alley, or Merrie Trickes, 1611,—"And three merry men, and three merry men, and three merry men bee wee-a," sig. C. 3; and is alluded to, this refrain being quoted, in Westward Hoe, 1607; Knight of the Burning Pestle, 1613, &c. A chorus in Fletcher's Bloody Brother, 1640, is,—"Three merry boys, and three merry boys,—And three merry boys are we,—As e'er did sing, three parts in a string,—All under the triple tree;" thus altered in a later edition,—"Three merry boys, and three merry boys,—And three merry boys are we,—As ever did sing in a hempen string—Under the gallow-tree!" Another, and an earlier, use of this popular burthen occurs in the song of Robin Hood and the Tanner:—

Then Robin Hood took them by the hands,
With a hey, &c.,
And danced about the oak-tree;
For three merry men, and three merry men,
And three merry men be we.

Another, and a similar, burthen, reading *boys* or *girls*, instead of *men*, was also popular. "In the mean time, let us sing, three merry boys, and three merry boys, and three merry boys are we," Six Days Adventure, 1671. See also a chorus in Durfey's Modern Prophets, or New Wit for a Husband, p. 4,—"Then three merry boys are we,—Then three merry boys are we,—But I am the best,

and must be carest—And so let me have my fee." The following stanzas of another one are quoted by Hawkins,—

The wise men were but seaven, ne'er more shall be for me;
The muses were but nine, the worthies three times three;
And three merry boyes, and three merry boyes, and three merry boyes are wee.
The vertues they were seven, and three the greater bee;
The Cæsars they were twelve, and fatall sisters three;
And three merry girles, and three merry girles, and three merry girles are wee.

Julio. And yet your counter-tenour sounds but like scurvy musicke: am I catcht then? I pray you at whose suite?—1 *Serg.* At three mens suite.—*Julio.* Then three merry men, and three merry men be we; are we not honest serjeants? well, there's a peece to begin withall: lets talke further of the businesse.—1 *Serg.* You speake well, sir, if you hold on as you beginne; and if you can finde good baile, tenne to one but we shall prove, as you late cald us, honest serjeants.—*The Knave in Graine new Vampt*, 1640.

Seek. My friend——above sack posset-drink——tru—ly—*Jo.* Then three merry boys—*And.* And three merry boys—*Seek.* And three merry boys are we.—*Const.* Old grudges are forgotten——comprehend us watchmen in your triple league—*Omne.* Agreed——agreed.—*Jo.* Four merry boys—*Const.* And four merry boys——with sack and claret reel.—*Seek.* Let the musick sound—*And.* And the world turn round—*Omn.* On circulations wheel.—*And.* Four merry boys——*Cytherea, or the Enamouring Girdle*, 1677.

[31] *Tilly-valley, lady!*

Tilly-valley, an expression of contempt and impatience, equivalent to fiddle-faddle, derived possibly from *titivilitium*, Lat. According to Doucc, it is a hunting phrase borrowed from the French. In the Venerie de Jacques Fouilloux, 1585, 4to. fo. 12, the following cry is mentioned, "Ty a hillaut et vallecy," which is set to music in pp. 49 and 50. The expression is used by Skelton,—"Tully valy, strawe, let be, I say!," Works, ed. Dyce, ii. 104. The lady of Sir Thomas More, a loquacious person, was very fond of the phrase,—"she answering after her custome, Tillie vallie, tillie vallie, he replyed,—how sayst thou, M^ris^. Alice, is it not so indeede? Bone Deus, man, will this geare never be left?" On another occasion, when Sir Thomas had resigned the seals, she said,—"Tillie vallie, tillie vallie! what will you do, Mr. More? will you sit and make goslings in the ashes?," Life of More by T. M. "Tilly vally, by crisee, Tapster, Ile fese you anon," Taming of a Shrew, 1594. In the second part of Henry the Fourth, the Hostess pronounces it, *tilly-fally*. It also occurs in an old Cornish play, the Creation of the World, written about the year 1611 by William Jordan of Helstone,—"*Tely valy*, bram an gath," which is translated—"Tittle tattle, the wind of a cat." It is possible, and just worthy of remark, that the expression may be corrupted in the Lincolnshire provincial term *tilly-willy*, thin and slight; unsubstantial; thus, cloth, tape, &c., are said to be poor *tilly-willy* things when they are deficient in substance.

[32] *There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady.*

This is the first line of an ancient and very dull, but popular, English ballad, generally entitled the Constancy of Susanna. It was entered on the books of the Stationers' Company as early as 1562-3 as a "ballette of the godly constante wyse Susanna," licensed to Thomas Colwell. A play on the same subject was printed in 1578. On the 8th Sept. 1592 was entered to John Wolfe a ballad of "The historye of Susanna beinge the xiij. th chapter of Danyell." Sir Hugh, in the

original sketch of the Merry Wives of Windsor, ed. 1602, quotes the first line of this ballad,—"Mee thinkes I can cry verie well. There *dwelt a man in Babylon*, —To shallow rivers and to failes." There are several known black-letter editions of the ballad, varying slightly from each other. The facsimile here given of the first page of one of these, preserved in the Roxburghe collection, is closely imitated from the original, which exhibits the rude typography and worn cuts, as seen in the engraving.

The burden, "lady, lady," which induces Sir Toby to quote the ballad, taking up Maria's expression, is very common in old ballads. One of the earliest examples occurs in a black-letter ballad printed about the year 1560,—

> O dere Lady Elysabeth, which art our right and vertous quene,
> God hath endued the w^t^ mercy and fayth, as by thy workes it may be sene;
> Wherefore, good Quene, I counsayle thee, Lady, Lady,
> For to beware of the spiritualtie, most dere lady.

Perhaps one of the best known songs with this burthen is that alluded to in Ben Jonson's Magnetic Lady, "As true it is, lady, lady, i' the song." A stanza of this ballad is quoted in a very rare tract, Greene's Newes from Heaven and Hell, 1593,—

> If this be trewe, as true it is,—Ladie, ladie!
> God send her life may mend the misse,—Most deere ladie.

[33] *That ye squeak out your cozier's catches.*

"A cosier or cobler, *remendon*," Percivale's Dictionarie, 1599. "A cosier or sowter, ab. Hisp. *Coser*, to sow," Minsheu. "*Cosier*, old word, a botcher, called also a sowter," Phillips. "*Cozzus wax*, corrupted from *cozier's wax*, a mixture of pitch, tar, and rosin, prepared and sold sometimes by the curriers, but commonly made by the shoemakers themselves. A coziers or coblers end is a thread waxed with that preparation, and used by the shoemakers and coblers," MS. Gloucestershire Glossary. It has been unnecessarily suggested to alter *cozier* to *cottier*, a cottager; and to *clothier*.

[34] *Sneck up!*

A phrase of great indignation and contempt, equivalent to, be hanged! It was possibly a corruption of, *his neck up!* Some critics suppose that Sir Toby hiccoughs, and that *sneck up* is merely a stage-direction implying that he does so. See the quotation given below from Heywood's Fair Maid of the West. A rural charm for the hiccough commences with the jingle,—"hick-up, snick-up," but the probability is that Sir Toby intends to insult Malvolio, and to set him at defiance. The phrase *snick up* is still used in the eastern counties of England in the sense of, begone, away with you! Another explanation of it is suggested by the *sneck* or latch of a door, lift up the sneck or latch and be gone! "The onely way to win them, is to care little for am: when they are sad, doe yee sing: when they sing and are merry, then take your time and put am too't: if they will, so: if not, let them *snicke up*," Sharpham's Fleire. "Wherefore to prison? snick up!," London Prodigal. "But for a paltry disguise, she shall go snick-up," Chapman's May Day. "I am in great perplexitie, least my country-women should have any understanding of this state; for if they have, wee may go *snicup* for any female that will bide among us," Healey's Discovery of a New World. "You smell a sodden sheep's head: A rat? Ay, a rat; and you will not believe one, marry, foh! I have been believed of your betters, marry, *snick up!*," Blurt Master Constable. "Give him his money, George, and let him go snick-up,"

The First Portion of the ancient English Ballad "The Constancy of Susanna" from an early edition preserved in the Roxburghe Collection.

An excellent Ballad Intituled; *The Constancy of* Susanna.

To an excellent new tune.

There dwelt a man in Babylon,
of reputation great by fame:
He tooke to wife a faire woman,
Susanna she was call'd by name,
A woman faire and vertuous,
Lady, Lady,
Why should wee not of her learne thus
to live godly?

Vertuously her life she led,
she feared God, she stood in awe,
As in the storie we have read,
was well brought up in Moses Law.
Her parents they were godly folke,
Lady, Lady,
Why should we not then sing and talke
of this Lady.

That yeare two Judges there was made
which were the Elders of Babylon,
To Ioachims house was all their trade,
who was Susannaes husband then,
Ioachim was a great rich man,
Lady, Lady,
These Elders oft to his house came
for this Lady.

Ioachim had an Orchard by,
fast joyning to his house or place,
Whereas Susanna commonly
her selfe did daily there solace,
And that these Elders soone espy'd,
Lady, Lady,
And privily themselves did hide
for that Lady.

Her chaste and constant life was tride,
by these two Elders of Babylon,
A time convenient they espide,
to have this Lady all alone,
In his Orchard it came to passe,
Lady, Lady.
Where she alone her selfe did wash
her faire body.

These Elders came to her anon,
& thus they said, faire dame God speed,
Thy doors are fast, thy Maids are gone,
consent to us, and doe this deed:
For we are men of no mistrust,
Lady, Lady,
And yet to thee we have a lust,
O faire Lady.

If that to us thou dost say nay,
a testimoniall we will bring,
We will say that one with thee lay,
how canst thou then avoid the thing?
Therefore consent and to us turne,
Lady, Lady,
For we for thee in lust doe burne,
O faire Lady.

Then did she sigh, and said alas,
now woe is me on every side,
Was ever wretch in such a case:
shall I consent and doe this deed?
Whether I doe or doe it not,
Lady, Lady,
It is my death right well I wot,
O true Lady.

Better it were for me to fall
into your hands this day guiltlesse,
Then that I should consent at all,
to this your shamefull wickednesse,
And even with that (whereas she stood)
Lady, Lady,
Unto the Lord she cryed aloud
pitifully.

These Elders both likewise againe,
against Susanna aloud they cry'd,
Their filthy lust could not obtaine,
their wickednesse, they sought to hide
Unto her friends they then her brought
Lady, Lady,
And with all speed the life they sought
of that Lady.

Ashbee & Dangerfield, Facsim.
22 Bedford Street, Covent Garden.

To face p. 836

Knight of the Burning Pestle. "No, Michael, let thy father go snick-up," ibid. It has been unnecessarily proposed to alter *snick-up* to *sneak-cup*.

Sbloud, I do not like the humor of these springals; theil spend all their fathers good at gamming. But let them trowle the bowles uppon the greene; Ile trowle the bowles in the buttery by the leave of God and maister Barnes: and his men be good fellowes, so it is; if they be not, let them goe *sneik up.*—*Two Angrie Women of Abingdon*, 1599.

I know not that, but I am sure I see him stalke before the souldiers. By my troth, he is a proper man, but he is proper that proper doth. Let him goe *snick-up*, young mistris.—*The Shoo-makers Holyday.*

He does so ruffle before my mistress with his barbarian eloquence, and strut before her in a pair of Polonian legs, as if he were a gentleman-usher to the great Turk, or to the devil of Dowgate. And if my mistress would be ruled by him, Sophos might go *snik-up:* but he has such a butter-milk face, that she'll never have him.—*Wily Beguiled.*

To end this matter, thus much I assure you,
A Tiburne hempen-caudell well will cure you.
It can cure traytors, but I hold it fit
T' apply 't ere they the treason doe commit:
Wherefore in Sparta it ycleped was,
Snickup, which is in English *gallow-grasse.*
The Workes of Taylor the Water-Poet, 1630.

1 *Draw.* Bess, you must fill some wine into the Portcullis; the gentlemen there will drink none but of your drawing.—*Spenc.* She shall not rise, sir. Go, let your master snick-up.—1 *D.* And that should be cousin-germain to the hick-up.—*Heywood's Fair Maid of the West.*

[35] *Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone.*

The following copy of the song here quoted by Sir Toby, entitled, Coridon's Farewell to Phillis, is taken from R. Johnson's Golden Garland of Princely Pleasures and delicate Delights, wherein is conteined the Histories of many of the Kings, Queenes, Princes, Lords, Ladies, Knights, and Gentlewomen of this Kingdome, 8vo. 1620. This collection long continued a favourite book. The thirteenth edition, printed in black-letter, 1690, but without the author's name, is now before me. With the exception of verbal variations, and some trifling additions, it agrees precisely with the third impression of 1620. There is a poem commencing, "Farewel, deere love," in Gascoigne's Workes, p. 96. "Dear heart" was a common phrase of endearment. The letters of Charles I. to his Queen are inscribed, "Deare heart." See the King's Cabinet Opened, 4to. Lond. 1645. The music to, "Farewell, dear love," is in the First Booke of Ayres, composed by Robert Jones, 1601, and in a MS. in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh, dated 1639.

Farewell, deare love, since thou wilt needs begon,
Mine eyes do shew my life is almost done;
Nay I will never die, so long as I can spye,
There be many moe, though that she do go.
There be many moe I feare not,
Why then let her go, I care not.
Farewell, farewell, since this I find is true,
I will not spend more time in wooing you:
But I will seek elsewhere, if I may find love there.
Shall I bid her goe? What and if I doe?

Shall I bid her go and spare not?
Oh no, no, no, no, no, I dare not.
Ten thousand times farewell, yet stay awhile,—
Sweet, kisse me once, sweet kisses time beguile.
I have no power to move; how now, am I in love?
Wilt thou needes be gone? go then, all is one.
Wilt thou needes be gone? Oh, high thee!
Nay stay, and do no more deny me.
Once more adieu, I see loath to depart,
Bids oft adue to her that holds my heart.
But seeing I must loose thy love which I did choose,
Go thy way for me, since that may not be;
Go thy wayes for me, but whether?
Go, oh but where I may come thither.
What shall I do, my love is now departed,
She is as faire as she is cruell hearted:
We would not be intreated with prayers oft repeated,
If she come no more, shall I dye therefore?
If she come no more, what care I?
Faith, let her go, or come, or tarry.

[36] *But I will never die.*

This was perhaps in allusion to a drunkard's proverb,—drink always, and you shall never die. "Baste, je mouille, je humecte, je boy et tout de peur de mourir. Beùvez tous-jours vous ne mourrez jamais, Courage, I wet, I moisten, I drinke, and all for feare to die,—Drinke alwayes, you shall never die," Elyot's Frutes for the French, 1593.

[37] *Out o' time? sir, ye lie.*

The old copy has—"out *o' tune.*" We should read, "out of *time*," as his speech evidently refers to what Malvolio said before:—"Have you no respect for place or *time* in you?—*Sir Toby.* We did keep *time*, sir, in our catches."—*M. Mason.* The same correction had been silently made by Theobald, and was adopted by the three subsequent editors. Sir Toby is here repeating with indignation Malvolio's words. In the MSS. of our author's age, *tune* and *time* are often quite undistinguishable; the second stroke of the *u* seeming to be the first stroke of the *m*, or *vice versa.* Hence, in Macbeth, edit. 1623, we have "This *time*, goes manly," instead of "This *tune* goes manly."—*Malone.*

Modern editors read, "Out of *time?*"—as if it were a question put to Malvolio, in reference to what he had said soon after his entrance. All that Sir Toby means is, that the Clown had sung out of tune. "Sir, ye lie!" is addressed to Malvolio with the purpose of affronting him.—*Collier.*

Theobald's correction to "out o' *time?*" is manifestly demanded. Malvolio had said nothing about tune; but he had asked, "Is there no respect of place, persons, nor *time* in you." Sir Toby, in his drunken confusion of ideas, replies, "We did *keep time*, sir, in our catches." After further remonstrance on the part of the Steward, and a futile attempt on the part of the topers to continue the vocal amusement which he had interrupted, the intoxicated knight reverts, in the true revolving style of drunken thought, to the remark to which he first replied; and again, with comical earnestness, defends the party against the supposed or assumed attack upon their musical accuracy. The text, as it has hitherto been printed, destroys one fine exhibition of the poet's knowledge of the workings of the mind under all circumstances.—*R. G. White.*

[38] *Go, sir, rub your chain with crumbs.*

A gold chain, as may be seen in many old pictures, and is still exemplified in the dress of the lord mayor and aldermen of London, was anciently a fashionable ornament for persons of rank and dignity. Sir Godfrey, in the comedy of the Puritan, is very particular in ascertaining the worth and antiquity of his chain :— "Out! he's a villain to prophecy of the loss of my *chain*. 'Twas worth above three hundred crowns. Besides, 'twas my father's, my father's father's, my grandfather's huge grandfather's: I had as lief have lost my neck, as the *chain* that hung about it. O my *chain*, my *chain*." Afterwards he tells us that it had "full three thousand links." In Albumazar, 1615, a gold chain is mentioned which cost two hundred pounds, besides the jewel. Rich merchants also, who frequently lent out money, were commonly distinguished by a chain.—*Nares.*

The Cap. But tell me why diddest thou put me off to hym that passed by?—*The Head.* Wouldest thou not have me shew obeyscence to him? looke what a fayre chayne he hath.—*The Cap.* Then madest thou courtesy to his chayne, and not to him.—*The Head.* Nay, I did it to him, because of his chaine.—*The Cap.* What is hee?—*The Head.* I cannot tell; but well I wote he hath a fayre chayne.—*The Cap.* But if he had had none, thou wouldest have let him passe?—*The Head.* Yea; but sawest thou not, when hee perceaved that I made no accoumpte of hym, howe he opened his cloake, of purpose that I might see his chayne; and then, thou knowest, I can doe no lesse.—*A Pleasaunt Dialogue or Disputation betweene the Cap and the Head*, 1564.

When the dignity of the fashion had a little worn off, the chain became a distinction for the upper servant in a great family:—"Run, sirrah, call in my chief gentleman *i' th' chain of gold*, expedite," Middleton. "What his soldiourship is I cannot judge, but if you have ever a chaine for him to runne awaye with, as hee did with a nobleman's *steward's chayne* at his lord's enstalling at Windsore," Nash's Have With You to Saffron Walden, 1596.

"O, but you must pretend alliance with courtiers and great persons: and ever when you are to dine or suppe in any strange presence, hire a fellow with a great chaine, though it be copper it's no matter, to bring you letters, feign'd from such a noble man, or such a knight," Every Man out of his Humour. "Thou art my happiest subject: the service of a fool is the only blessedst slavery that ever put on a chain and a blue coat," Marston's What You Will. Thus in Massinger's New Way to Pay old Debts,—"Set all things right, or as my name is Order,—And by this *staff of office* that commands you,—This *chain* and double ruff, symbols of power, &c." And again,—"How dost thou think I shall become the steward's *chair?* ha! will not these slender haunches shew well with a *chain* and a golden night-cap after supper when I take the accounts?," Fletcher's Love's Cure. "This chain, which my lord's peasants worship, flouted," Lover's Progress. The steward's chain was also accompanied by a velvet jacket. Bussy D'Ambois says to Maffé, the steward of Monsieur,—"What qualities have you, sir, besides your *chain*,—And *velvet jacket?*," Tragedy of Bussy d'Ambois, 1607. "That's my grandsire's chief gentleman, *i' the chain of gold.* That he should live to be a pander, and yet look upon his *chain*, and *velvet jacket!*," Middleton. Sir Toby tells Malvolio to rub his chain with crumbs, the method often used in cleaning plate of gold and silver. So, in Webster's Dutchess of Malfy, 1623:—"Yea, and the chippings of the buttery fly after him, to *scouer his gold chain.*"

[39] *You would not give means for this uncivil rule.*

Rule, boisterous behaviour; but sometimes simply, behaviour or conduct. "Now I will go see what rule they keep, *nunc in tumultum ibo*," Coles. The primitive meaning is *behaviour*. It occasionally means the arrangement or

conduct of a festival or merry-making, as well as behaviour in general. So, in the 27th Song of Drayton's Polyolbion:

> Cast in a gallant round about the hearth they go,
> And at each pause they kiss; was never seen such *rule*
> In any place but here, at bon-fire, or at yeule.

Again, in Heywood's English Traveller, 1633:—"What guests we harbour, and what *rule* we keep." Again, in Ben Jonson's Tale of a Tub:—"And set him in the stocks for his ill *rule*." There was formerly an officer belonging to the court, called Lord of Misrule. So, in Decker's Satiromastix: "I have some cousin-germans at court shall beget you the reversion of the master of the king's revels, or else be lord of his *Misrule* now at Christmas." Again, in the Return from Parnassus, 1606: "We are fully bent to be lords of *Misrule* in the world's wild heath." In the country, at all periods of festivity, and in the inns of court at their Revels, an officer of the same kind was elected.—*Steevens*. "No man shall after the hour of nine at the night, keep any *rule* whereby any such sudden outcry be made in the still of the night, as making any affray, or beating his wife, or servant, or singing, or revelling in his house, to the disturbance of his neighbours, under pain of three shillings four pence," Calthrop's Reports, 1670. *Uncivil*, rude, ill-mannered, generally (not, as now, peculiarly) applied.

[40] *Go shake your ears.*

In the Epitaph of the worthie Knight Sir Henrie Sidney, Lord President of Wales, 1591, we read,—"Hence, therefore, Death! go shake thine eares."

This being one day done, they shut their gates against him, and made him go *shake his ears*, and to shift for his lodging, and so rendred themselves to the French King, who sent them a blank to write their own conditions.—*Howell's Familiar Letters*, 1650.

[41] *If I do not gull him into a nayword.*

An ayword, eds. 1623, 1632, 1663, 1685. *Nayword* is probably a crasis for *an aye-word*, a word that may be always used, a proverbial reproach. Forby, in his Vocabulary of East Anglia, gives "*Nay-word*, a bye-word; a laughing-stock," but I doubt whether he had heard the term used, there being a possibility that this word, with some others from Shakespeare, were merely inserted in his MS. with the view of ascertaining whether he could recover a provincial example of it. The dialectical glossaries are unfortunately not always to be implicitly relied upon.

[42] *Possess us, possess us.*

Possess, to make master of in point of knowledge, to inform precisely; nearly the same as the third sense of this verb in Johnson, but used without any preposition.—"I have *possess'd* him, my most stay can be but brief," Measure for Measure. "She is *possest* what streams of gold you flow in," Cityе Match. With a preposition, as "possess us of," or "with," such a thing, it is more common.—*Nares*.

"Ay, sir; sit down, I pray you. Master Matthew, in any case, *possess* no gentlemen of our acquaintance with notice of my lodging," Every Man in his Humour. "Now, ladies, is your project ripe? *Possess* us with the knowledge of it," Brome's Jovial Crew. "Possess your faithfull servant what's my name," Shirley's Opportunitie, 1640.

[43] *An affectioned ass.*

"*Affection'd* means *affected*. In this sense, I believe, it is used in Hamlet: "—— no matter in it that could indite the author of *affection*," i. e. affectation,

Steevens. The word *affectioned* also occurs in the Merry Wives of Windsor, ed. 1602, being Mrs. Quickly's blunder for *affected*, the latter word used in another sense from *affect*, to love. "The affection of my words," Puritan, that is, the affectation of my words.

[44] *And utters it by great swarths.*

That is, by great parcels or rows, probably in allusion to swarths of grass or corn, which are rows laid by the mowers or reapers. "Swarth of grasse newe mowen, *gramen*," Huloet's Abcedarium, 1552. Thus Pope, in his version of the 18th Iliad:—"Here stretch'd in ranks the levell'd *swarths* are found." Some editors read *swaths*, but both forms are used.

[45] *And your horse now.*

This conceit, though bad enough, shews too quick an apprehension for Sir Andrew. It should be given, I believe, to Sir Toby; as well as the next short speech: "O, 'twill be admirable." Sir Andrew does not usually give his own judgement on anything, till he has heard that of some other person.—*Tyrwhitt.* The objection to this suggestion, otherwise a probable one, consists in the reply of Maria, who evidently intends to be witty at the expense of Sir Andrew, although she very possibly alludes at the same time to Malvolio. A practical actress would have no difficulty in aiming at both.

[46] *Call me Cut.*

Cut, a term of contempt, equivalent to a curtailed horse or a gelding. So Falstaff says to Hal,—"if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse," First Part of Henry IV., ii. 4. "Fare at all tymes as harde as poore Mopo's *cut* did with his maisters countreyman in Shorditch," Kind-Harts Dreame, 1592. "He 's buy me a white *cut*, forth for to ride,—And I 'll go seek him through the world that is so wide," Two Noble Kinsmen. "But master, 'pray ye, let me ride upon *Cut*," Sir John Oldcastle, 1600. "An old brave fellow tooke great paines in teaching of his *cut horse*, and the beast was so thankfull for it, that hee got his masters provender and his owne both many yeeres after," Taylor's Workes, 1630. The term was used very early as one of contempt. "Thou slut, thou Kut," Gammer Gurton's Needle, 1575. "That lying *cut* is lost, that she is not swinged and beaten," ibid. "And if I be not even with thee, *cal me cut*," Gascoigne's Workes, 1587. So, in A Woman's a Weathercock, 1612: "If I help you not to that as cheap as any man in England, call me *Cut*." Again, in the London Prodigal,—"An I do not meet him, chill give you leave to call me *cut*." Ben Jonson, in the Tale of a Tub, uses another version of the phrase,—call me curtal.

> Yf thou se hym not take hys owne way,
> *Call me cut* when thou metest me an other day.
> *Nature, an Interlude*, fol. bl. let. Sign. C 1.

If thou bestowst any curtesie on mee, and I do not requite it, then *call me cut*. —*Nash's Apol. of Pierce Pennilesse*, K 4.

If you be men, leave your foule words, and draw your faire weapons, and because I will spare your middle peece, if I strike a stroke below the girdle, call mee cut.—*Deloney's Second Part of the Gentle Craft*, 1598.

Ile meete you there, and I do not, *call me cut;* and you be a man, showe yourselfe a man; weele have a boute or two; and so weele part for that present.—*Two Angry Women of Abingdon*, 1599.

And speak the truth, boy, as thou art my son.—And I do not, I'll give you leave to call me cut, sen ye?—*The Blind Beggar of Bednal Green*, 1659.

This expression having induced a suspicion, that curtailing or cutting the tail

of either horse or dog, implied some degree of infamy or shame, I was glad to meet with a passage in Bracton, lib. 3. t. 2. c. 28, which may serve to give us a pretty clear idea of the matter. "Of the punishment of a ravisher," says this ancient writer, "according to the laws of the Romans, Franks, and English, if he were a knight, his horse, to his disgrace, shall have the skin cut off the upper lip, and the tail ought to be cut off close to the buttock. So a dog, if he have one with him, greyhound, or other, shall be disgraced in the same manner." The injustice and absurdity of this law will be sufficiently apparent. It however leads one to suppose, that, in the feudal times, the distinction between the horse or dog of a knight, and that of a villain, appeared by the tail; and hence the term *cut* might be as reproachful as the word villain; the former implying the horse or dog of a clown, the latter the clown himself.—*Ritson.*

[47] *And recollected terms.*

Warburton explains *recollected*, studied, but I rather think that *recollected* signifies, more nearly to its primitive sense, *recalled*, *repeated*, and alludes to the practice of composers, who often prolong the song by repetitions.—*Johnson.* Thus in Strada's Imitation of Claudian:—"et se—Multiplicat *relegens*."—*Steevens.*

Terms does not, I think, mean musical phrases; nor is it a misprint for *tunes*, both of which explanations have been suggested by the editors. The Duke speaks of a song, "an antique song." A song consists of both music and words; and this song, which was "old and plain," by reason of the simple sweetness of its air and the homely directness of its words, suited the mood of the lover more than the "light airs," *i. e.*, gay, trivial music, to which the "recollected terms," *i. e.*, carefully sought out expressions, in the songs of those "most brisk and giddy-paced times," were set. "Recollected terms" might well be applied to the words of a song written under the influence of Euphues his England.—*R. G. White.*

[48] *To the seat where Love is thron'd.*

From the seat, Warburton. "The seat where love is thron'd," is, I suppose, the heart; but the tune could not properly be said to be in the heart, and therefore could not give an echo from it. The common reading, therefore, is certainly right. It gives the heart a very echo; that is, it is so consonant to the emotions of the heart that they echo it back again.—*Heath.* So, in Romeo and Juliet:—"My bosom's lord (i. e., *Love*) sits lightly on his *throne*." Again, in Othello:—"Yield up, *O Love*, thy crown, and *hearted throne*—." So before, in the first act of this play: "—— when liver, brain, and *heart*,—These sovereign *thrones*, are all supplied and fill'd—(Her sweet perfections) with one self-king."—*Malone.*

[49] *About your years, my lord.*

Compare with this the following dialogue in the Italian comedy of the Inganni by Secchi, mentioned at p. 243,—"*Gostanzo.* And where shall I find her?—*Ruberto.* I know one who is more lost for love of you, than you are for this carrion.—*Gostanzo.* Is she fair?—*Ruberto.* Indifferently.—*Gostanzo.* Where is she?—*Ruberto.* Not far from you.—*Gostanzo.* And will she be content that I should lie with her?—*Ruberto.* If God wills that you should do it.—*Gostanzo.* How shall I get to her?—*Ruberto.* As you would come to me.—*Gostanzo.* How do you know that she loves me?—*Ruberto.* Because she often talks to me of her love.—*Gostanzo.* Do I know her?—*Ruberto.* As well as you know me.—*Gostanzo.* Is she young?—*Ruberto.* Of my age.—*Gostanzo.* And loves me?—*Ruberto.* Adores you.—*Gostanzo.* Have I ever seen her?—*Ruberto.* As often as you have seen me.—*Gostanzo.* Why does she not discover herself to me?—*Ruberto.* Because she sees you the slave of another woman."

[50] *Let still the woman take an elder than herself.*

The present dialogue is constructed with great art, and the danger incurred by Viola in committing herself, from which she is saved by the Duke's present speech, is perhaps worked into one of the most charming portions of the comedy. The suggestion that the dialogue was intended to allude in any way to the poet's domestic unhappiness, not only destroys the independence of one of his best scenes, but is in itself exceedingly improbable.

[51] *The free maids.*

Free, unmarried. "No doubt but a man being bound, he breakes the oath of matrimonie as often as he companieth with a *free woman*, but though he deserve blame for the same, yet looseth hee no honour herein, in that hee injuries none, but his owne wife: but if being free, or married, he knowes in this sence a married woman, he remaines dishonoured," Passenger of Benvenuto, 1612. Dr. Grey proposed to read, *fair maids*. "My mother's maids, when they do sit and spin,—They sing a song made of a fieldish mouse," Surrey. "And sees his hansell have such fair success,—Sung to the wheel, and sung unto the pail," Hall's Satires. "Why, he will sing you like any widow's daughter—That's working of bone-lace; no weaver at—His loom comes near him; and dance till he tire—All the tabers in a wake," Davenant's Works, 1673.

Lace-songs, jingling rhymes, sung by young girls while engaged at their lace-pillows. The movement of the bobbins is timed by the modulation of the tune, which excites them to regularity and cheerfulness; and it is a pleasing picture, in passing through a rural village, to see them, in warm sunny weather, seated outside their cottage doors, or seeking the shade of a neighbouring tree; where in cheerful groups they unite in singing their rude and simple rhymes. There are many of these ditties, varying in length according to the pattern of the lace; the following is one, most descriptive of the occupation, the *down* meaning once down the parchment:—

> Nineteen long lines being over my down,
> The faster I work it 'll shorten my score,
> But if I do play, it 'll stick to a stay,
> So high ho! little fingers, and twank it away.
>
> *Miss Baker's Northamptonshire Glossary.*

[52] *And in sad cypress let me be laid.*

Cypress, or *Cyprus*, a thin transparent stuff, either white or black, the latter being more common. "The stowt dedis of many a knyght—With gold of *Sypirs* was dight," MS. Lincoln, A. i. 17, f. 136. "Cypres for a womans necke, *crespe*," Palsgrave. "*Cypres*, a kinde of fine lynnen clothe," Baret's Alvearie, 1580. "*Vestis subserica, tramoserica*, de satin de Cypres, a garment of *cypers* satten, or of silke grograine," Nomenclator, 1585. "*Espumilla*, a kinde of fine white *cipers* or linnen that women in Spaine weare on their heads," Percivale's Spanish Dictionarie, 1599. "Sipres or bonegraces that women use to weare one their faces or foreheads to keepe them from the sunne," Florio, p. 590. "*Combien vendez-vous cette piece de crespe?*, how sell you that piece of white cipresse?," Erondelle's French Garden, 1605. "Crespe; m. *Cipres;* also, cobweb lawne.—Crespe de chaperon, a crepine; the crepine of a French-hood, most commonly of cobweb lawne, or white cipres," Cotgrave. "*Cipress*, a fine curled linnen, of which hoods for women are made," Phillips. "In the churchwardens' accounts of St. Mary's, Cambridge, mention is made of *a sypyrs kyrcher belonging to the cross.* In this instance there being the figure of a dead body on the cross, the cyprus was designed as a shroud," Douce. According to some, the *cypress* referred to in the

text is a coffin made of cypress wood. Coffins being frequently made of *cypress* wood, observes Malone (perhaps in consequence of *cyprus* being used at funerals), the epithet *sad* is here employed with strict propriety. "King Richard the Second," says Speed, "was so affected by the death of his favourite Robert de Vere, duke of Ireland, that he commanded the *cypress* chest wherein his body lay embalmed, to be opened, that he might see and handle it." The king attended his funeral. "The cypress tree was used by the ancients for funeral purposes, and dedicated to Pluto. As it was not liable to perish from rottenness, it appears to have been used for coffins. Theophrastus speaks of it as the most incorruptible of all woods. In further behalf of the wood, it may be worth remarking that the expression *laid* seems more applicable to a coffin than to a shroud, in which a party may with greater propriety be said to be *wrapped;* and also that the shroud is afterwards expressly mentioned by itself," Douce.

[53] *My part of death no one so true.*

Though *death* is a *part* in which every one acts his *share*, yet of all these actors no one is *so true* as I.—*Johnson.*

[54] *Give me now leave to leave thee.*

Mr. Harness reads, "I give thee now leave to leave me," observing that the original reading is, "Give me now leave to leave thee;"—in which there are two errors of the press—the omission of the preposition *I*, and a transposition of *me* and *thee*. According to the old reading, the Duke asks permission of the Clown to depart, instead of giving him permission to go; which is not only contrary to the rank and situation of the characters, but to the circumstances which immediately follow." The Duke is scarcely solicitous to preserve the language belonging to the dignity of his position in his conversation with the Clown. He is here speaking either jocularly or ironically, or both.

[55] *Make thy doublet of changeable taffata.*

As our *changeable silke* turned to the sunne, hath many colours, and turned backe, the contrary: so wit sharpeth itselfe to every conceit, being constant in nothing but inconstancy.—*Euphues and his England*, 1623.

> When first I saw them, they appeared Rash,
> And now their promises are worse then trash:
> No *Taffaty more changeable* then they,
> In nothing constant, but no debts to pay.
> And therefore let them take it as they will,
> I'l canvase them a little with my quill.
>
> *The Workes of Taylor the Water-Poet*, 1630.

I have bene with my *changable taffetie* madame, and read her such a lesson, that I hope shee'le cast up her accounts and—hang herselfe.—*The Inconstant Ladie*, 1653.

Men's minds are as unconstant as *changable taffaty*, and women's first resolutions seldom stand good in law against their second thoughts.—*Poor Robin's Almanack*, 1712. Some men will prove so inconstant, as if the taylor had made their doublet of changeable *taffaty.—Ibid.* 1755.

[56] *And their intent every where.*

Both the preservation of the antithesis, and the recovery of the sense, require we should read,—"and their intent *no* where;" because a man who suffers himself to run with every wind, and so makes his business every where, cannot be said to have any *intent;* for that word signifies a determination of the mind to

something. Besides, the conclusion of *making a good voyage* of nothing, directs to this emendation.—*Warburton.* An intent *every* where, is much the same as an intent *no where*, as it hath no one particular place more in view than another. —*Heath.* The present reading is preferable to Warburton's amendment. We cannot accuse a man of inconstancy who has no intents at all, though we may the man whose intents are every where; that is, are continually varying.—*M. Mason.*

[57] *That nature pranks her in.*

That is, which nature adorns her with, the "miracle and queen of gems" being her beauty. Warburton proposed to alter *in* to *mind.*

> Bountie doth give, when Beautie doth retaine:
> To *prancke* herselfe with pride, that is but vaine.
> *The Chariot of Chastitie, by James Yates*, 1582.

[58] *I cannot be so answer'd.*

It cannot, old editions; altered by Hanmer. Malone is of opinion that the old reading may be correct, in the sense of,—"My *suit* cannot be so answered."

[59] *That suffer surfeit, cloyment, and revolt.*

Mr. Mason would read—*suffers;* but there is no need of change. *Suffer* is governed by *women*, implied under the words, "their love." The love of women, &c. *who* suffer.—*Malone.*

[60] *She pin'd in thought.*

According to Malone, *thought* here signifies *melancholy*, but such a tautology was not likely to be intended by the poet. The term is rather used in the sense of *sorrowful reflection.* So, in the Tragical History of Romeus and Juliet, 1562: —"The cause of this her death was inward care and *thought.*"

[61] *And with a green and yellow melancholy.*

> Sorowe was peynted next Envie
> Upon that walle of masonrye.
> But wel was seyn in hir colour
> That she hadde lyved in langour;
> Hir semede to have the jaundyce.
> Nought half so pale was Avarice,
> Nor no thyng lyke of lenesse;
> For sorowe, thought, and gret distresse,
> That she hadde suffred day and nyght,
> Made hir ful yolwe, and no thyng bright,
> Ful fade, pale, and megre also.
> *Chaucer's Romaunt of the Rose*, Hunterian MS.

Sorrow is here painted with a yellow countenance. Green was also a passing colour of melancholy. "Greene is a meane coulour gendered betweene red and blacke, and that is knowen by passing of red cholera into unkinde melancholy that is black, by meane of unkinde cholera that is rusty and greenish, and is found greene," Batman uppon Bartholome, 1582.

[62] *Like Patience on a monument, smiling at grief.*

Patience is here personified, but grief is not. This exquisite passage refers to a statue of Patience that embodied the essence of the idea of patience, an angel bending with submission and the smile of duty "even to the storm that wrecks her." Chaucer, in the Assembly of Foules, represents Patience as sitting upon a hill of sand, an emblem of endurance in the midst of insecurity and hopelessness,

—"And her beside, wonder discretely—Dame Pacience sitting there I fonde,—With face pale, upon an hille of sonde." A nearer approach to the idea in the text occurs in Pericles, where he says, addressing Marina,—"yet thou dost look —Like Patience, gazing on kings' graves, and smiling—Extremity out of act," that is, conquering calamity by her placid resignation. Compare, also, a line in the Rape of Lucrece,—"So mild, that Patience seem'd to scorn his woes." The intermingling of smiles and patience with grief is a favourite image, and found in other writers. So, in Middleton's Witch,—"She does not love me now, but painefully—Like one that's forc'd *to smile upon a grief*." Again, in Cymbeline, the same kind of imagery may be traced: "——nobly he yokes a *smiling* with a *sigh*. . . I do note—That *grief* and *patience*, rooted in him both,—Mingle their spurs together." Compare Richard the Second,—"His face still combating with *tears* and *smiles*,—The badges of his *grief* and *patience*." Steevens judiciously observes that to "*smile* at *grief*," is as justifiable an expression as to "*rejoice* at *prosperity*, or *repine* at *ill fortune*." It is not necessary we should suppose the good or bad event, in either instance, is an object visible, except to the eye of imagination.

[63] *And all the brothers too.*

This was the most artful answer that could be given. The question was of such a nature, that to have declined the appearance of a direct answer, must have raised suspicion. This has the appearance of a direct answer, *that the sister died of her love;* she (who passed for a man) saying, she was all the daughters of her father's house.—*Warburton.* Such another equivoque occurs in Lyly's Galathea, 1592: "—my father had but one daughter, and therefore I could have no sister."—*Steevens.*

[64] *Bide no denay.*

Denay is *denial.* To *denay* is an antiquated verb sometimes used by Holinshed. So, p. 620: "—the state of a cardinal which was naied and *denaied* him." Again, in Warner's Albion's England, 1602, b. ii. ch. 10: "——thus did say—The thing, friend Battus, you demand, not gladly I *denay*.—*Steevens.*

[65] *The niggardly rascally sheep-biter.*

Sheep-biter, a cant term for a thief. The word is played upon in the following passage: "A sepulchre to seafish and others in ponds, moates, and rivers; a sharp *sheepe-biter*, and a marveilous mutten-monger, a gorbelly glutton," Man in the Moone, 1609.

Then did he depart like a *sheepe-biter*, retiring himselfe into a private chamber, cast off his guilded rapier, spruce leather boots, and spurres, got him a cloake without laces, made a dublet with a falling choller, wore gloves of sixepence a paire on his hands: no points on his breeches, but at the wastband: a paire of sad coloured stockings, tied up straight with garters no broader than an usurers belt, and his shooc-latches bound together with russet inckle: frequented sermons, sent me most passionate letters, that he had renounced roisters, abjured whores, setled himselfe to a stayed and religious course, and that he shamed to appeare in the place I dwelled, he had so wronged me and himself.—*Nixon's Strange Foot-Post with a Packet full of Strange Petitions*, 1613.

Once more unto the good *sheepe* ile retire,
And so my booke shall to its end exspire:
Although it be not found in ancient writers,
I finde all mutton-eaters are sheepe-biters.

And in some places I have heard and seene,
That currish sheepe-biters have hanged beene.
The Workes of Taylor the Water-Poet, 1630.

[66] *How now, my metal of India?*

My metal of India, that is, my precious girl, my girl of gold. So, in Ram Alley, 1611:—"Come, wench of *gold*." So, also, in King Henry IV. Part I.: "Lads, boys, *hearts of gold*, &c." Again, ibidem: "—— and as bountiful as *mines* of *India*." Again, in King Henry VIII.:—"To-day the French—All clinquant, all *in gold*, like heathen gods,—Shone down the English; and to-morrow they—Made Britain *India;* every man that stood,—Shew'd like a *mine*." So Lyly, in his Euphues and his England, 1580: "I saw that *India* bringeth *gold*, but England bringeth goodness." Again, in Wily Beguil'd, 1606: "Come, my *heart of gold*, let's have a dance at the making up of this match."—The person there addressed, as in Twelfth-Night, is a woman. The old copy has *mettle*. The two words are frequently confounded in the early editions of our author's plays. The editor of the second folio arbitrarily changed the word to *nettle;* which all the subsequent editors have adopted.—*Malone*. My pearl of India is a common expression.

Anna. Now, madam, your approbation is only wanting to make this gentleman happy, which gain'd, I will produce your neice immediately.—*Sir Feeb*. Give it, give it, I say, my pearl of India, that we may have no intruding thoughts of discontent to mingle with our joys.—*Vice Reclaim'd*, 1703.

"My *nettle* of India?" The poet must here mean a zoophite, called the Urtica Marina, abounding in the Indian seas. "Quæ tacta totius corporis pruritum quendam excitat, unde nomen *urticæ* est sortita," Wolfgangi Franzii Hist. Animal. 1665, p. 620. "*Urticæ marinæ* omnes pruritum quendam movent, et acrimonia suâ *venerem* extinctam et sopitam excitant," Johnstoni Hist. Nat. de Exang. Aquat. p. 56. Perhaps the same plant is alluded to by Greene, in his Card of Fancy, 1608: "the *flower of India*, pleasant to be seen, but whoso smelleth to it, *feeleth present smart*." Again, in his Mamillia, 1593: "Consider, the *herb of India* is of pleasant smell, but whoso cometh to it, *feeleth present smart*." Again, in Holland's translation of the ninth book of Pliny's Natural History: "As for those *nettles*, there be of them that in the night raunge to and fro, and likewise change their colour; leaves they carry of a fleshy substance, and of flesh they feed; their qualities is to raise an itching smart." Maria had certainly excited a congenial sensation in Sir Toby. This reading better corresponds with Sir Toby's description of her, *here comes the little villain*. I am told that the nettle of India is the plant that produces what is called cow-itch; a substance tormenting from its itching quality.—*Steevens*.

Mr. Collier and Mr. Knight both reject "nettle," as other editors have done before them. To me it appears by far the better reading. It coheres far better with the expression "the little villain;" and Maria was about to whip and to sting Malvolio, to be a *nettle* to him.—*Hunter*.

[67] *The trout that must be caught with tickling.*

"This fish of nature loveth flatterie: for, being in the water, it will suffer itselfe to be rubbed and clawed, and so to be taken; whose example I would wish no maides to follow, least they repent afterclaps," Cogan's Haven of Health, 1595. "*Grope* or *tickle*, a kind of fishing, by putting one's hand into the water-holes where fish lye, and tickling them about the gills; by which means they'll become so quiet, that a man may take them in his hand, and cast them to land, or if large fish, he may thrust his fingers into their gills and bring them out,"

Dict. Rust. Catching trout in this manner is an old and deadly mode of poaching, but it can only be practised in very dry, sultry weather, and when the water is exceedingly low; then the country urchins, early instructed in this destructive practice, wade into the pools, grope for, and easily take large trout by tickling them. "Whoop: fut, how he tickles yon trout under the gills! you shall see him take him by and by with groping flattery," Antonio and Mellida. "This is the tamest trout I ever tickled," Humorous Lieutenant. Hence the term *trout* came to be used as applied to a foolish person, easily entrapped.

> And so an Indian asse, or daw, or *trout*,
> Though we have such, are none of ours, no doubt.
>
> *Scots Philomythie*, 1616.

[68] *How he jets under his advanced plumes!*

To *jet*, to strut, or, according to Cotgrave, "wantonly to goe in and out with the legs." Palsgrave has, "*I jette* with facyon and countenaunce to set forthe my selfe, *je braggue*. I pray you, se how this felowe jetteth: *je vous prie, aduisez comment ce compaignon braggue*. I *jette*, I make a countenaunce with my legges. *Je me jamboye*, verbum medium prim. conj. I wotte nat what his herte is, but he jetteth horriblye in his pace: *je ne scay comment il a le cueur, mays il se jamboye fort*," 1530. "Jette up and downe in the waye,—And your clothes loke they be gaye;—The pretye wenches wyll say than,—Yonder goeth a gentelman," Enterlude of Youth. "Item, that no scholler be out of his college in the night-season, or goe a jetting," University Orders for Apparel, 1560, MS. "What, shulde a begger be a jetter?," Heywood's Four P's. So, in Greene's Quip for an upstart Courtier, &c., 1592: "— to see in that place such a strange headlesse courtier *jettinge up* and downe like the usher of a fense-schoole about to play his prise." Ibid.,—"Was he not caled to be dictator from the plough, and after many victories, what, did he *jet* up and down the court, in costly garments and velvet breeches?" Churchyard's Challenge, 1593, p. 228:—"Some in their ruffe, would *jet* about the hall." Decker's Bel-man of London, B 2: "how villainy *jettes* in silks, and like a god adorde!"—Decker's Bel-man's night-walkes, H 4: "they *jetted* up and downe like proud tragedians." So, in Arden of Feversham, 1592:—"Is now become the steward of the house,—And bravely *jets* it in a silken gown." Again, in Bussy D'Ambois, 1607:—"To *jet* in others' plumes so haughtily."—*Steevens*. "And, Midas like, he jets it in the court," Marlowe's Edward the Second. "Even he that *jets* upon the neatest and sprucest leather; even he that talks all adage and apothegm," Decker's Gulls Hornbook, 1609.

[69] *Slight, I could so beat the rogue.*

Slight, a contracted form of the petty oath, *by this light*. "This morning, being the 9th of January, 1633, the kinge was pleas'd to call mee into his withdrawinge chamber to the windowe, wher he went over all that I had croste in Davenants play-booke, and allowing of *faith* and *slight* to bee asseverations only, and no oathes, markt them to stande, and some other few things, but in the greater part allowed of my reformations. This was done upon a complaint of Mr. Endymion Porters in December. The kinge is pleasd to take *faith*, *death*, *slight*, for asseverations, and no oaths, to which I doe humbly submit as my masters judgment; but under favour conceive them to be oaths, and enter them here, to declare my opinion and submission," Herbert's Diary.

[70] *The lady of the strachy.*

That is, the lawyer's or judge's lady or widow. The term is now only preserved

in the Russian language, but it was probably taken by Shakespeare from some novel or play, upon which he may have founded the comic incidents of this drama. "From the list of all the crown servants of Russia, sent every year to the state secretary of the home department at St. Petersburgh; in which, for 1825 and 1826, Procureur Botwinko was reported to be imprisoned at Vilna for the above case, and that the *strapchy* of Oszmiana was acting in his stead as procureur *pro tem.*," Household Words, March 15th, 1851.

The governors employ'd by the Greek emperors in Sicily and Italy from the sixth to the tenth century, were called στρατηγοι, *generals* or *prætors*, corrupted by the Italians, partly through their own, and partly through the Byzantine pronunciation to *stratici*, pronounced *stratichi;* which continued to be a title of magistracy in many states long afterwards; and this word *strachy*, which has so puzzled all the commentators, is only a further corruption of it acquired in its passage through successive French and English translations of some old Italian novel, in which the widow of one of those magistrates had married an inferior officer of her household. See Giannone Hist. di Napoli, l. xi. c. vi.—*R. P. Knight.*

Various alterations of *strachy* have been suggested, e. g., *Trachy*, Thrace, by Warburton; *starchy*, the room in which starching was carried on; *saucery; satrape*, governor; *sophy; stratarch*, a general of an army. Strachy was and is an English family surname. William Strachey published Lawes, &c., for Virginia, 1612, and there are verses by him preserved in MS. Ashmol. 781. It may be worth notice that one of the characters in the Italian comedy of Gl' Inganni, by Secchi, is described as, "*Straccia*, Servidor del Capitano," though there is no probability that the name of this inferior personage could have suggested that found in the present comedy.

The story which our poet had in view is perhaps alluded to by Lyly in Euphues and his England, 1580: "—— assuring myself there was a certain season when women are to be won: in the which moments they have neither will to deny, nor wit to mistrust. Such a time I have read a young gentleman found to obtain the love of the Dutchess of Milaine: such a time I have heard that a poor *yeoman* chose, to get the fairest lady in Mantua."—*Malone.* "The Dutchesse of Malphey chose for her husband her servant Ulrico," Greene's Card of Fancie, 1593, sig. L. Lord Bacon's daughter married her gentleman-usher, Underhill; and, though she was not a countess, her birth was noble. It is asked also by another dramatist (Beaumont and Fletcher's Wit at Several Weapons),

> Has not a deputy married his cook-maid?
> An alderman's widow one that was her turn-broach?—*Nares.*

[71] *The yeoman of the wardrobe.*

The yeoman of the wardrobe is not an arbitrary term, but was the proper designation of the wardrobe-keeper, in Shakespeare's time. See Florio's Italian Dictionary, 1598: "*Vestiario*, a wardrobe-keeper, or a *yeoman of a wardrobe.*"—*Malone.*

The Yeoman of the Wardrobes.—Hee is to receave his chardge from the stewarde, or comptroller, vidz., the furniture of all the chambers in the house, as they bee furnishede, and whatsoever ells is in the warderobe, and all these things to keepe well, and see there bee noe defectes in any of them, but to bee presentlie amendede, unlesse it bee joyners woorke, as tables, stooles, bedsteedes, etc., which hee is to cause a joyner to mende; and to see there bee necessaries in store, for the mendinge of any faultes may happen, as silk, and thredde, of sundrie collers, cords and gerth webb, and to see the chambers and all necessaries belonging to

them, bee sweet and neatlie kepte, and for ordinarie chambers for servauntes, to apointe in his owne discretion. Hee is to bee chardged with all ordinarie sheetes, and pillowbers, as for the finest sorte, hee is to call for such to the ladie, or whom shee pleaseth shall deliver them forth, for such straungers as in theire callinge they bee fitt for; hee is further to see, as occasion serveth, that all his beddes, bolesters and pillowes, with all the rest of furniture for beddinge, be airede, and beaten, and that there bee noe duste in them nether any mothes bredde, which both is a greate spoile to stuffe, but in that case dried wormewoode is very good, and ofte turninge and airinge as abovesaide.—*The Order and Governmente of a Nobleman's House*, 1605.

[72] *How imagination blows him.*

That is, puffs him up. So, in Antony and Cleopatra: "—— on her breast—There is a vent of blood, and something *blown*."—*Steevens.*

[73] *Sitting in my state.*

A *state*, in ancient language, signifies a chair with a canopy over it. So, in King Henry IV. Part I.:—"This chair shall be my *state*."—*Steevens.*

[74] *O, for a stone-bow.*

A stone-bow was a cross-bow made for propelling stones, or rather bullets, merely in contradistinction to a bow that shot arrows. "Stone-bow, *arcubasta*," Pr. Parv. "*Balestra*, a crosse-bow, a stone-bow, a tillar," Florio's Worlde of Wordes, 1598. "*Arbaleste à boulet*, a stone-bow," Cotgrave. "A stone-bowe, because at first they shot stones in them. G. Arbaliste, à boullét, ou à gelais, ou à jallét. I. Balestrina, diminut. à balestra," Minsheu. "Hailstones full of wrath shall be cast as out of a stone-bow," Book of Wisdom. A "stone-bowe stocke" is mentioned in the particulars of an action, 39 Elizabeth, Stratford-on-Avon MSS. "A blinde harper enters, craves audience, uncaseth, playes; the drawer for female privatnes sake is nodded out, who knowing that whosoever will hit the mark of profit, must, like those that shoot in *stone-bowes*, winke with one eye, growes blind a the right side, and departs," Marston's Dutch Courtezan, 1605. "Everie gun, (dag, and pistoll) shorter than is before limited: and everie crossebow (or *stonebow*) from him that hath not 100. li. *per annum:* and may keepe such bow, but must breake such guns within twentie dayes next after such seisure," Dalton's Countrey Justice, 1620. "And now his sides look like two wicker targets,—Every way bended:—Children will shortly take him for a wall,—And set their stone-bows in his forehead," King and no King. "He shall shoot in a stone-bow for me," Philaster.

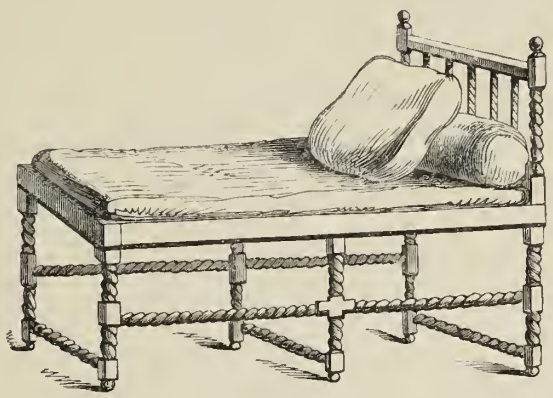
Litle more then a yeare after I maried, I and my wife beinge at Skreenes with my father (the plague beinge soe in London, and my building not finished), I had exercised my-selfe with a *stone-bow* and a spar-hawke at the bush, and beinge extreame wett sometymes I caught cold, which brought on me a rhumatisme, or runninge gout, to great extremitie.—*Autobiography of Sir John Bramston*, p. 108.

[75] *Having come from a day-bed.*

"Accubitum, *Lampridio*, anaclinterium, *Spartiano*, *lectulus in quo interdiu quiescitur*, petit lit pour y dormir de jour, a little low bed wheron to repose and sleepe in the day time," Nomenclator, 1585. Spenser, in the first canto of the third book of his Faerie Queene, has dropped a stroke of satire on this lazy fashion:

So was that chamber clad in goodly wize,
And round about it many *beds* were dight,
As whilome was the antique worldes guize,
Some for *untimely ease*, some for delight.—*Steevens.*

Estifania, in Rule a Wife and Have a Wife, 1640, says, in answer to Perez: —"This place will fit our talk; 'tis fitter far, sir;—Above there are *day-beds*, and such temptations—I dare not trust, sir." In the same play, they are mentioned as very common, "and day-beds in all chambers." "Three large bavins set up his trade, with a bench, which, in the vacation of the afternoone, hee uses for his day-bed," Overbury Characters. "Then a good dinner,—A fine provoking meal, which drew on apace—The pleasure of a *day-bed*, and I had it," Middleton's Your Five Gallants. In the Isle of Wight, a person who lies in bed beyond the usual time of rising is called "a lazy *day-bed* chap." The annexed engraving of a day-bed or couch of the Elizabethan era,



was sketched by Mr. Fairholt from one preserved at Hardwicke Hall, Derbyshire. The cushions are of velvet, embroidered with silk and gold threads. The present hall was built between the years 1590 and 1597, but this couch is traditionally reported to have been brought from the older hall.

Any mans advancement is the most capitall offence that can be to his malice: yet this envy, like Phalaris Bull, makes that a torment, first for himselfe, he prepared for others. He is a *daybed* for the divell to slumber on.—*Overbury's New and Choise Characters*, 1615.

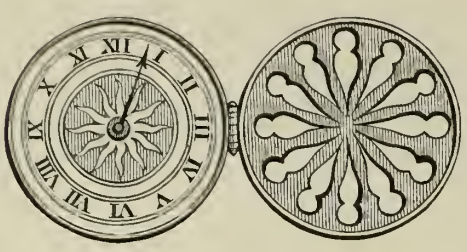
[76] *And then to have the humour of state.*

Malvolio, congratulating himself on his ideal elevation, says, "And then to have the *humour* of state," which the MS. (Perkins) corrector changes into the poverty of "the *honour* of state," overlooking the consideration that "the humour of state" means the high airs, the capricious insolence, of authority, which is precisely what Malvolio is glorying that he shall by and by have it in his power to exhibit.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

[77] *Wind up my watch.*

The wearing of a watch was, till late times, considered as in some degree a mark and proof of gentility, though the invention may be traced back to the fourteenth century (Archæol. v. p. 419, 426.) They were even worn ostentatiously hung round the neck to a chain; which fashion has of late been revived in female dress. "Ah, by my troth, sir; besides a jewel, and a jewel's fellow, a good fair *watch*, that hung about my neck, sir," Mad World my Masters. Even a *repeater* is introduced by Ben Jonson: "—'T strikes! one, two,—Three, four, five, six. Enough, enough, dear *watch*,—Thy pulse hath beat enough. Now sleep, and rest;—Would thou could'st make the time to do so too:—I'll wind thee up no more," Staple of News, i. 1. In the Alchemist, a watch is lent, to wear in dress:—"And I had lent my *watch* last night, to one—That dines to-

day at the sheriff's." But they were already becoming more common in 1638, when we find it complained that "every puny clerk can carry the time of day in his poeket," Antipodes, a Comedy. For which reason, a projector proposes means for diminishing the number of them:—" —Your project against the multiplicity of poeket *watches*," ibid. If the following story be true, which Aubrey tells of a Mr. Allen, who was reputed a sorcerer, they must have been, in his time, very uncommon:—"One time being at Home Lacy, in Herefordshire—he happened to leave his *watch* in the chamber window—(watches were then rarities, we may add, perhaps, particularly in Herefordshire)—the maydes came in to make the bed, and hearing a thing in a case cry *tick*, *tick*, *tick*, presently concluded that that was his devill (or familiar) and took it by the string with the tongues (tongs) and threw it out of the windowe in the mote, to drowne the devill. It so happened that the string hung on a sprig of a elder that grew out of the mote, and this confirmed them that 'twas the devill. So the good old gentleman gott his watch again." This may have been in the middle of Elizabeth's reign, as Allen died at 96, in 1630. The watch of an early form, here engraved, is copied by Mr. Fairholt from a painting, in the gallery at Hampton Court, of a gentleman, temp. Hen. VIII., who holds it open in his hand. It is apparently of gold; the lid perforated in twelve ornamental compartments, so that when closed, the numbers on the face of the watch might be seen, and the hand also if upon the hour. (Nares.)



[78] *Or play with my some rich jewel.*

My some, eds. 1623, 1632; *some*, eds. 1663, 1685. "The reading of the old copy, however quaint and affected, may signify—'and play with some rich jewel of *my own*,' some ornament appended to *my* person. He is entertaining himself with ideas of future magnificence," Steevens. A jewel did not mean only a single gem, as the word is generally now applied, but any precious ornament set with gems, or, indeed, any small valuable trinket. Olivia afterwards terms her miniature picture a jewel. So, in Markham's Arcadia, 1607: "She gave him a very fine *jewel*, wherein was set a most rich diamond." The annexed example is the copy of the back of a very "rich jewel," preserved in Lord Londesborough's collection, consisting of a design in open work, enriched with enamel in white, red, blue, and black, on the gold ground.

This amusing soliloquy of Malvolio is very similar in design to the reverie of Alnaschar related in the Arabian Nights' Entertainment. With these may be compared something of the same kind in Massinger's Parliament of Love, where the speaker makes as certain as Malvolio does of winning the lady,—

As I find her obedient and pleasing,
I may perhaps descend to marry her:
Then, with a kind of state, I take my chair,
Command a sudden muster of my servants,
And, after two or three majestic hums,
It being known all is mine, peruse my writings,
Let out this manor, at an easy rate,
To such a friend, lend this ten thousand crowns,
For the redemption of his mortgaged land.

Many Arabian fictions had found their way into obscure Latin and French books, and from thence into English ones, long before any professed version of the Arabian Nights' Entertainments had appeared. I meet with a story similar to that of Alnaschar, in the Dialogues of Creatures Moralysed, bl. l. no date, but probably printed abroad: "It is but foly to hope to moche of vanyteys. Whereof it is tolde in fablys that a lady uppon a tyme delyvered to her mayden a galon of mylke to sell at a cite; and by the waye, as she sate and restid her by a dyche side, she began to thinke that with the money of the mylke she wolde bye an henne, the which shulde bring forth chekyns, and whan they were growyn to hennys she wolde sell them and by piggis, and eschaunge them into shepe, and the shepe into oxen: and so whan she was come to richesse, she sholde be maried right worshipfully unto some worthy man, and thus she rejoycid. And whan she was thus mervelously comfortid, and ravished inwardely in her secrete solace, thinkynge with howe great joye she shuld be ledde towarde the churche with her husbond on horsebacke, she sayde to herself: Goo wee, goo wee. Sodaynelye she smote the grounde with her fote, myndynge to spurre the horse; but her fote slypped and she fell in the dyche, and there laye all her mylke; and so she was farre from her purpose, and never had that she hopid to have."—*Steevens.*

Steevens understands "my some rich jewel" to mean, "some rich jewel of my own;" but it is more natural to suppose that Malvolio, having mentioned his watch, then a rarity, wishes to enumerate some other valuable in his possession, and pauses after "or play with my," following it up with the words "some rich jewel," not being able on the sudden to name any one in particular.—*Collier.*

[79] *Curtsies there to me.*

From this passage one might suspect that the manner of paying respect, which is now confined to females, was equally used by the other sex. It is probable, however, that the word *court'sy* was employed to express acts of civility and reverence by either men or women indiscriminately. In an extract from the Black Book of Warwick, Bibliotheca Topographica Britannica, p. 4, it is said, "The pulpett being sett at the nether end of the Earle of Warwick's tombe in the said quier, the table was placed where the altar had bene. At the coming into the quier, my lord made *lowe curtesie* to the French king's armes." Again, in the Book of Kervynge and Sewynge, printed by Wynkyn de Worde, "And whan your Soverayne is set, loke your towell be about your necke, then *make your soverayne curtesy*, then uncover your brede and set it by the salte, and laye your napkyn, knyfe, and spone afore hym, then kneel on your knee," &c. These directions are to male servants. Lord Herbert of Cherbury, in his Life, speaking of dancing, recommends that accomplishment to youth, "that he may know how to come in and go out of a room where company is, how to make *courtesies* handsomely, according to the severa. degrees of persons he shall encounter."—*Reed.*

[80] *Though our silence be drawn from us with cars.*

That is, with the utmost difficulty. *Cars*, ed. 1623; *cares*, eds. 1632, 1663,

1685; *racks*, MS. Dent; *by th' ears*, Hanmer; *carts*, Johnson; *cables*, Tyrwhitt; *cart-ropes*, Hunter; *tears*, Singer.

In the Two Gentlemen of Verona, one of the Clowns says: "I have a mistress, but who that is, *a team of horses* shall not *pluck from me*." So, in this play: "Oxen and wainropes will not bring them together."—*Johnson.* A somewhat similar passage occurs in the old play of King Leir, 1605: "—— ten *teame of horses* shall not *draw me* away, till I have full and whole possession.—*King.* I, but one teame and a *cart* will serve the turne."—*Steevens.* "Woe unto them that draw iniquity with cords of vanity, and sin as it were with a cart-rope," Isaiah, v. 18.

The reading proposed by Hanmer, though I think it not right, is countenanced by a similar expression in Sir Philip Sidney's Defence of Poesie: "Poesie must not be drawn by the *ears*, it must be gently led."—*Malone.*

[81] *Out, scab!*

Doctor! you cozening *scab!* Master Doctor, awake and rise, and give me my money again, for your horse is turned to a bottle of hay.—*Marlowe's Tragedy of Doctor Faustus.*

> And by these honors, if I prove a blabbe,
> Then call mee villaine, varlet, coward, *skabbe.*
> *The Divils Charter, a Tragœdie*, 4to. 1607.

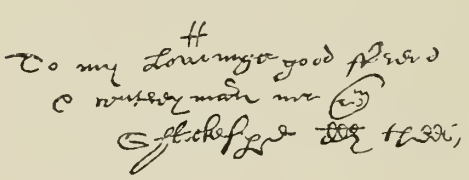
[82] *What employment have we here?*

That is, what subject for employment have we here? Theobald, however, in his letters to Warburton, suggested to read, *implement*, and it is worthy of remark that the latter word was sometimes spelt *emploiment*, as in the following passage,—

> Shall we about this worke? I feare the morne
> Will over-take 's; my stay hath been prolong'd
> With hunting obscure nookes for these *emploiments;*
> The night prepares away.—*The Widdowes Teares*, 1612.

[83] *To the Unknown Beloved.*

It is ingeniously conjectured by Ritson that, from the usual custom of Shakespeare's age, we may easily suppose the whole direction to have run thus: "*T*o the *U*nknown belov'd, this, and my good wishes, with *C*are *P*resent." If this supposition be correct, it will account for the previous allusions of Malvolio to the letters to be found in the superscription. The usual address of letters, in Shakespeare's time, amongst equals, was merely, "to my loving friend give this," to which the words *with speed* were sometimes added. Instead of *give this* were sometimes the words, *these be delivered*, or *deliver these.* An instance of the latter occurs in the accompanying facsimile of a direction of a letter addressed to Shakespeare, dated in the year 1598. An epistle, dated 1604, preserved at Dulwich College, is directed "to his verye good Frend, M^r. Edward Allene, thes be delyvered, nere to Sanctuaris stayres."



[84] *By your leave, wax.—Soft!*

To avoid an error, it is to be observed that *soft* has no reference to the wax;

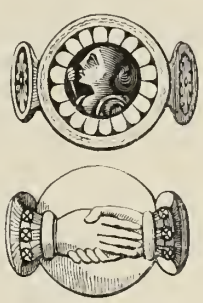
but is merely an exclamation equivalent to *softly !*, i. e., be not in too much haste. Thus, in the Merchant of Venice, act iv., sc. 1: "*Soft!* no haste." Again, in Troilus and Cressida, "Farewell. Yet, *soft !*"

I may also observe, that though it was anciently the custom, as it still is, to seal certain legal instruments with soft and pliable wax, familiar letters, of which I have seen specimens from the time of King Henry VI. to King James I., were secured with wax as glossy and firm as that now employed.—*Steevens.* The annexed examples of sealed letters are selected by Mr. Fairholt from woodcuts in Der Weiss Kunig, executed by Hans Burgmair about the year 1514.

[85] *And the impressure her Lucrece.*

The annexed woodcut of a beautiful antique ring, of niello work, with the head of Lucrece, is a very interesting specimen of the Lucrece ring. It will be observed that the knife is not introduced, but the head is the conventional type of Lucrece. "Everything that we read in our ancient authors respecting Lucretia, appears to remind us of the source from which it is derived, and to point out how familiarly her picture or representation is impressed on the mind of the writer. Nay, so common were her portraits, that she became the figure on the sign of the King's printer Berthelette in Fleet-street, who flourished about the year 1540. A cut of her is sometimes to be seen in his books. Let me add likewise, that in our author's poem on this subject Lucretia is sent for consolation to a piece of skilful painting, which depicted a thousand lamentable objects in the history of Troy," Whiter. "He makes a face like a stabb'd Lucrece," Cynthia's Revels.

The second antique ring, here engraved, which may be ascribed to the workmanship of the fifteenth century, silver gilt and nielloed, is in the possession of Lord Londesborough, and is thus described in the catalogue of his collection,—Circular face; in the centre, engraved head of Lucretia within a circle, nielloed ground, surrounded by nineteen leaflets. The heads of the shank, on each side of the circular face, are formed by a smaller circular plate, both of which are engraved with rosettes, but different in character, upon a nielloed ground, and, like the face, surrounded by a circle ornamented with zig-zag tooling. At the back, two hands clasped; three circles, bearing a cross in each and in niello work, appear on the sleeves from which the hands issue.



[86] *The numbers altered !*

That is, the metre changed, referring to the next lines. It may also be read, —"the number's altered." This part of the speech is printed as rhyming verse in the old copies, in the following form,—

The numbers alter'd: No man must know,
If this should be thee *Malvolio ?*

[87] *Marry, hang thee, brock !*

Brock, a badger, a term of contempt. It is the translation of *castor* in MS.

Coll. Jes. Oxon. 28, so that the term was probably also applied to a beaver.—"It es ful semeli, als me think,—A brok omang men for to stynk," Ywaine and Gawin, 98. "Thei wenten aboute in *brok* skynnes, and in skynnes of geet," Wickliffe's Bible, iv. 501. "*Taxus*, a brokke," Reliq. Antiq. i. 7. Cf. Mirror for Magistrates, p. 119; Reliq. Antiq. ii. 79, 83; Dialogue of Creatures Moralized, p. 260; Piers Ploughman, p. 119. "Brocke, or badger, or graye beast, *taxo*," Huloet's Abcedarium, 1552. "A brocke, a graie, a bauson, or badger, *melis*," Baret's Alvearie, 1580. "*Taisson*, a gray, brocke, badger, bauson," Cotgrave. "*Tasso*, a gray, a brock, a badger, which is sayde to sleepe sixe moneths in the yeare," Florio's Worlde of Wordes, 1598. "*Meles*, a graye, a brocke," Nomenclator, 1585. "A *brock*, a badger; this is a word known in most countries; the animal is trionymous, *badger*, *brock* or *gray*," Ray's English Words, 1691. "A grey, badger, bawson, or *brocke*, castor," Withals' Dictionarie, ed. 1608, p. 64. The word is frequently used by Ben Jonson, and is of common occurrence in many contemporary writers. "As swete as the brocke," Commemoration of Edmonde Boner, 1569. It also occurs as a term of contempt, in which sense it is still used in Scotland and in some of the English counties. "What, with a brace of wenches! I'faith, old *brock*, have I tane you?," Isle of Gulls.

This selfe-conceited *brocke* had George invented to halfe a score sheets of paper; whose Christianly pen had writ Finis to the famous play of the Turkish Mahomet.—*Jests of George Peele*, n. d.

> She reeled oft, and looked backe: he sawe, but would not see:
> At length she stumbled headlong downe; hoyst up againe, quoth hee:
> The second time she did the like; hoyst, *brock*, her good-man saide,
> And thirdly falling, kindly bad her breake her necke, olde jade!
>
> *Warner's Albions England*, book ii. chap. 10.

[88] *M, O, A, I, doth sway my life.*

This "fustian riddle," either purposely meaningless, or intended for, My Own Adored Idol, or some such words, or cypher, is imitated from similar enigmas which were current at the time. Compare the riddling letters the lady desires the Squyr of Lowe Degré to place in his shield,—

> In the myddes of your sheld ther shal be set
> A ladyes head, with many a frete;
> Above the head wrytten shall be
> A reason, for the love of me;
> Both O and R shall be therin,
> With A and M it shall begynne.

In Whetstone's English Myrror, 1586, is the following prophecy of the reformation of the Church, also written in riddling letters,—"E shall follow H, next E (with wonder) M;—M shall be crowned, and soone confounded.—Next unto M, E or A shall raigne,—Then shall the Church converted be againe." A still better example occurs in the Book of Merry Riddles, 1629,—"M. and J. made great mone,—When C. upon C. was left alone.—*Solution.*—That is, Mary and John made great mone,—When Christ on a Crosse was left alone;—For Mary beginneth with M., John beginneth with J., Christ beginneth with C., and Crosse beginneth with C. This riddle may be put another way, and that is this: a thousand and one made great mone, when a hundred on a hundred was left alone: for M. is for a thousand, and J. is for one, and C. for a hundred; and then is M. for Mary, J. for John, C. for Christ; and then is the riddle very defuse."

Compare As You Like It, iii. 2,—"Thy huntress' *name*, that *my* full *life doth sway*." This passage supports a conjecture that the riddling letters in the text either really refer to the name of Malvolio, or are intentionally suggestive of the idea that they so do.

[89] *And with what wing the stanniel checks at it!*

Stanniel, an inferior kind of hawk, called also a kestril; in Latin *tinnunculus*. Merrett's Pinax, p. 170. Coles also. It is still *falco tinnunculus*, in the Linnean nomenclature. The name of *stannel* is also given to it by Willoughby, Bewick, and other British ornithologists. "*Aluctus*, Anglice a staniel," Nominale MS. "This beautiful species of hawk," says Montagu, Ornith. Dict., "feeds principally on mice," which accounts for its not being noticed at all by Latham and other writers on falconry. It is true, that the reading of the folios here is *stallion;* but the word *wing*, and the falconer's term, *checks*, abundantly prove that a bird must be meant. Hanmer, therefore, proposed this correction, which all subsequent editors have received as indubitable. The old reading, indeed, is mere nonsense. —*Nares.*

Slid, this Musæus is a Martiallist; and if I had not held him a feverish white-liver'd *staniel*, that would never have encountered any but the seven sisters, that knight of the sun who imploy'd me should have done his errand himself.—*Lady Alimony*, sign. B 1.

For whom he had provided *fowles*, as different to their pallat by nature, as they were to others in feature; furnishing his feast with owles, cuckowes, staniels, and popinjayes, to make himselfe infamously famous for his invention.—*Brathwait's English Gentleman*, 1630.

"*Checke*, or to kill; checke is when crows, rooks, pies, or other birds, comming in the view of the hawke, she forsaketh her naturall flight to flie at them," Latham's Falconry, 1633. "Flatterers are kites that check at sparrows; thou shalt be my eagle," Bussy d'Ambois.

[90] *This is evident to any formal capacity.*

That is, to any one in his senses, any one whose *capacity* is not disarranged, or out of *form*. So, in the Comedy of Errors:—"Make of him a *formal* man again." Again, in Measure for Measure:—"These *informal* women."—*Steevens.*

[91] *Sowter will cry upon 't, &c.*

Sowter is here, I suppose, the name of a hound. *Sowterly*, however, is often employed as a term of abuse. So, in Like Will to Like, &c., 1587:—"You *sowterly* knaves, show you all your manners at once?" A *sowter* was a *cobler*. So, in Greene's Card of Fancy, 1608; "If Apelles, that cunning painter, suffer the greasy *sowter* to take a view of his curious work," &c.—*Steevens.* "Let not the *sowter* presume beyond his slipper," Lomatius on Painting, 1598.

I believe the meaning is—"This fellow will, notwithstanding, catch at and be duped by our device, though the cheat is so *gross* that any one else would find it out." Our author, as usual, forgets to make his simile answer on both sides; for it is not to be wondered at that a hound should cry or give his tongue, if the scent be as rank as a fox.—*Malone.*

Hanmer reads,—"*not* as rank." The other editions, "*though it be* as rank," &c. I prefer Hanmer's amendment to Malone's unnatural explanation, and should read, tho' it be *not* as rank as a fox. Sowter will cry upon it, means, Sowter will give his tongue as a hound does when he scents the game, though the scent be not so rank as that of a fox; and this explanation is confirmed by Fabian's next speech, "Did I not say that he would work it out, the cur is

excellent at faults."—When the scent is lost in hunting, the dogs are said to be at fault.—*Seymour.*

The original text seems to be correct. Fabian, comparing Malvolio to a hound, says that he will cry upon it, that is, hunt after it, though it be gross and palpable.

[92] *And O shall end, I hope.*

That is, the trick they are playing on Malvolio will end to his sorrow; that is, will make him cry O! which interpretation is clearly supported by the next speech. So, in Romeo and Juliet:—"Why should you fall into so deep an *O?*" Again, in Decker's Honest Whore, second part, 1630: "—the brick house of castigation, the school where they pronounce no letter well but *O!*" Again, in Hymen's Triumph, by Daniel, 1623: "Like to an *O*, the character of woe."—*Steevens.*

They hate the vowels, the *a*, because it is too childish, the *e* too feminine; the *i* stands not with their majestie; for the *o*, they are too stout to blinch or say *oh* at any thing, and for the *v*, they hold it rusticitie.—*A Strange Metamorphosis of Man*, 1634.

Mist. P, agen? there's the second fault; hold out your hand.—*Harl.* My hand?—*Mist.* Hold it out to receive instruction, thus; so, now look on the top of the house, and see what letter sticks on the seeling. (*He holds out his hand, she hits him with a ferrula.*)—*Harl.* O!—*Mist.* O then is the next letter, l, m, n, o. This, I see, will make you a scholar.—*Scaramouch a Philosopher*, 1677.

[93] *Some are born great, &c.*

Are become, old editions, corrected by Rowe. See a subsequent passage in the fifth act, where the Clown recites part of the letter. "There be some that seek honour, and some are sought after by honour," Greene's Quip for an upstart Courtier, 1592.

[94] *Be opposite with a kinsman.*

That is, be adverse, hostile. An *opposite*, in the language of our author's age, meant an *adversary*. To be *opposite with* was the phraseology of the time. So, in Sir T. Overbury's Character of a Precisian, 1616: "He will be sure to be in opposition *with* the papist," &c.—*Malone.*

[95] *Remember who commended thy yellow stockings.*

Before the civil wars, yellow-stockings were much worn. So, in D'Avenant's play, called the Wits, Works, fol. 1673: "You said, my girl, Mary Queasie by name, did find your uncle's *yellow stockings* in a porringer; nay, and you said she stole them."—*Percy.* "Now I remember me,—There was one busic fellow, was their leader;—A blunt squat swad but lower then your selfe,—He' had on a lether doublet, with long points.—And a paire of pin'd-up breech's, like pudding bags:—With *yellow stockings*, and his hat turn'd up—With a silver elaspe on his leere side," Ben Jonson's Tale of a Tub. Burton, in his Anatomy of Melancholy, cites a line from a song on this subject:—"Give me my *yellow hose* again." So, Middleton and Rowley, in their masque entitled the World Toss'd at Tennis, no date, where the five different-coloured starches are introduced as striving for superiority, Yellow Starch says to White: "—— since she cannot— Wear her own linen *yellow*, yet she shows—Her love to't, and makes him wear *yellow hose.*" Again, in Decker's Match Me in London, 1631: "——because you wear—A kind of *yellow stocking.*" Again, in his Honest Whore, second part, 1630: "What *stockings* have you put on this morning, madam? if they be not *yellow*, change them." The yeomen attending the Earl of Arundel, Lord

Windsor, and Fulke Greville, who assisted at an entertainment performed before Queen Elizabeth, on the Monday and Tuesday in Whitsun-week, 1581, were dressed in *yellow worsted stockings*. See Goldwell's Briefe Declaration, &c., 1581. It may be obscrved that the children at Christ's Hospital are still obliged to keep up that fashion, and to wear yellow stockings.—*Steevens.*

Nothing under a subpæna can draw him to London, and when he is there he sticks fast upon every object, casts his eyes away upon gazing, and becomes a prey of every cut-purse. When he comes home, those wonders serve him for his holiday talk; if he goes to court, it is in *yellow stockings*, and if it be in winter, in a slight taffety cloak and pumps and pantofles.—*The Overbury Characters.*

If it be a beauty under covert, 'tis impossible to act your love so platonically as not to give offence to the *yellow stockings*, and then remember jealousie is the rage of man; and if it be possible to know when it began, you shall never know when 'twill end.—*A Cap of Grey Hairs for a Green Head.*

[96] *The fortunate-unhappy.*

This kind of conceit is met with in other works. "Happy unhappy thoughts," Griffin's Fidessa, 1596. "The Earle of Aymonte us'd to say, that he is *luckily unlucky* that hath no children," Coplcy's Wits, Fits and Fancies, 1614. "At Condover," says Fuller, speaking of Tarlton, "he was in the field keeping his father's swinc, when a servant of Robert, Earl of Leicestcr, passing this way to his Lord's lands in his Barony of Denbighc, was so highly pleased with his *happy unhappy* answers, that he brought him to court, where he became the most famous jester to Queen Elizabeth." Warburton unnecessarily proposes to read,—"the fortunate, *and* happy."

[97] *Day-light and champian discover not more.*

That is, to use the words of Warburton, broad day and an open country cannot make things plainer. *Champian* is a common old form of *champaign*. "Any fruitfull place, or champion plaine," Taylor's Workes, 1630. "These rocks shall be remov'd, made champion field," Triumph of Honour.

Wherefore the same robbers, afraid of Lycaonia, for the most part a *champian* countrey, and knowing by many proofs made, that they should not be able to make their parts good with our men in a stable and set fight, through blind by-wayes went into Pamphylia, which had continued a long time verily without trouble.—*Ammianus Marcellinus, translated by Holland*, 1609.

[98] *I will be point-device, the very man.*

Point-de-vice, perfect in every particular, in every minute accomplishment and quality. "Hir nose was wrought at poynt devys," Chaucer's Romaunt of the Rosc. "Up ryst this jolyf lover Absolon, and him arrayeth gay, at poynt devys," Chaucer, Cant. Tales, 3689. "Which shall be in a chamber feyre,—Preparyd *poynt devyse*—With damaske water made so well,—That all the howse therof shall smell—As it were paradyse," Interlude of the Four Elements. "This shyppe is armed or decked poynte devyse, *ceste navire est betreschée en tous poynts*," Palsgrave, verb. "Henry wan a strong town called Damfront, and furnishing it at *point-devise*, he kcpt the samc in his possession," Holinshed. "Thus for thc nuptial hour all fitted *point-devise*," Drayton, Polyolb. xv. vol. iii. 947. In Newes from the North, 1579, 4to, mention is made of "costly banqueting houses, galleries, bowling-allees, straunge toics of *point-devise* and woorkmanship," sign. G. In the Proude Wyves Paternoster, 1560, onc of thc gossips recommends her companion to wear—"Rybandes of sylkc that bc full longe and large,—With tryangles *trymly made poyntdevyse*." Again, in K. Edward I. 1599: "That we may have our garments *point-device*." Kastril, in the

Alchemist, calls his sister *Punk-device:* and again, in the Tale of a Tub, "—— and if the dapper priest—Be but as cunning *point* in his *devise*,—As I was in my lie." Again, in Eastward Hoe, "A pretty, pithy, and most pleasant project! Who would not strain a point of neighbourhood, for such a point devise?"

> The wenche she was full proper and nyce,
> Amonge all other she bare great price,
> For sche coude tricke it *point device*,
> But few like her in that countree.
>
> *The Miller of Abington*, n. d.

This done, he toucheth the commandement of God to Adam concerning the forbidden fruit, the promise of our first Father, the great pleasures he enjoied so long as he continued obedient; and, upon this occasion, he describeth *poynt devise* the beauties of this garden.—*Babilon, a Part of the Seconde Weeke of Du Bartas, Englished by William Lisle*, 1596.

> Through seas, earth, under, and the heavens it runneth in a trise,
> And, understandingly, of all discourseth *point-devise;*
> This understanding minde it selfe yeat understandeth not;
> Then must there be an higher minde that hath our minds begot.
>
> *Warner's Albions England.*

Hoff. Ha'st thou the hermet's weeds for my disguise?—*Lor.* All ready, fit, fit in the next chamber; your beard is *point-vice*, not a haire amisse.—*Hoffman*, 1631.

> When men (unmanly) now are garish, gay,
> Trickt, spruce, terse, quaint, nice, soft, all *point-device.*
>
> *Fasc. Florum*, p. 24. Lond. 1636.

That old blade had, no doubt, greene thoughts, who, coming to a barber to be trimm'd, and being asked by his complete trimmer after what fashion hee would weare his beard, whether he would looke amiable to his friend, or terrible to his foe, or *point vice* to his apparell? This ancient fashion-favorite answered him that hee would, in regard of the rarity of the cut, be trimmed *point-vice* to his apparell.—*Brathwait's Ladies Love-Lecture*, 1641.

Excuse me, Reverend Sir, said the barber, I am but a naked trimmer, but your worship was the director: you told mee that you would be trim'd *point-vice* to your apparell; and I have observed your direction, for I have left your face as haire-bare as your coat was thred-bare, and that was *point-vice* to your apparell.—*Brathwait's English Gentleman*, 1641, p. 441.

Briefly, let not thy behaviour be like a verse, wherein every syllable is measured, but like thine apparel, not too straight, or *point device*, but free for exercise and motion: using ceremonies and complements as a taylour doth clothes, which he doth so cut and join together, until at length he maketh them fit for the body; so thou must cut off superfluous ceremonies and complements, and take only those that are decent for thee to use.—*Counsellor Manners his Last Legacy to his Son*, 1673.

[99] *Here comes my noble gull-catcher.*

"I checked him, and bade him *catch no gulls*, and to bid them also to hold their peace, unless they heard others to have observed the like as themselves," Letter dated 1626.

[100] *Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip.*

A game at cards played with dice as well as with cards, the success in which

chiefly depended upon the throwing of treys. In Beaumont and Fletcher's Scornful Lady, one character complains that another broke his head for "reproving him at *tray-trip*, sir, for swearing." Again, in Glapthorne's Wit in a Constable, 1640: "—— mean time, you may play at *tray-trip* or cockall, for black-puddings."—"My watch are above, at *trea-trip*, for a black-pudding," &c. "She 's with you everywhere!—Nor play with costarmongers, at mum-chance, tray-trip," Ben Jonson's Alchemist. "There is great danger of being taken sleepers at *tray-trip*, if the *king* sweep suddenly," Cecil's Correspondence, Lett. x. p. 136. "Take heed you play not at *tray-trip*;—Short heeles, forsooth, will quickly slip," old ballad. "It seems he plays better at *tratrip* with thee then thy husband Ireton did," Tatham's Rump, 1660.

> But leaving cardes, lett's goe to dice a while,
> To passage, *trei-trippe*, hazarde, or mum-chance,
> But subtill mates will simple mindes beguile,
> And blinde their eyes with many a blinking glaunce.
> Oh cogges and stoppes, and such like devilish trickes,
> Full many a purse of golde and silver pickes.
> And therefore, first for hazard, hee that list,
> And passeth not, puts many to a blancke;
> And *trippe without a treye* makes had-I-wist,
> To sitte and mourne among the sleepers ranke.
> And for mum-chance howe'er the chance doe fall,
> You must be mum for fear of marring all.
>
> *Machivells Dogge*, a Poem, 4to. Lond. 1617.

> The prodigall's estate, like to a flux,
> The mercer, draper, and the silkman sucks:
> The taylor, millainer, dogs, drabs and dice,
> *Trey-trip*, or passage, or the most at thrice.
>
> *The Workes of Taylor the Water-Poet*, 1630.

Of one whose husband was so meek, to be—For need her gentleman usher, and while she—Made visits above staires, would patiently—Finde himselfe businesse at tre-trip ith' hall.—*The Cityе Match*, *Com. by Jasper Mayne*, 1639.

> With lanthorn on stalls at trea-trip we play
> For ale, cheese, and pudding till it be day:
> And for our break-fast (after long sitting)
> We steal street pigs, of the constables getting.
>
> *The Wits*, *Davenant's Works*, 1673, p. 113.

> To cure his fear he was sent to the rere,
> Some ten miles back and more a,
> Where he did play at *tre-trip* for hey,
> And nere saw the enemy more a.—*Musarum Deliciæ*, 1656.

[101] *And cross-gartered, a fashion she detests.*

A fashion once prevailed, for some time, of wearing the garters crossed on the leg. With respect to this, as well as other fashions, we must distinguish the opinions held of it in different times. While modes are new, they are confined to the gay or affected; when obsolete, they are yet retained by the grave and the old. In Shakespeare's time this fashion was yet in credit, and Olivia's detestation of it arose, we may suppose, from thinking it coxcombical. Malvolio's puritanism had probably nothing to do with this. Yellow stockings were then high fashion, and so, doubtless, were cross-garters. The following passage proves it:—"Ev'n all

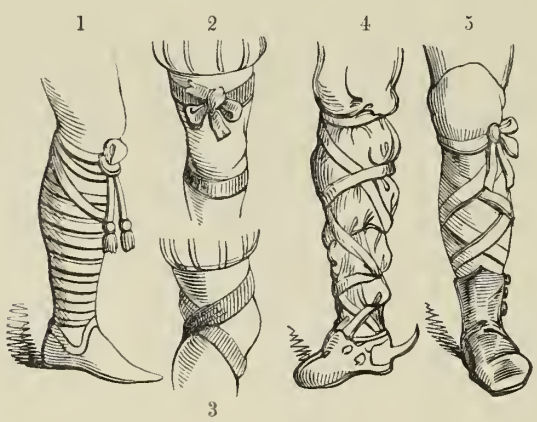
the valiant stomachs in the court,—All short-cloak'd knights, and all *cross-garter'd* gentlemen,—All pump and pantofle, all foot-cloth riders, &c." But when Barton Holyday wrote of the ill success of his Technogamia, the fashion was exploded, and was retained only by puritans and old men:—"Had there appear'd some sharp *cross-garter'd* man—Whom their loud laugh might nick-name puritan." So also in the Lover's Melancholy, printed in 1639: "As rare an *old* youth as ever walk'd *cross-garter'd*."—*Nares.*

Of this fashion but few vestiges remain; a circumstance the more remarkable, as it must have been at one time extremely common among the beaux in Elizabeth's reign. In the English edition of Junius's Nomenclator, 1585, mention is made of "hose garters, going *acrosse*, or overthwart, both above and below the knee," the translation of *fasciæ crurules*. In the old comedy of the Two Angrie Women of Abingdon, 1599, 4to, a serving-man is thus described:—"Hee 's a fine neate fellow,—A spruce slave, I warrant ye, he'ele have—His cruell *garters crosse about the knee*."—*Douce.* Sir Thomas Overbury, in his character of a *footman* without *gards* on his coat, presents him as more upright than any *crosse-gartered* gentleman-usher.—*Farmer.*

> Yet let me say and swear, in a *cross-garter*,
> Pauls never shew'd to eyes a lovelier quarter.
>
> *A Woman's a Weathercock*, 1612.

On the next day, early in the morning, he goes to the scrivener's shop, where suddenly and unawares hee findes him saying his prayers, while hee was withall crosse-gartering of himselfe; and had he not known him better by his crosse-garters then by his prayers, questionlesse he had lost his labour.—*Powell's Art of Thriving*, 1635.

The annexed specimens of cross-gartering were selected by Mr. Fairholt, accompanied with the following note,—"The series of illustrations have been selected to show the various forms of cross-gartering in use from the earliest period untill modern time. Fig. 1 is copied from a figure of one of the Magi in the Benedictional of St. Ethelwold, a manuscript of the tenth century, now in the library of the Duke of Devonshire. Figs. 2 and 3 are the front and back views of the knee of a gentleman, from a piece of tapestry of the early part of the sixteenth century; it very clearly shows the mode in which the garter was brought from beneath the knee, and secured in a bow above it, after passing behind the leg. Fig. 4 is the cross-gartering depicted on a Tartar in a rare and curious little book on costume, published at Antwerp in 1582. The fashion was common in Normandy as late as the last century; the Italian peasants still adopt it; and fig. 5 exhibits the leg of a Guerilla from a drawing by Lecomte made in 1818."



Act the Third.

SCENE I.—Olivia's *Garden.*

Enter Viola, *and* Clown *with a Tabor.*

Vio. Save thee, friend, and thy music: Dost thou live by thy tabor?[1]

Clo. No, sir, I live by the church.

Vio. Art thou a churchman?

Clo. No such matter, sir; I do live by the church: for I do live at my house, and my house doth stand by the church.

Vio. So thou may'st say, the king lies by a beggar,[2] if a beggar dwell near him: or, the church stands by thy tabor, if thy tabor stand by the church.

Clo. You have said, sir.—To see this age!—A sentence is but a cheveril glove[3] to a good wit; How quickly the wrong side may be turned outward!

Vio. Nay, that's certain; they, that dally nicely with words, may quickly make them wanton.

Clo. I would, therefore, my sister had had no name, sir.

Vio. Why, man?

Clo. Why, sir, her name's a word; and to dally with that word, might make my sister wanton: But, indeed, words are very rascals, since bonds disgraced them.

Vio. Thy reason, man?

Clo. Troth, sir, I can yield you none without words; and words are grown so false, I am loath to prove reason with them.

Vio. I warrant, thou art a merry fellow, and carest for nothing.

Clo. Not so, sir, I do care for something: but in my conscience, sir, I do not care for you; if that be to care for nothing, sir, I would it would make you invisible.

Vio. Art not thou the lady Olivia's fool?

Clo. No, indeed, sir; the lady Olivia has no folly: she will keep no fool, sir, till she be married; and fools are as like husbands, as pilchards are to herrings, the husband's the bigger; I am, indeed, not her fool, but her corrupter of words.

Vio. I saw thee late at the count Orsino's.

Clo. Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb, like the sun; it shines every where. I would be sorry, sir, but the fool should be as oft with your master, as with my mistress: I think, I saw your wisdom there.

Vio. Nay, an thou pass upon me, I'll no more with thee. Hold, there's expences for thee. [*Giving him a sixpence.*

Clo. Now Jove, in his next commodity of hair, send thee a beard!

Vio. By my troth, I'll tell thee; I am almost sick for one; though I would not have it grow on my chin. Is thy lady within?

Clo. Would not a pair of these have bred,[4] sir?

Vio. Yes, being kept together, and put to use.

Clo. I would play lord Pandarus of Phrygia, sir, to bring a Cressida to this Troilus.

Vio. I understand you, sir; 'tis well begged.

[*Gives him another sixpence.*

Clo. The matter, I hope, is not great, sir, begging but a beggar; Cressida was a beggar.[5] My lady is within, sir. I will conster to them whence you come; who you are, and what you would, are out of my welkin: I might say, element; but the word is over-worn. [*Exit.*

Vio. This fellow's wise enough to play the fool;
And, to do that well, craves a kind of wit:
He must observe their mood on whom he jests,
The quality of persons, and the time;
Not, like the haggard,[6] check at every feather
That comes before his eye. This is a practice,

As full of labour as a wise man's art:
For folly, that he wisely shows, is fit;
But wise men's folly, fall'n, quite taints their wit.[7]

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH, *and Sir* ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

Sir To. Save you, gentleman.[8]

Vio. And you, sir.

Sir And. Dieu vous garde, monsieur.

Vio. Et vous aussi; votre serviteur.

Sir And. I hope, sir, you are; and I am yours.

Sir To. Will you encounter the house? my niece is desirous you should enter, if your trade be to her.[9]

Vio. I am bound to your niece, sir: I mean, she is the list[10] of my voyage.

Sir To. Taste your legs,[11] sir, put them to motion.

Vio. My legs do better understand me, sir, than I understand what you mean by bidding me taste my legs.

Sir To. I mean to go, sir, to enter.

Vio. I will answer you with gait and entrance: But we are prevented.[12]

Enter OLIVIA *and* MARIA.

Most excellent accomplished lady, the heavens rain odours on you!

Sir And. That youth's a rare courtier! *Rain odours*! well.

Vio. My matter hath no voice, lady, but to your own most pregnant and vouchsafed ear.

Sir And. Odours, pregnant, and *vouchsafed*:—I'll get 'em all three all ready.[13]

Oli. Let the garden door be shut, and leave me to my hearing.

[*Exeunt Sir* TOBY, *Sir* ANDREW, *and* MARIA.

Give me your hand, sir.

Vio. My duty, madam, and most humble service.

Oli. What is your name?

Vio. Cesario is your servant's name, fair princess.

Oli. My servant, sir! 'Twas never merry world,
Since lowly feigning was call'd compliment:
You are servant to the count Orsino, youth.

Vio. And he is yours, and his must needs be yours;
Your servant's servant is your servant, madam.

Oli. For him, I think not on him: for his thoughts,
'Would they were blanks, rather than fill'd with me!

Vio. Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts
On his behalf:—
Oli. O, by your leave, I pray you.
I bade you never speak again of him:
But, would you undertake another suit,
I had rather hear you to solicit that,
Than music from the spheres.
Vio. Dear lady,—
Oli. Give me leave, beseech you:[14] I did send
After the last enchantment you did here,[15]
A ring in chase of you; so did I abuse
Myself, my servant, and, I fear me, you:
Under your hard construction must I sit,
To force that on you, in a shameful cunning,
Which you knew none of yours: What might you think?
Have you not set mine honour at the stake,
And baited it with all th' unmuzzled thoughts
That tyrannous heart can think? To one of your receiving[16]
Enough is shown; a cyprus, not a bosom,[17]
Hides my heart: so let me hear you speak.
Vio. I pity you.
Oli. That's a degree to love.
Vio. No, not a grise;[18] for 'tis a vulgar proof,
That very oft we pity enemies.
Oli. Why, then, methinks, 'tis time to smile again:
O world, how apt the poor are to be proud!
If one should be a prey, how much the better
To fall before the lion, than the wolf? [*Clock strikes.*
The clock upbraids me with the waste of time.—
Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you:
And yet, when wit and youth are come to harvest,
Your wife is like to reap a proper man:[19]
There lies your way, due west.
Vio. Then westward-hoe:[20]
Grace, and good disposition, attend your ladyship!—
You'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me?
Oli. Stay:
I pr'ythee, tell me, what thou think'st of me.
Vio. That you do think, you are not what you are.
Oli. If I think so, I think the same of you.
Vio. Then think you right; I am not what I am.
Oli. I would you were as I would have you be!

Vio. Would it be better, madam, than I am?
I wish it might; for now I am your fool.
Oli. O, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful
In the contempt and anger of his lip!
A murd'rous guilt shows not itself more soon
Than love that would seem hid: love's night is noon.[21]
Cesario, by the roses of the spring,
By maidhood, honour, truth, and every thing,
I love thee so, that, maugre all thy pride,
Nor wit, nor reason, can my passion hide.
Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,
For, that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause:
But rather, reason thus with reason fetter:
Love sought is good, but given unsought, is better.
Vio. By innocence I swear, and by my youth,
I have one heart, one bosom, and one truth,
And that no woman has; nor never none
Shall mistress be of it, save I alone.
And so adieu, good madam; never more
Will I my master's tears to you deplore.
Oli. Yet come again: for thou, perhaps, mayst move
That heart, which now abhors, to like his love. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in* Olivia's *House.*

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH, Sir ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK, *and* FABIAN.

Sir And. No, faith, I'll not stay a jot longer.
Sir To. Thy reason, dear venom, give thy reason.
Fab. You must needs yield your reason, sir Andrew.
Sir And. Marry, I saw your niece do more favours to the count's serving man, than ever she bestow'd upon me; I saw't i' the orchard.
Sir To. Did she see thee the while, old boy? tell me that.
Sir And. As plain as I see you now.
Fab. This was a great argument of love in her toward you.
Sir And. 'Slight! will you make an ass o' me?

Fab. I will prove it legitimate, sir, upon the oaths of judgment and reason.

Sir To. And they have been grand jurymen, since before Noah was a sailor.

Fab. She did show favour to the youth in your sight, only to exasperate you, to awake your dormouse valour, to put fire in your heart, and brimstone in your liver: You should then have accosted her; and with some excellent jests, fire-new from the mint, you should have banged the youth into dumbness. This was looked for at your hand, and this was baulked: the double gilt of this opportunity you let time wash off, and you are now sailed into the north of my lady's opinion; where you will hang like an icicle on a Dutchman's beard, unless you do redeem it by some laudable attempt, either of valour, or policy.

Sir And. An 't be any way, it must be with valour; for policy I hate; I had as lief be a Brownist,[22] as a politician.

Sir To. Why then, build me thy fortunes upon the basis of valour. Challenge me the count's youth to fight with him; hurt him in eleven places; my niece shall take note of it: and assure thyself, there is no love-broker in the world can more prevail in man's commendation with woman, than report of valour.

Fab. There is no way but this, Sir Andrew.

Sir And. Will either of you bear me a challenge to him.

Sir To. Go, write it in a martial hand; be curst[23] and brief; it is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent and full of invention; taunt him with the licence of ink: if thou *thou'st* him some thrice,[24] it shall not be amiss; and as many lies as will lie in thy sheet of paper, although the sheet were big enough for the bed of Ware[25] in England, set 'em down; go about it. Let there be gall enough in thy ink; though thou write with a goose-pen, no matter: About it.

Sir And. Where shall I find you?

Sir To. We'll call thee at the *cubiculo*: Go.

[*Exit* Sir ANDREW.

Fab. This is a dear manakin to you, Sir Toby.

Sir To. I have been dear to him, lad; some two thousand strong, or so.

Fab. We shall have a rare letter from him: but you'll not deliver it.

Sir To. Never trust me then; and by all means stir on the

youth to an answer. I think oxen and wainropes cannot hale them together. For Andrew, if he were opened, and you find so much blood in his liver as will clog the foot of a flea, I'll eat the rest of the anatomy.

Fab. And his opposite, the youth, bears in his visage no great presage of cruelty.

Enter MARIA.

Sir To. Look where the youngest wren of mine comes.[26]

Mar. If you desire the spleen, and will laugh yourselves into stitches, follow me: yon' gull Malvolio is turned heathen, a very renegado; for there is no Christian, that means to be saved by believing rightly, can ever believe such impossible passages of grossness. He's in yellow stockings.

Sir To. And cross-gartered?

Mar. Most villanously; like a pedant that keeps a school i' the church.[27]—I have dogged him, like his murderer: He does obey every point of the letter that I dropped to betray him. He does smile his face into more lines, than are in the new map with the augmentation of the Indies:[28] You have not seen such a thing as 'tis; I can hardly forbear hurling things at him. I know, my lady will strike him; if she do, he'll smile, and take't for a great favour.

Sir To. Come, bring us, bring us where he is. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Street.*

Enter ANTONIO *and* SEBASTIAN.

Seb. I would not, by my will, have troubled you;
But, since you make your pleasure of your pains,
I will no further chide you.

Ant. I could not stay behind you; my desire,
More sharp than filed steel, did spur me forth;
And not all love to see you, (though so much,
As might have drawn me to a longer voyage,)
But jealousy what might befall your travel,
Being skilless in these parts; which to a stranger,
Unguided, and unfriended, often prove
Rough and unhospitable: My willing love,

The rather by these arguments of fear,
Set forth in your pursuit.
Seb. My kind Antonio,
I can no other answer make, but, thanks,
And thanks, and ever oft good turns[29]
Are shuffled off with such uncurrent pay:
But, were my worth, as is my conscience, firm,
You should find better dealing. What 's to do?
Shall we go see the reliques of this town?
Ant. To-morrow, sir; best, first, go see your lodging.
Seb. I am not weary, and 'tis long to night;
I pray you, let us satisfy our eyes
With the memorials, and the things of fame,
That do renown this city.
Ant. 'Would, you'd pardon me:
I do not without danger walk these streets:
Once, in a sea-fight, 'gainst the Count his gallies,[30]
I did some service; of such note, indeed,
That, were I ta'en here, it would scarce be answer'd.
Seb. Belike, you slew great number of his people.
Ant. The offence is not of such a bloody nature;
Albeit the quality of the time, and quarrel,
Might well have given us bloody argument.
It might have since been answered in repaying
What we took from them; which, for traffic's sake,
Most of our city did: only myself stood out:
For which, if I be lapsed in this place,[31]
I shall pay dear.
Seb. Do not then walk too open.
Ant. It doth not fit me. Hold, sir, here 's my purse;
In the south suburbs, at the Elephant,[32]
Is best to lodge: I will bespeak our diet,
Whiles you beguile the time, and feed your knowledge,
With viewing of the town; there shall you have me.
Seb. Why I your purse?
Ant. Haply, your eye shall light upon some toy
You have desire to purchase; and your store,
I think, is not for idle markets, sir.
Seb. I 'll be your purse-bearer, and leave you for
An hour.
Ant. To the Elephant.—
Seb. I do remember. [*Exeunt.*

The Entry of the Ballad of "Please one and please all," 1591, and other Notices, from the original manuscript Registers of the Stationers Company.

---

xviij° die Januarij. (1591.)

Henry Kyrkham — Entered for his copie under Mr Watkins hande a Ballad intituled the Crowe sheo sittes uppon the wall: please One and please all. — vj d

xix° Junij (1594.)

Thomas Creede — Entred for his copie under mr wardens Datwords hand, and enterlude intituled The Tragedie of Richard the third wherein is showen the death of Edward the ffourthe, wth the smothernige of the two princes in the tower, wth a lamentable end of Thomas wife, and the Conjunction of the two houses of Lancaster and yorke. — vj d

19° Junij 1627

Tho: Cotes
Rich: Cotes — Assigned over unto them by Dorathye Jaggard widowe and Consent of a full Court holden this day, All the estate right title and Interest wch Isaacke Jaggard her late husband had in the Copies following. viz. — xix s vj d

Her pte in Shakespeare playes.

September. y. 9th 1653.

M. Mosely. — Entred also for his Copies the severall Playes following. — xx° vj d

The History of Cardenio, by Mr Fletcher & Shakespeare.

The merry Deuill of Edmonton. by Wm Shakespeare.

Henry ye first, & Hen: ye 2d by Shakespeare, & Dauenport.

Ashbee & Dangerfield, Printers
22 Bedford Street Covent Garden

To face

SCENE IV.—Olivia's *Garden*.

Enter OLIVIA *and* MARIA.

Oli. I have sent after him: he says, he 'll come;
How shall I feast him? what bestow of him?
For youth is bought more oft, than begg'd, or borrow'd.
I speak too loud.——
Where is Malvolio?—he is sad, and civil,[33]
And suits well for a servant with my fortunes;—
Where is Malvolio?

Mar. He 's coming, madam; but in very strange manner. He is sure possess'd, madam.

Oli. Why, what 's the matter? does he rave?

Mar. No, madam, he does nothing but smile: your ladyship were best to have some guard about you, if he come; for, sure, the man is tainted in 's wits.

Oli. Go call him hither.—I'm as mad as he,
If sad and merry madness equal be.

Enter MALVOLIO.

How now, Malvolio?

Mal. Sweet lady, ho, ho. [*Smiles fantastically.*

Oli. Smil'st thou?
I sent for thee upon a sad occasion.

Mal. Sad, lady? I could be sad: This does make some obstruction in the blood, this cross-gartering; But what of that, if it please the eye of one, it is with me as the very true sonnet is: "Please one, and please all."[34]

Oli. Why, how dost thou, man? what is the matter with thee?

Mal. Not black in my mind, though yellow in my legs: It did come to his hands, and commands shall be executed. I think, we do know the sweet Roman hand.

Oli. Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio?

Mal. To bed? ay, sweet-heart; and I 'll come to thee.

Oli. God comfort thee! Why dost thou smile so, and kiss thy hand so oft?[35]

Mar. How do you, Malvolio?

Mal. At your request? Yes; Nightingales answer daws.

Mar. Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness before my lady?

Mal. "Be not afraid of greatness:"—'Twas well writ.

Oli. What meanest thou by that, Malvolio?

Mal. "Some are born great,"—

Oli. Ha?

Mal. "Some achieve greatness,"—

Oli. What say'st thou?

Mal. "And some have greatness thrust upon them."

Oli. Heaven restore thee!

Mal. "Remember, who commended thy yellow stockings;"—

Oli. Thy yellow stockings?

Mal. "And wished to see thee cross-gartered."

Oli. Cross-gartered?

Mal. "Go to: thou art made, if thou desirest to be so;"—

Oli. Am I made?

Mal. "If not, let me see thee a servant still."

Oli. Why, this is very midsummer madness.[36]

Enter Servant.[37]

Ser. Madam, the young gentleman of the Count Orsino's is returned; I could hardly entreat him back; he attends your ladyship's pleasure.

Oli. I'll come to him. [*Exit* Servant.] Good Maria, let this fellow be looked to. Where's my cousin Toby? Let some of my people have a special care of him; I would not have him miscarry for the half of my dowry.

[*Exeunt* OLIVIA *and* MARIA.

Mal. Oh, ho! do you come near me now? no worse man than Sir Toby to look to me? This concurs directly with the letter: she sends him on purpose, that I may appear stubborn to him; for she incites me to that in the letter. "Cast thy humble slough," says she;—"be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants,—let thy tongue tang with arguments of state,—put thyself into the trick of singularity;"——and, consequently sets down the manner how; as, a sad face, a reverend carriage, a slow tongue, in the habit of some sir of note, and so forth. I have limed her; but it is God's doing,[38] and God make me thankful! And, when she went away now, "Let this fellow be looked to:" Fellow! not Malvolio, nor after my degree, but fellow.[39] Why, everything adheres together; that no dram of

a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no obstacle, no incredulous or unsafe circumstance,—What can be said? Nothing, that can be, can come between me and the full prospect of my hopes. Well, God, not I, is the doer of this, and He is to be thanked.

Re-enter MARIA, *with* Sir TOBY BELCH *and* FABIAN.

Sir To. Which way is he, in the name of sanctity? If all the devils of hell be drawn in little, and Legion himself possessed him, yet I 'll speak to him.

Fab. Here he is, here he is:—How is 't with you, sir? how is 't with you, man?

Mal. Go off; I discard you; let me enjoy my private; go off.

Mar. Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within him! did not I tell you?—Sir Toby, my lady prays you to have a care of him.

Mal. Ah, ah! does she so?

Sir To. Go to, go to; peace, peace, we must deal gently with him; let me alone. How do you, Malvolio? how is 't with you? What, man! defy the devil: consider, he 's an enemy to mankind.

Mal. Do you know what you say?

Mar. La you, an you speak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart! Pray God, he be not bewitched!

Fab. Carry his water to the wise woman.

Mar. Marry, and it shall be done to-morrow morning, if I live. My lady would not lose him for more than I 'll say.

Mal. How now, mistress?

Mar. O lord!

Sir To. Pr'ythee, hold thy peace; this is not the way: Do you not see, you move him? let me alone with him.

Fab. No way but gentleness; gently, gently: the fiend is rough, and will not be roughly used.

Sir To. Why, how now, my bawcock? how dost thou, chuck?

Mal. Sir?

Sir To. Ay, Biddy, come with me.[40] What man! 'tis not for gravity to play at cherry-pit[41] with Satan: Hang him, foul collier![42]

Mar. Get him to say his prayers; good Sir Toby, get him to pray.

Mal. My prayers, minx?

Mar. No, I warrant you, he will not hear of godliness.

Mal. Go hang yourselves all! you are idle shallow things: I am not of your element; you shall know more hereafter. [*Exit.*

Sir To. Is 't possible?

Fab. If this were played upon a stage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction.

Sir To. His very genius hath taken the infection of the device, man.

Mar. Nay, pursue him now; lest the device take air, and taint.

Fab. Why, we shall make him mad, indeed.

Mar. The house will be the quieter.

Sir To. Come, we 'll have him in a dark room, and bound. My niece is already in the belief that he is mad; we may carry it thus, for our pleasure, and his penance, till our very pastime, tired out of breath, prompt us to have mercy on him: at which time we will bring the device to the bar, and crown thee for a finder of madmen.[43] But see, but see.

Enter Sir ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

Fab. More matter for a May morning.

Sir And. Here 's the challenge; read it; I warrant, there 's vinegar and pepper in 't.

Fab. Is 't so saucy?

Sir And. Ay, is it, I warrant him: do but read.

Sir To. Give me. [*Reads.*] "Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow."

Fab. Good, and valiant.

Sir To. "Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind, why I do call thee so, for I will show thee no reason for 't."

Fab. A good note: that keeps you from the blow of the law.

Sir To. "Thou comest to the lady Olivia, and in my sight she uses thee kindly: but thou liest in thy throat, that is not the matter I challenge thee for."

Fab. Very brief, and exceeding good, sense-less.[44]

Sir To. "I will way-lay thee going home; where, if it be thy chance to kill me,"——

Fab. Good.

Sir To. "Thou killest me like a rogue and a villain."

Fab. Still you keep o' the windy side of the law: Good.

Sir To. "Fare thee well; And God have mercy upon one of

our souls! He may have mercy upon mine;[45] but my hope is better, and so look to thyself. Thy friend, as thou usest him, and thy sworn enemy, ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK."
If this letter move him not, his legs cannot: I 'll give 't him.

Mar. You may have very fit occasion for 't; he is now in some commerce with my lady, and will by and by depart.

Sir To. Go, Sir Andrew; scout me for him at the corner of the orchard, like a bum-bailiff: so soon as ever thou seest him, draw; and, as thou drawest, swear horrible; for it comes to pass oft, that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent sharply twanged off, gives manhood more approbation than ever proof itself would have earned him. Away.

Sir And. Nay, let me alone for swearing. [*Exit.*

Sir To. Now will not I deliver his letter: for the behaviour of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good capacity and breeding; his employment between his lord and my niece confirms no less; therefore this letter, being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth; he will find it comes from a clodpole. But, sir, I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth; set upon Ague-cheek a notable report of valour; and drive the gentleman, (as, I know, his youth will aptly receive it,) into a most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, fury, and impetuosity. This will so fright them both, that they will kill one another by the look, like cockatrices.

Enter OLIVIA *and* VIOLA.

Fab. Here he comes with your niece: give them way, till he take leave, and presently after him.

Sir To. I will meditate the while upon some horrid message for a challenge. [*Exeunt* Sir TOBY, FABIAN, *and* MARIA.

Oli. I have said too much unto a heart of stone,
And laid mine honour too unchary out:[46]
There 's something in me, that reproves my fault;
But such a headstrong potent fault it is,
That it but mocks reproof.

Vio. With the same haviour that your passion bears,
Goes on my master's grief.

Oli. Here, wear this jewel for me, 'tis my picture;
Refuse it not, it hath no tongue to vex you:
And, I beseech you, come again to-morrow.
What shall you ask of me, that I 'll deny,
That honour, saved, may upon asking give?

Vio. Nothing but this, your true love for my master.

Oli. How with mine honour may I give him that
Which I have given to you?

Vio. I will aequit you.

Oli. Well, eome again to-morrow: Fare thee well;
A fiend, like thee, might bear my soul to hell. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Sir TOBY BELCH, *and* FABIAN.

Sir To. Gentleman, God save thee.

Vio. And you, sir.

Sir To. That defenee thou hast, betake thee to 't; of what nature the wrongs are thou hast done him, I know not; but thy intereepter, full of despight, bloody as the hunter, attends thee at the orehard end: dismount thy tuek,[47] be yare in thy preparation, for thy assailant is quiek, skilful, and deadly.

Vio. You mistake, sir; I am sure, no man hath any quarrel to me; my remembranee is very free and clear from any image of offenee done to any man.

Sir To. You 'll find it otherwise, I assure you: therefore, if you hold your life at any priee, betake you to your guard; for your opposite hath in him what youth, strength, skill, and wrath, ean furnish man withal.

Vio. I pray you, sir, what is he?

Sir To. He is knight, dubbed with unhaek'd rapier,[48] and on earpet consideration;[49] but he is a devil in private brawl; souls and bodies hath he divoreed three; and his ineensement at this moment is so implaeable, that satisfaetion ean be none but by pangs of death and sepulehre: hob, nob, is his word;[50] give 't, or take 't.

Vio. I will return again into the house, and desire some eonduet of the lady. I am no fighter. I have heard of some kind of men, that put quarrels purposely on others, to taste their valour: belike, this is a man of that quirk.

Sir To. Sir, no; his indignation derives itself out of a very eompetent injury; therefore, get you on, and give him his desire. Baek you shall not to the house, unless you undertake that with me, whieh with as mueh safety you might answer him: therefore, on, or strip your sword stark naked; for meddle you must, that 's eertain, or forswear to wear iron about you.

Vio. This is as uneivil, as strange. I beseeeh you, do me this courteous office, as to know of the knight what my offence

to him is; it is something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose.

Sir To. I will do so. Signior Fabian, stay you by this gentleman till my return. [*Exit* Sir TOBY.

Vio. Pray you, sir, do you know of this matter?

Fab. I know, the knight is incensed against you, even to a mortal arbitrement; but nothing of the circumstance more.

Vio. I beseech you, what manner of man is he?

Fab. Nothing of that wonderful promise, to read him by his form, as you are like to find him in the proof of his valour. He is, indeed, sir, the most skilful, bloody, and fatal, opposite that you could possibly have found in any part of Illyria: Will you walk towards him? I will make your peace with him, if I can.

Vio. I shall be much bound to you for 't; I am one, that had rather go with sir priest, than sir knight; I care not who knows so much of my mettle. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Sir TOBY *with* Sir ANDREW.

Sir To. Why man, he 's a very devil; I have not seen such a firago.[51] I had a pass with him, rapier, scabbard, and all,[52] and he gives me the stuck-in,[53] with such a mortal motion, that it is inevitable; and on the answer, he pays you as surely as your feet hit the ground they step on: They say, he has been fencer to the Sophy.

Sir And. Pox on 't, I 'll not meddle with him.

Sir To. Ay, but he will not now be pacified: Fabian can scarce hold him yonder.

Sir And. Plague on 't; an I thought he had been valiant, and so cunning in fence, I'd have seen him damned ere I'd have challenged him. Let him let the matter slip, and I'll give him my horse, grey Capulet.

Sir To. I 'll make the motion: Stand here, make a good show on 't; this shall end without the perdition of souls: Marry, I 'll ride your horse as well as I ride you. [*Aside.*

Re-enter FABIAN *and* VIOLA.

I have his horse [*to* FABIAN] to take up the quarrel; I have persuaded him, the youth 's a devil.

Fab. He is as horribly conceited of him; and pants, and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels.

Sir To. There 's no remedy, sir; he will fight with you for

his oath sake: marry, he hath better bethought him of his quarrel, and he finds that now scarce to be worth talking of: therefore draw, for the supportance of his vow; he protests, he will not hurt you.

Vio. Pray God defend me! A little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man. [*Aside.*

Fab. Give ground, if you see him furious.

Sir To. Come, Sir Andrew, there's no remedy; the gentleman will, for his honour's sake, have one bout with you: he cannot by the duello avoid it; but he has promised me, as he is a gentleman and a soldier, he will not hurt you. Come on; to 't.

Sir And. Pray God, he keep his oath. [*Draws.*

Enter ANTONIO.

Vio. I do assure you, 'tis against my will. [*Draws.*

Ant. Put up your sword;—If this young gentleman
Have done offence, I take the fault on me;
If you offend him, I for him defy you. [*Drawing.*

Sir To. You, sir? why, what are you?

Ant. One, sir, that for his love dares yet do more
Than you have heard him brag to you he will.

Sir To. Nay, if you be an undertaker,[54] I am for you. [*Draws.*

Enter two Officers.

Fab. O good Sir Toby, hold; here come the officers.

Sir To. I 'll be with you anon. [*To* ANTONIO.

Vio. Pray, sir, put your sword up, if you please.
[*To* Sir ANDREW.

Sir And. Marry, will I, sir;—and, for that I promised you, I 'll be as good as my word: He will bear you easily, and reins well.

1 *Off.* This is the man; do thy office.

2 *Off.* Antonio, I arrest thee at the suit
Of count Orsino.

Ant. You do mistake me, sir.

1 *Off.* No, sir, no jot; I know your favour well,
Though now you have no sea-cap on your head.[55]—
Take him away; he knows, I know him well.

Ant. I must obey.—This comes with seeking you;
But there 's no remedy; I shall answer it.
What will you do? Now my necessity

Makes me to ask you for my purse: It grieves me
Much more, for what I cannot do for you,
Than what befalls myself. You stand amaz'd;
But be of comfort.

2 *Off.* Come, sir, away.

Ant. I must entreat of you some of that money.

Vio. What money, sir?
For the fair kindness you have show'd me here,
And, part, being prompted by your present trouble,
Out of my lean and low ability
I 'll lend you something: my having is not much;
I 'll make division of my present with you:
Hold, there is half my coffer.

Ant. Will you deny me now?
Is 't possible, that my deserts to you
Can lack persuasion? Do not tempt my misery,
Lest that it make me so unsound a man,
As to upbraid you with those kindnesses
That I have done for you.

Vio. I know of none;
Nor know I you by voice, or any feature:
I hate ingratitude more in a man,
Than lying vainness, babbling drunkenness,
Or any taint of vice, whose strong corruption
Inhabits our frail blood.

Ant. O heavens themselves!

2 *Off.* Come, sir, I pray you, go.

Ant. Let me speak a little. This youth that you see here,
I snatch'd one half out of the jaws of death;
Reliev'd him with such sanctity of love,——
And to his image, which methought did promise
Most venerable worth, did I devotion.

1 *Off.* What 's that to us? The time goes by; away.

Ant. But, O, how vile an idol proves this god!—
Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature shame.—
In nature there 's no blemish, but the mind;
None can be call'd deform'd, but the unkind:
Virtue is beauty; but the beauteous-evil
Are empty trunks, o'erflourish'd by the devil.[56]

1 *Off.* The man grows mad; away with him.
Come, come, sir.

Ant. Lead me on. [*Exeunt* Officers, *with* ANTONIO.

Vio. Methinks, his words do from such passion fly,
That he believes himself; so do not I.[57]
Prove true, imagination, O, prove true,
That I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you!

Sir To. Come hither, knight; come hither, Fabian; we 'll whisper o'er a couplet or two of most sage saws.

Vio. He nam'd Sebastian; I my brother know
Yet living in my glass;[58] even such, and so,
In favour was my brother; and he went
Still in this fashion, colour, ornament,
For him I imitate; O, if it prove,
Tempests are kind, and salt waves fresh in love! [*Exit.*

Sir To. A very dishonest, paltry boy, and more a coward than a hare: his dishonesty appears in leaving his friend here in necessity, and denying him; and, for his cowardship, ask Fabian.

Fab. A coward, a most devout coward, religious in it.

Sir And. 'Slid, I 'll after him again, and beat him.

Sir To. Do, cuff him soundly, but never draw thy sword.

Sir And. An I do not,— [*Exit.*

Fab. Come, let's see the event.

Sir To. I dare lay any money, 'twill be nothing yet.

[*Exeunt.*

Notes to the Third Act.

[1] *Dost thou live by thy tabor?*

The tabor and pipe were used by fools long before the time of Shakespeare. See an example in a woodcut in a French translation of St. Augustine de Civitate Dei, 1486; and, at a later period, Tarlton is represented with a tabor in an engraving on the title-page of his Jests, 1611. The subjoined representation of a man playing with the tabor is from an illumination in an early manuscript. "In Herefordshire, and parts of the marshes of Wales, the tabor and pipe were exceedingly common. Many beggars beg'd with it, and the peasants danced to it in the churchyard on holydays and holyday-eves. The tabor is derived from the *Sistrum* of the Romans, who had it from the (*sc.* a brazen or iron timbrel) Crotalum, a ring of brass struck with an iron rod, as we play with the key and tongues," Aubrey, MS. The Clown's equivoque in reply merely turns on the different meanings of the particle *by*, and there is hardly a necessity for supposing that he chooses to take Viola's question in the sense of an enquiry as to whether he lived at the sign of the Tabor.

[2] *The king lies by a beggar.*

Lies, dwells, sojourns. According to this explanation, this reply of Viola's would be simple indeed; for if the King dwell by the beggar, the beggar must necessarily dwell by the King; it appears to me, therefore, that we ought to read —"So thou may'st say, the King *lives* by the beggar," instead of *lies*. By this reading, the equivoque is preserved, and Viola answers the Clown in his own style. *To live by the church* means, not only to live near it, but to gain a livelihood by it; as to *stand by the church* means, not only to stand near it, but to be supported by it—on this play of words, the spirit of the dialogue depends. —*Mason.*

[3] *A sentence is but a cheveril glove to a good wit.*

"Cheveril leather, a kind of soft tender leather, from the French word *chevereul*, a wild goat, of whose skin some say it is made; or else from the river Charwel in Oxfordshire, which is famous for dressing of leather," Phillips' World of Words, 1671. "Drawing on love's white hand a glove of warmth, not cheverell, stretching to such prophanation," History of the two Maids of Moreclacke, 1609. The yielding nature of cheveril leather, its capability of stretching, is frequently alluded to with a metaphorical application.

[4] *Would not a pair of these have bred.*

I believe our author wrote—"have *breed*, sir." The Clown is not speaking of what a pair *might have* done, had they been kept together, but what they *may* do hereafter in his possession; and therefore covertly solicits another piece from Viola, on the suggestion that *one* was useless to him, without another to *breed out of*. Viola's answer corresponds with this train of argument: she does not say—"if they *had been* kept together," &c. but, "being kept together," that is, Yes, they *will* breed, if you keep them together. Our poet has the same image in his Venus and Adonis:—"Foul cank'ring rust the hidden treasure frets, —But gold, that's put to use, more gold begets."—*Malone.*

Hee puts his money to the unnaturall act of generation; and his scrivener is the supervisor bawd to 't.—*Overbury Characters.*

[5] *Cressida was a beggar.*

In the Testament of Cresseide, a continuation of Chaucer's Troilus and Cresseide, by Rob. Henryson, Cressida is represented, according to the romantic narrative of these lovers, as punished with disease and beggary for her perfidy:—"great penurye—Thou suffer shalt, and as a *beggar* dye." Again, ibid.:—"Thus shalt thou go *begging* from hous to hous,—With cuppe and clappir, like a Lazarous."—*Malone.*

[6] *Not, like the haggard.*

And like, old editions; but the alteration of *and* to *not*, or *nor*, seems to be essential to the sense. "The meaning of the original text may be," observes Dr. Johnson, "that he must catch every opportunity, as the wild hawk strikes every bird. But perhaps it might be read more properly:—'*Not* like the haggard.' He must choose persons and times, and observe tempers; he must fly at proper game, like the trained hawk, and not fly at large like the unreclaimed *haggard*, to seize all that comes in his way." "But you'l not heare—What I was bound to say, but like a wild—Young *haggard* justice, fly at breach o' the peace," Ben Jonson's Magnetick Lady. In Holland's Leaguer, a comedy by Shakerly Marmyon, 1633, is the following passage:—"Before these courtiers lick their lips at her,—I 'll trust a wanton *haggard* in the wind." From a passage in Vittoria Corombona, it appears that haggard was a term of reproach, sometimes applied to a wanton: "Is this your perch, you haggards? fly to the stews!" Again, in the City Nightcap,—"What, have you not brought this young wild *haggard* to the lure yet?"

[7] *But wise men's folly fall'n quite taints their wit.*

"I suppose *folly-fall'n*, in one word, is an error of the printer, as it destroys the construction, by depriving it of a substantive. The sense is, but wise men's folly, when it is once fallen into extravagance, overpowers their discretion," Heath. Theobald, in a letter to Warburton, proposes to read,—"But wise men, folly-fall'n, quite taint their wit." Dr. Johnson explains it thus: "The folly which he shows with proper adaptation to persons and times, *is fit*, has its

propriety, and therefore produees no censure; but the folly of wise men, when it *falls* or *happens*, taints their wit, destroys the reputation of their judgment." Hanmer reads, *folly shewn.*

[8] *Save you, gentleman.*

Theobald thinks it absurd that Sir Andrew, who did not know the meaning of *pourquoi* in the first act, should here speak and understand Freneh; and therefore has given three of Sir Andrew's speeches to Sir Toby, and *vice versâ*, in which he has been eopied by the subsequent editors, as it seems to me, without necessity. The words,—"Save you, gentleman,—" which he has taken from Sir Toby, and given to Sir Andrew, are again used by Sir Toby in a subsequent seene; a circumstance whieh renders it the more probable that they were intended to be attributed to him here also. With respeet to the improbability that Sir Andrew should understand French here, after having betrayed his ignoranee of that language in a former scene, it appears from a subsequent passage that he was a picker up of phrases, and might have learned by rote from Sir Toby the few French words here spoken. If we are to believe Sir Toby, Sir Andrew "eould speak three or four languages word for word without book."—*Malone.*

[9] *If your trade be to her.*

Trade was anciently used in a general sense to express business or employment of any kind. So, in Hamlet, "Have you any further *trade* with us?"—*Boswell.*

[10] *The list of my voyage.*

List, limit, bound, boundary line. The latter is the true sense of the word. Topsell, in his Historie of Serpents, 1608, p. 87, mentions worms "having a black *list* or line running along their baeks." Viola follows up Sir Toby's figure of a trading-voyage, and says that she is bound to Olivia, who is the limit (or list) of her expedition.

[11] *Taste your legs.*

An affected expression, equivalent to, try your legs, from the old Freneh. "Come, let me taste my horse," Henry IV., ed. 1598. *Taste*, in the sense of, to try, to feel, &c., in uses of the word not limited to the palate, oecurs in several early writers. So, in Caxton's Aurea Legenda——"they sawe that Peter had two legges and two thyes, but they supposed that it had ben illusion, and they *tasted* yet and yet often agayne." Again, in the True Tragedies of Marius and Scilla, 1594:—"A climbing tow'r that did not *taste* the wind." Again, in Chapman's version of the 21st Odyssey: "——he now began—To *taste* the bow, the sharp shaft took, tugg'd hard." In the Frogs of Aristophanes, however, a similar expression occurs, v. 462: "*taste* the door, knock gently at it."—*Steevens.* Sir Toby is perhaps ridiculing the effeminate appearance of Viola, and tells her to taste her legs, they are so tender and delicate.

[12] *But we are prevented.*

That is, our purpose is antieipated. So, in the 119th Psalm:—"Mine eyes *prevent* the night-watches."—*Steevens.* This verb also oecurs in the same sense in the Book of Common Prayer.

[13] *I'll get 'em all three all ready.*

Already, eds. 1623, 1632; *ready*, eds. 1663, 1685. The words *all ready*, printed as *already*, oeeur in other plaees. The repetition of *all*, in the passage in the text, strengthens Sir Andrew's expressed intention, and can hardly be eonsidered inappropriately uttered by that personage.

[14] *Beseech you.*

That is, I beseech you. This ellipsis occurs so frequently in our author's plays, that I do not suspect any omission here. The editor of the third folio reads —"*I* beseech you;" which supplies the syllable wanting, but hurts the metre.—*Malone.*

[15] *After the last enchantment you did here.*

Heare, old ed. Warburton's amendment, the reading "you did *here*," though it may not perhaps be absolutely necessary to make sense of the passage, is evidently right. Olivia could not speak of her sending him a ring, as a matter he did not know except by hearsay; for the ring was absolutely delivered to him. It would, besides, be impossible to know what Olivia meant by "the last enchantment," if she had not explained it herself by saying—"the last enchantment *you did here*." There is not, perhaps, a passage in Shakespeare, where so great an improvement of the sense is gained by changing a single letter.—*M. Mason.*

The two words are very frequently confounded in the old editions of our author's plays, and the other books of that age. See the last line of King Richard III. 1613:—"That she may long live *heare*, God say amen." Again, in the Tempest, folio, 1623, p. 3, l. x.:—"*Heare*, cease more questions."—Again, in Love's Labour's Lost, 1623, p. 139:—"Let us complain to them what fools were *heare*."—Again, in All's Well that Ends Well, 1623, p. 239:—"That hugs his kicksey-wicksey *heare* at home." Again, in Peck's Desiderata Curiosa, vol. i. p. 205: "—— to my utmost knowledge, *heare* is simple truth and verity." Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's Women Pleased,—"What do I *here*," the last word being printed in the folios *heare* and *hear*. Throughout the first edition of our author's Rape of Lucrece, 1594, which was probably printed under his own inspection, the word we now spell *here*, is constantly written *heare*. Let me add that Viola had not simply *heard* that a ring had been sent, if even such an expression as—"After the last enchantment, you did *heare*," were admissible; she had seen and *talked* with the bearer of *it*.—*Malone.* Theobald proposed to read and point thus,—

—— I did send,
After the last enchantment, you did hear,
A ring in chase of you.

[16] *To one of your receiving.*

That is, to one of your understanding, ready apprehension. So, in the second act, "receive it so," understand it so. Mason proposed to alter *receiving* to *conceiving*.

[17] *A cypress, not a bosom, hides my heart.*

The allusion is to the transparency of the Cyprus, or *cypress*, as it is here spelt in accordance with the old copies, and the more usual orthography.

Open, least else th' ungentle windes should tear
Her *cipres* tent, weaker then any hair,
And that the foolish fly might easier get
Within the meshes of her curious net.
Du Bartas, his Devine Weekes and Workes, n. d.

Her riding-suit was of sable-hue black,
Cyprus over her face,
Through which her rose-like cheeks did blush,
All with a comely grace.
Ballad of Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John.

That nought might in this scene of sorrow be
Wanting to perfect griefs solemnitie,
The kingdom's marshal, who supported in
His hand a sword, which glitring through a thin
Wreath'd *cipers*, through the sad spectators eye
Strook such a terror, as if shadow'd by
Death's sooty vail; conducting after goes
Th' undaunted Cyprian, with a look that showes, &c.
Chamberlayne's Pharonnida, 1659.

[18] *No, not a grise.*

Grise, a step. So, in an old romance preserved in MS. in Lincoln cathedral, —"Up at a *grese* scho hym lade,—To chambir scho hym broghte."

[19] *Your wife is like to reap a proper man.*

Proper, well-shaped, of beautiful form, excellently made with strength and fine proportion of limbs. So, in Much Ado About Nothing, "at last she concluded with a sigh, thou wast the *properest* man in Italy." The term is used in a similar sense by Chaucer, Cant. Tales, 3345,—

And many a lovely look on hem he cast,
And namely on this carpenteres wyf;
To loke on hire him thought a mery lyf;
Sche was so propre, sweete, and licorous.

"The xviij. day of May was drane a-pone a sled a *proper man* namyd Wylliam Thomas from the Towre unto Tyborne," Machyn's Diary, 1554. "*Proper* she was and faire: nothing in her body you wold have changed, but if you would have wished her somewhat higher," More's Life of Richard the Third. Coles, in his Latin Dictionary, renders this word by *procerus*. "In good sooth, he is a verie *proper* handsome yong man," Florio's Second Frutes, 1591. "Her sole delight is fixed in a fan, or to walke usherd by a *proper man*," Hutton's Satyres. "Thou art a *proper man*, if thy beard were redder," Love's Cure. "Cast not, with thy crabbed looks, a proper man away," Wily Beguiled.

Hee was never generally commended but when hee went to hanging; then hee was commended doubtlesse for a *propper man:* for every fellow with an entire doublet is called *propper man* when hee rides to Tiburne.—*Stephens' Essayes*, 1615.

[20] *Then westward-hoe.*

"Westward-hoe" was the title of a comedy, by Decker and Webster, as Eastward Hoe, of another by Chapman and Marston. Westward Hoe was printed in 1607, and from the prologue to Eastward Hoe appears to have been acted in 1604, or before. Both must have been current phrases before they became titles for plays. Eastward Hoe seems to be equivalent to a trip to the city; and Westward Hoe implies a trip to Tyburn. Shakespeare puts the words together, as a common expression, though he has no allusion, except to the word *west*. —*Nares*. "In this resolution, I hyed away to Queenhithe to take boat, for I was to go *Westward Hoe*," Kirkman's Unlucky Citizen, 1673. "Some perhaps more, who do expect us,—And if we come not, may neglect us,—Therefore, hark all to what I say,—To morrow wee'l cry *westward hay*," Homer à la Mode, 1665.

[21] *Love's night is noon.*

Prin. Were that the height of your conceived blisse?—*Hon.* Yes, and no heaven.—*Prin.* I have heard that affection which can know—A fulnesse to

its height, is never permanent:—For loves noone is instant night.—*Hon.* Yet a still growing desire to attaine that—Height argues a more firme affection.—*The Noble Stranger*, 1640.

[22] *I had as lief be a Brownist.*

The Brownists at this time seem to have been the constant objects of popular satire. The founder of the sect was Robert Browne, a knight's son of Rutlandshire, and educated at Cambridge. He was afterwards pastor of Aychurch in Northamptonshire, and spent great part of his life in several prisons, to which he was committed for his steady adherence to the opinions which he entertained. He died in jail at Northampton, in the year 1630, or, according to others, 1634, when he was not less than 80 years of age.—*Reed.* "Why, now thou art a good knave, worth a hundred Brownists," Puritan, 1607. In the old comedy of Ram-Alley, 1611, is the following stroke at them: "—— of a new sect, and the good professors will, like the *Brownist*, frequent gravel-pits shortly, for they use woods and obscure holes already." Again, in Love and Honour, by Sir W. D'Avenant:—"Go kiss her:—by this hand, a *Brownist* is—More amorous——."—*Steevens.* Again, in the Wits,—"And buy what I'll never pay for.—*Younger Pallatine.* Not your debts?—*Thwack.* No, sir, though to a poor Brownist's widow;—Though she sigh all night, and have the next morning—Nothing to drink but her own tears." The following occurs in a list in the Workes of Taylor the Water-Poet, 1630,—"The Anatomy of a Brownist, or precise Amsterdamd Puritane."

> With these the Brownists in some points cohere,
> That likewise hold the marriage ring prophane,
> Commanded prayers they 'l not indure to heare,
> And to subscribe to cannons they disdaine:
> They hold more sinne a corner'd cap to weare
> Then cut a purse: leave these as vilde and vaine.
>
> *Heywood's Troia Britanica*, fol. Lond. 1609.

[23] *In a martial hand; be curst and brief.*

Martial hand, seems to be a careless scrawl, such as showed the writer to neglect ceremony. *Curst*, is petulant, crabbed. A curst cur is a dog that with little provocation snarls and bites.—*Johnson.* Of the latter sentence Dr. Johnson has not given the exact explanation. It alludes to the proverb, "A curst *cur* must be tied *short*."—*Douce.* Dr. Grey unnecessarily proposes to alter *curst* to *curt*. A martial hand means probably, a firm bold hand-writing, typical of the writer's fierceness.

[24] *If thou thou 'st him some thrice.*

It was formerly considered disrespectful and contemptuous to address a person with the pronoun *thou*. "Me thinke I doe heare a good manerlie begger at the doore, and well brought up, how reverently he saieth his pater-noster, he thoues not God, but you hym, Gods blessing on his hart.—I praie you, wife, give the poore man some thing to his diner," Bulleyn's Dialogue. I fancy, observes Waldron, we should read he *thoues* not God, but *yous* (or youes) him, i. e., he does not irreverently use the pronoun *thou*, but the more respectful one *you*, when he is speaking of God. "Wallace ansuerd, said, *Thow* art in the wrang.—Quham *thoust* thow, Scot? in faith thou serwis a blaw," Historie of Sir W. Wallace. Coke, in the trial of Sir Walter Raleigh, "thou 'd him some thrice" in the following disgraceful manner,—"All that hell was by thy instigation, *thou* viper: for I *thou* thee, *thou* traytor;" but the supposition that Shakespeare alluded to this circumstance is now disproved by the discovery of the performance

of Twelfth Night in the year 1602. "*Tutoyer*, to thou one," Cotgrave. "Does he *thou* me? How would he domineer, an he were duke!," Shirley's Opportunity, 1640. *Thou*, or *yeaow*, is still used in the provinces in a similar manner, a strong emphasis being laid on the word. A Leicestershire farmer, describing the way in which he got rid of a gentleman trespasser,—"Says I, do *yeaow* mane to bully me? *Yeaow*, who ha'nt got an acre o' land in the county? *Yeaow* come here to bully me? So I *yeaowed* him out o' the field." The Quakers of course defended the practice of thou-ing. John Brown writes, "Is it not a shame for a boy to say *thou* to his father, *thou* to his mother?" "No," says Fox, "Jephtha's daughter *thou'd* her father, the judge of Israel, and he did not look upon it as a shame; and the children of God *thou'd* their Father, and the Lord never rebuked them for it."

A scholler that vaunted what especiall interest he had in a certaine faire gentlewoman, went (he and his friend) on a time to visit her; and she, in disdaine of him, still *thou'd* him at every word, and he as often titled her with Honour. Ladiship, and Majestie, whereat the gentlewoman waxing testie and curst, asked him why he so exalted her in title above her calling. He answered: May it please you to mount but one poynt higher, and then will I fall one lower, so shall our musick well accord.—*Copley's Wits, Fits, and Fancies*, 1614. There was a certaine poore gentleman who, in regard of his poverty, every one *thowed*, and not any vouchsafed him the title of mastership. Whereupon one that noted it said: This argueth that neither God nor the king ever created mastership. —*Ibid.*

He (the anabaptist) is more familiar with the Lord, then to stand on ceremonies with him; he *thouing* him at every word, and speaking with less reverence to him then any clown does to his landlord.—*Flecknoe's Characters*, 1665.

To persons of lesser rank, one saith, *you*, without *thou-ing* any body, be it not some little child, and that thou wert much more aged, and that the custome itself, amongst the meer courteous and better bred, were to speak in such manner. Yet fathers to their children, until a certain age, as in France until they be set at liberty; masters to their little scholars, and others of like command, seem, according to the more common use, to have power to say, *thou*, *thee*, even plainly: for what concerneth familiar friends, amongst them the custome doth comport in certain places, that they *thou* one another more freely, in other places one's more reserved.—*The New Youths Behaviour*, 1684.

[25] *Although the sheet were big enough for the bed of Ware.*

This celebrated bed, formed of oak, curiously and elaborately carved, is still preserved at Ware. The date of 1460 is given on the back as the year of its construction, but it is undoubtedly a relic of the time of Queen Elizabeth. It is 7 ft. 6 in. in height, 10 ft. 9 in. in length, and 10 ft. 9 in. in width (see frontispiece). The earliest notice of the bed yet discovered occurs in the Itinerary of a German prince, Ludwig of Anhalt-Köthen, who came to England in the year 1596, and who mentions this renowned piece of furniture as so large that four couples might conveniently rest in it without any pair incommoding another,—"Es war in Wahr ein Bett'—An weitem raume, das auch vier par leute hett'—In sich geruhiglich beysamen lassen liegen,—Das keines sich genau ans andre durfte schmiegen." Contradictory accounts are given as to the particular inn at Ware in which this bed was kept, but it seems to have been at the Stag in Shakespeare's time. Vallans, in his Tale of Two Swannes, 1590, speaks of "the Crowne, and all the innes of Ware," that inn being then probably the chief one in the place. At the time that Vallans wrote, he tells us that the town of Ware had greatly increased in importance, and that a new market-house had recently been

erected and the bridge rebuilt. "*Daw.* Why, we have beene—*La F.* In the great bed at Ware together in our time," Ben Jonson's Silent Woman, 1609. In the autograph diary of Hans Jacob Wurmsser von Vendenheym, who visited England in 1610, the bed is again alluded to—"May, 1610.—Waer.—Ville fusmes logez au Cerf, je fus couché dans ung liet de plume de cigne, qui avoit huict pieds de largeur." Farquhar speaking of the *bed of honour*, in the way of comparison says that "it is bigger than the *great bed of Ware*, and that ten thousand persons may lie together in it, and never touch one another," Recruiting Officer. In a Journey from London to Scarborough, 8vo. 1734, p. 4, speaking of Ware, the writer says, "the Great Bed here merits not half its fame, having only given rise to a fine allusion in the Recruiting Officer, of its being less than the bed of honour, where thousands may lie without touching one another. It is kept at the Old Crown Inn, and will hold a dozen people, heads and tails. They have a ceremony at showing it of drinking a small can of beer, and repeating some health, which I have already forgot."

> Was ever chamberlain so mad, to dare
> To lodge a child in the great bed at Ware.
>
> *Musarum Deliciæ*, 1656.

The town of Ware is famous for inns, whereof one is very remarkable for a large bed which is twelve foot square; the strangeness of this unusual size oftentimes invited the curious traveller to view the same; among whom 'tis reported that six citizens and their wives came from London in a frolick to sport themselves, and when they had feasted their bodies with the rarities of the town, the women agreed that they and their husbands would lie together in the great bed, which was made ready for them, and, to avoid all mistakes, disposed of themselves in this order,—six should lie at one end of the bed, and six at the other, after this manner, first a man and his wife, next a woman and her husband, next him a man and his wife; then the other three couple should lie in the same order at the feet; this agreed, a sack-posset was provided; but the waggish host, discovering by the ill management of their bravery, and the mode of their speech, that they were not the persons they would be reputed, resolved to put a joke upon them; in order to it, he privately put into the posset some pulvis crepitorius, which was brought up in a large basin; they eat it very heartily; and when supper was past, the host wisht them good rest, and sent his maids to attend them to bed, where the women directed their posture; but after a short repose, the effects of the posset did so much incommode the bed, that this misfortune did spoil their mirth, and hasten their return to London.—*Chauncy's Historical Antiquities of Hertfordshire*, fol. 1700, p. 211.

So that between the two extreams of age and infancy we past away the time till we came to Ware; where we put in at the sign of the English Champion, who redeem'd the maid from the jaws of the dragon; in this inn stands the great bed of Ware, talk'd of as much among the citizens as the gigantick greatness of the Herodian colossus. The extravagant largeness of this bed is very much wonder'd at by all that see it, being wide enough to lodge a troop of soldiers with the assistance of a trundle-bed; in the same room hangs a great pair of horns, upon which, insisting upon an old custom, they swear all new comers.—*A Step to Stir-Bitch Fair*, fol. Lond. 1700, p. 8.

[26] *The youngest wren of mine.*

In other words, my youngest wren, in allusion to the diminutive size of Maria. The term *wren* is similarly applied to a thin bony person in the comedy of How to

Chuse a Good Wife, 1602. Theobald, I think unnecessarily, proposed to alter *mine* to *nine*.

The *wren* generally lays nine or ten eggs at a time, and the last hatched of all birds are usually the smallest and weakest of the whole brood. So, in A Dialogue of the Phœnix, &c. by R. Chester, 1601:—"The little *wren* that *many young ones* brings." Again, in a Mery Play betwene Johan the Husband, Tyb his Wyfe, fol. Rastel, 1533:—"Syr, that is the *lest* care I have *of nyne*."—*Steevens.* Again, in Sir Philip Sidney's Ourania, 1606:—"The titmouse, and the multiplying wren."—*Malone.*

[27] *Like a pedant that keeps a school i' the church.*

A *pedant* was the common name for a teacher of languages. So, in Cynthia's Revels, by Ben Jonson: "He loves to have a fencer, a *pedant*, and a musician, seen in his lodgings."—*Steevens.* Charron, the sage Charron, as Pope calls him, describes a *pedant* as synonymous to a *household schoolmaster*, and adds a general character of the fraternity by no means to their advantage. See Charron on Wisdom, 4to. 1640: Lennards translation, p. 158.—*Reed.* It is curious and worthy of remark, although there is no great probability of there being a local allusion in the passage in the text, that the grammar-school at Stratford-on-Avon was at intervals during Shakespeare's time, probably while the school was under repair, kept in the Church or Chapel of the Guild, which was opposite one side of the poet's residence, New Place. If Twelfth Night were composed at Stratford, no improbable supposition, at the very time this passage was written there may have been "a pedant that keeps a school in the church" within a few paces of the author's own house. The Chapel of the Guild is a plain but good structure in the architectural style of the reign of Henry VII. The accompanying engraving is a view of the interior, as it now exists.

[28] *With the augmentation of the Indies.*

A clear allusion to a map engraved for Linschoten's Voyages, an English translation of which was published in 1598. This map is multilineal in the extreme, and is the first in which the Eastern Islands are included.—*Steevens.*

I would not assert that there is not an allusion to these maps of Linschoten, but I doubt it. The turn of the expression seems to point not to the maps in Linschoten, but to some single map well known at the time, "the new map;" and further that the map alluded to had the words in its title, "with the augmentation of the Indies," which is not the case with any of Linschoten's maps.—*Hunter.*

[29] *And thanks; and ever oft good turns.*

Various unnecessary attempts have here been made to improve the metre. "And thanks, and ever thanks, and oft good turns," Theobald; "And thanks, and ever thanks; often good turns," Steevens; "And thanks, and ever thanks; *too* oft

good turns," Seymour. "And thanks, *still thanks;* and *very* oft good turns," Perkins MS.

[30] *The Count his gallies.*

I suspect our author wrote—*county's* gallies, i. e. the gallies of the county, or count; and that the transcriber's ear deceived him. However, as the present reading is conformable to the mistaken grammatical usage of the time, I have not disturbed the text.—*Malone.* In some editions, *Count* is altered to *Duke*, but there is no necessity for any alteration, as Orsino is called by either title in the course of the play.

[31] *If I be lapsed in this place.*

If I be found nodding—off my guard, or vigilance. The word, in the same sense, occurs in Hamlet,—"Do you not come your tardy son to chide,—That lap'st in time and passion, lets go by—Th' important acting of your dread command?"—*Seymour.*

[32] *In the south suburbs, at the Elephant.*

The Elephant was a well-known sign in London, and Shakespeare was unquestionably thinking of his own country both in the writing of this passage, and in the subsequent one which alludes to the bells of St. Bennet's. The annexed engraving represents an early token of the sign of the Elephant, preserved in Mr. Roach Smith's collection of London antiquities. A brothel bearing the sign of the Elephant is alluded to in the Christmas Ordinary, 1682, and there is still an inn in London, in Fenchurch Street, distinguished by the same appellation. The Elephant and Castle was, and is, a still more common sign. In MS. Ashmol. 334, a medical MS. written in 1610 and 1611, mention is made of "Mr. Dee at the signe of the Elephant and Castle by Fleet condyt, an apothecaryes howse." There was an Elephant and Castle near the Royal Exchange in Cornhill, 1681.

[33] *He is sad, and civil.*

That is, solemn and grave. So, in Romeo and Juliet:—"Come civil night,—Thou sober-suited matron, all in black."—*Malone.* So, in As You Like It:—"Tongues I 'll hang on every tree,—That shall *civil* sayings show—." Again, in Decker's Villanies Discovered by Lanthorne and Candlelight, 1616: "If before she ruffled in silkes, now is she more *civilly* attired than a mid-wife." Again—"*civilly* suited, that they might carry about them some badge of a scholler." Again, in David Rowland's translation of Lazarillo de Tormes, 1586: "—he throwing his cloake over his leaft shoulder very *civilly*," &c. Again, in A Woman's Prize, by Beaumont and Fletcher:—"That fourteen yards of satin give my woman;—I do not like the colour; 'tis too *civil.*"—*Steevens.*

[34] *Please one, and please all.*

An allusion to a popular ballad of the time, originally published in the year 1591-2, according to the following entry on the books of the Stationers' Company,—"xviij. die Januarii, 1591, Henry Kyrkham, entred for his copie under Mr. Watkin's hande a ballad intituled the Crowe shee sittes uppon the wall: please one and please all." A facsimile of a copy of one of the original editions of this ballad, probably the first issued, is here given from the valuable collection of ballads in the possession of Mr. Daniel. The initials R. T. perhaps stand for those of the name of Richard Tarlton, the celebrated actor. If so, the

A prettie newe Ballad, intytuled:

The Crowe sits vpon the wall, Please one and please all.

To the tune of, Please one and please all.

Please one and please all,
Be they great be they small,
Be they little be they lowe,
So pypeth the Crowe,
sitting vpon a wall:
please one and please all,
please one and please all.

BE they white be they black,
Haue they a smock on their back,
Or a kircher on her head,
Whether they spin silke or thred,
whatsoeuer they them call:
please one and please all,
please one and please all.

Be they sluttish be they gay,
Loue they worke or loue they play,
Whatsoeuer be theyr chéere,
Drinke they Ale or drinke they bére,
whether it be strong or small:
please one and please all,
please one and please all.

Be they sower be they swéete,
Be they shrewish be they méeke,
Weare they silke or cloth so good,
Velvet Bonnet or French-hood,
Vppon her head a Cap or call:
please one and please all,
please one and please all.

Be they halt be they lame,
Be she Lady be she dame,
If that she do weare a pinne,
Kéepe she tauerne or kéepe she Inne,
Either bulke bouth or stall,
please one and please all,
please one and please all.

The goodwife I do meane,
Be shée fat or be she leane,
Whatsoeuer that she be,
This the Crowe tolde me,
sitting vppon a wall:
please one and please all,
please one and please all.

If the goodwife speake aloft,
See that you then speake soft,
Whether it be good or ill,
Let her do what she will:
and to kéepe your selfe from thrall,
please one and please all,
please one and please all.

If the goodwife be displeased,
All the whole house is diseased,
And therefore by my will,
To please her learne the skill,
Least that she should alwaies brall:
please one and please all,
please one and please all.

If that you bid her do ought,
If that she do it not,
And though that you be her goodman,
You your selfe must do it than,
be it in kitchin or in hall:
please one and please all,
please one and please all.

Let her haue her owne will,
Thus the Crowe pypeth still,
Whatsoeuer she command,
See that you do it out of hand,
whensoeur she doth call:
please one and please all,
please one and please all.

Be they wanton be they wilde,
Be they gentle be they milde:
Be shée white be she browne,
Doth she scould or doth she frowne,
Let her do what she shall:
please one and please all,
please one and please all.

Be she coy be she proud,
Speake she soft or speake she loud,
Be she simple be she slaunt,
Doth she trip or doth she taunt,
the Crowe sits vpon the wall:
please one and please all,
please one and please all.

Is she huswife is she none,
Doth she drudge doth she grone,
Is she nimble is she quicke,
Is she short is she thicke,
Let her be what she shall:
please one and please all,
please one and please all.

Be they ritch be they poore,
Is she honest is she whore,
Weare she cloth or Velvet braue,
Doth she beg or doth she craue,
Weare she hat or silken call:
please one and please all,
please one and please all.

Be she cruell be she curst,
Come she last come she first,
Be they young be they olde,
Do they smile do they scould,
though they do nought at all:
please one and please all,
please one and please all.

Though it be some Crowes guise,
Oftentimes to tell lyes,
Yet this Crowes words doth try,
That her tale is no lye,
For thus it is and euer shall:
please one and please all,
please one and please all.

Please one and please all,
Be they great be they small,
Be they little be they lowe,
So pipeth the Crowe,
sitting vpon a wall:
please one and please all,
please one and please all.

FINIS. R. T.

Imprinted at London for *Henry Kyrkham*, dwelling at the little North doore of *Paules, at the signe of the* blacke Boy.

Ashbee & Dangerfield, Facsim 92 Bedford Street, Covent Garden.

To face p. 384

ballad must have been current some time before its publication in 1592, as Tarlton died in 1588.

[35] *And kiss thy hand so oft.*

This custom is taken notice of by Barnaby Riche, in Faults and Nothing but Faults, 4to. 1606, p. 6: "— and these flowers of courtesie, as they are full of affectation, so are they no less formall in their speeches, full of fustian phrases, many times delivering such sentences, as do betray and lay open their masters' ignorance: and they are so frequent *with the kisse on the hand*, that word shall not passe their mouthes, till they have clapt their fingers over their lippes." —*Reed.* The practice is also alluded to in Othello.

[36] *Why, this is very midsummer madness.*

"He wyll waxe madde this mydsommer moone, if you take nat good hede on hym," Palsgrave, 1530. "Some people about midsummer moon are affected in their brain, and it would be well if one month in a year would serve some sort of people," Poor Robin's Almanack. "As mad as a March hare; where madness compares,—Are not Midsummer hares as mad as March hares?," Heywood's Epigrammes on Proverbes. "Ere hee bee come to the full Midsummer moone and raging calentura of his wretchednys," Nash's Have With You to Saffron Walden, 1596. "How many miles to midsummer?," that is, how far from madness, Chapman's May Day. "Tis *Midsomer-moone* with him: let him alone," Englishmen for my Money. "And that your grace may see what a meer madnesse, a very mid-summer-frenzy, 'tis to be melancholy, for any man that wants no monie," Chapman's Revenge for Honour, 1654. "Tis *Midsummer moon* with you; viz., you are madd," Howell's English Proverbs.

Herein the Don is paradoxicall, and singular, and will make himselfe the first inventer *de Arte Amentandi*, though he gaine but few followers, now by frequent private practises upon himselfe, as by being quarter mad, halfe mad, and three quarters mad upon severall experiments, is the full *Midsommer moon* madnesse to be attain'd unto. No doubt he had pass'd the three first tryals, and was very neer his perfection.—*Gayton's Festivous Notes on Don Quixote*, 1654.

Mir. He will betray his passion to these fools: Alas, he 's mad—and will undo my hopes.—*Prince.* Thou may'st as well claim kindred to the gods; she 's mine, a kingdom shall not buy her from me.—*Sir Morg.* Hay day, my wife yours? lookee, as d' ye see, what, is it *Midsummer-moon* with you, sir, or so, d' ye see?—*Mir.* In pitty give him way, he 's madder than a storm.—*Prin.* Thou know'st thou art, and thy dear eyes confess it—a numerous train attended our nuptials, witness the priest, witness the sacred altar where we kneel'd — when the blest silent ceremony was perform'd.—*Mir.* Alas! he 's mad, past all recovery mad.—*Behn's Younger Brother, or the Amorous Jilt*, 1696.

[37] *Enter Servant.*

The annexed curious woodcut, copied from one on the title of a black-letter tract of the sixteenth century, offers an interesting example of the ancient costume of servants. The tract is entitled, "The Doctrynall

of Good Servauntes," and is so rare, that only a single copy of it is known to be preserved.

[38] *But it is God's doing.*

Jove's doing, old eds. In this, and in most of the other passages where *Jove* is named in this comedy, the probability is that *God* was the original word, which was altered on account of the statute of James I. Even in a play, it seems to me there is more impropriety in a character solemnly referring to a fictitious deity than in his using the natural language of thankfulness. Malvolio, with Puritanical sentiments, would freely use the name of the Almighty. The change was one frequently made. Thus, in the Four Prentices of London, "in God's name," in the first edition, is altered to, "in Jove's name," in the second.

[39] *Nor after my degree, but fellow.*

Fellow, as Dr. Johnson observes, which originally signified *companion*, was not yet totally degraded to its present meaning, and Malvolio takes it in the favorable sense.

[40] *Ay, Biddy, come with me.*

Sir Toby had previously addressed him with the epithets *bawcock* and *chuck* (chick), and now imitates the call used to chickens and poultry. "Come, Bid, Bid, Bid, come," &c., are the usual words still in vogue when the chickens are required to be collected together for the purpose of feeding, &c. *Biddies nie* occurs as a term of endearment, equivalent to, my little chick, in Davies's Scourge of Folly, 1611,—"Jella, why frown'st thou? Say, sweet *biddies-nie*,—Hast hurt thy foote with treading late awry?"

[41] *To play at cherry-pit with Satan.*

A childish game, pitching cherry-stones into a small hole. It is mentioned in the old interlude of the Worlde and the Chylde, 1522,—"I can playe at the chery-pytte,—And I can wystell you a fytte." Nash, speaking of the paint on ladies' faces, says,—"In the wrinckles of whose face yee may hide false dice, and play at *cherry-pit* in the dint of their cheekes." "His ill favoured visage was almost eaten through with pock-holes, so that halfe a parish of children might easily have played at *cherry-pit* in his face," Fennor's Compters Commonwealth, 1617. "Your cheeks were sunk so low and hollow they might serve the boyes for *cherry-pits*," Randolph's Jealous Lovers, 1646. "There, instead of cherry-stones, children play with pearls," Obstinate Lady. Cherrie-pit is one of the games mentioned in the First Book of the Works of Rabelais, 1653, p. 96. So, in the Isle of Gulls, 1606: "— if she were here, I would have a bout at cobnut or *cherry-pit*." Again, in the Witch of Edmonton: "I have lov'd a witch ever since I play'd at *cherry-pit*;" and, with a double entendre, in Win Her and Take Her, 1691, p. 18,—"My love and I, did lately sit,—Playing for sport, at *cherry-pit*," &c.

[42] *Hang him, foul collier!*

The devil is called *Collier* for his blackness: "Like will to like, quoth the Devil to the Collier."—*Johnson.* "W' hear in this case, no conscience-cases holier, But like will to like, the divell with the collier," Sylvester's Tobacco Battered. With our ancestors, *colliers*, I know not for what reason, lay, like Mrs. Quickly, under an ill name: Decker has a little treatise on them, full of the grossest abuse; and a *dealer in coals*, an article, at that time, of no great sale, perhaps, seems synonymous with everything base and vile. Thus Marston, speaking of worthless people, says, that "they were born naturally for a *coal-basket*." So great were the impositions practised by the venders of coals, that

R. Greene, at the conclusion of his Notable Discovery of Cozenage, 1592, has published what he calls, A Pleasant Discovery of the Cosenage of Colliers. The allusion here, perhaps, is not to the seller of this unfortunate article, but to the bearer of it. In all great houses, but particularly in the royal residences, there were a number of mean and dirty dependents, whose office it was to attend the wood-yard, sculleries, &c. Of these, for in the lowest deep there was a lower still, the most forlorn wretches seem to have been selected to carry coals to the kitchens, halls, &c. To this smutty regiment, who attended the progresses, and rode in the carts with the pots and kettles, which, with every other article of furniture, were then moved from palace to palace, the people, in derision, gave the name of *black* guards, a term since become sufficiently familiar, and never properly explained.—*Gifford.*

[43] *And crown thee for a finder of madmen.*

If there be any doubt whether a culprit is become *non compos mentis*, after indictment, conviction, or judgment, the matter is tried by a jury; and if he be *found* either an ideot or *lunatick*, the lenity of the English law will not permit him, in the first case, to be tried, in the second, to receive judgment, or in the third, to be executed. In other cases also, inquests are held for the finding of madmen.—*Malone.*

The Bill did suggest that by inquisition taken before the Mayor of London, by virtue of a writ to him directed, the said Jerome Smith was the 23d of June, 1664, found a lunatick, and had lucid intervals, and had not sufficient government of himself, his lands, and goods; and that he was lunatick the last of June, 1647; and during his lunacy he had several sums of money due to him, which he had wasted, and alienated divers goods.—*Brydall's Non Compos Mentis*, 1700.

[44] *Sense-less.*

This last word is either to be divided in pronunciation, or else spoken aside. On the stage, the latter arrangement is the most effective.

[45] *He may have mercy upon mine.*

We may read—"He may have mercy upon *thine*, but my hope is better." Yet the passage may well enough stand without alteration. It were much to be wished that Shakespeare, in this, and some other passages, had not ventured so near profaneness.—*Johnson.*

The present reading is more humorous than that suggested by Johnson. The man on whose soul he hopes that God will have mercy, is the one that he supposes will fall in the combat: but Sir Andrew hopes to escape unhurt, and to have no present occasion for that blessing. The same idea occurs in Henry V., where Mrs. Quickly, giving an account of poor Falstaff's dissolution, says: "Now I, to comfort him, bid him a' should not think of God; I hoped there was no need to trouble himself with any such thoughts yet."—*M. Mason.*

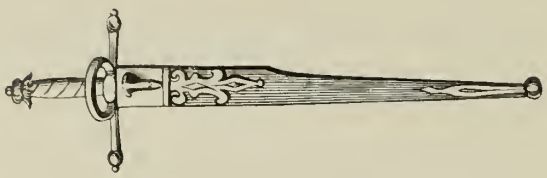
[46] *And laid mine honour too unchary out.*

The old copy reads, *on't*, which, in the opinion of Douce, has been unnecessarily disturbed at Theobald's suggestion (here followed) by substituting *out*. It might be urged that *laying honour out* is but an awkward phrase. The old text simply means, I have *placed* my honour too incautiously *upon* a heart of stone. The misprint of *on't* for *out* is common enough. So the quarto 1640 of Fletcher's Bloody Brother, act iv. sc. 1, has,—"Princes may pick their suffering nobles *on't*," where the other old copies have, as the sense requires, *out*. So, too, in the Two Noble Kinsmen, act i. sc. 4, the quarto 1634 has "Y'are *out* of breath," where the second folio gives *out*. With the passage of

Shakespeare now under consideration compare the following lines by a nameless dramatist;—"Keepe her from the serpent, let her not gad—To everie gossips congregation,—For there is blushing modestie *laide out*," Everie Woman in her Humor, 1609.—*Dyce.*

[47] *Dismount thy tuck.*

"*Verutum*, a weapon of warre fashioned like a spit; a rapier; a *tucke;* a dart," Nomenclator, 1585. "But the ruffen wil robbe, meate, money, and weede.—And under long cloke lurketh, with tucke and sharp knife—For goldes sake the gitles, to reave them of life," Bullein's Bulwarke, 1579. This weapon is said by some to derive its name from its being tucked in the girdle. The subjoined example is copied by Mr. Fairholt from an original specimen preserved in the armoury of Lord Londesborough.



[48] *Dubbed with unhack'd rapier.*

The old copy reads—*unhatch'd* rapier; but a passage in King Henry IV. Part I. may serve to confirm the reading in the text: "How came Falstaff's sword so *hack'd?*—Why, he *hack'd* it with his dagger."—*Steevens.*

"— with *unhatch'd* rapier." The modern editors read—*unhack'd.* It appears from Cotgrave's Dictionary in v. *hacher*, to hack, hew, &c., that to *hatch* the hilt of a sword was a technical term. Perhaps we ought to read—with *an hatch'd* rapier, i. e. with a rapier, the hilt of which was richly *engraved* and ornamented. Our author, however, might have used *unhatch'd* in the sense of *unhack'd;* and therefore I have made no change.—*Malone.*

Now, since *hatch* was a very common technical term for the ornamenting of weapons, is there any probability that Shakespeare would have employed the expression "un*hatched* rapier" in the sense of *unhacked* rapier? Surely not. An *unhatched* rapier could only mean an unornamented rapier; which does not suit the context, for carpet-knights were most likely to have the ceremony performed with a highly-ornamented sword. But, it may be asked, is "*unhatched* rapier" equivalent to, a rapier unstained with blood? The following passages of Beaumont and Fletcher, among many others which might be adduced, will show distinctly that such an elliptical expression could never have been employed;—"Come, sons of honour,—True virtue's heirs, thus *hatch'd with Britain-blood*," Bonduca, act iii. sc. 5. "His weapon *hatch'd in blood*," Humorous Lieutenant, act i. sc. 1. "When thine own bloody sword cried out against thee,—*Hatched in the life of him*," Custom of the Country, act v. sc. 5. I am therefore strongly inclined to agree with those commentators who have supposed that the right reading in the present passage of Shakespeare is "*unhacked* rapier."—*Dyce.*

[49] *And on carpet consideration.*

That is, he is no soldier by profession, not a knight banneret, dubbed in the field of battle, but, *on carpet consideration*, at a festivity, or on some peaceable occasion, when knights receive their dignity kneeling, not on the ground, as in war, but on a *carpet.* This is, I believe, the original of the contemptuous term, a *carpet knight*, who was naturally held in scorn by the men of war. —*Johnson.*

In Francis Markham's Booke of Honour, fol. 1625, p. 71, we have the following account of *carpet knights:* "Next unto these (i. e. those he distinguishes

by the title of *dunghill or truck knights*) in degree, but not in qualitie, for these are truly for the most part vertuous and worthie, is that rank of knights which are called *carpet knights*, being men who are by the prince's grace and favour made knights at home and in the time of peace by the imposition or laying on of the king's sword, having by some special service done to the common-wealth, or for some other particular virtues made known to the soveraigne, as also for the dignitie of their births, and in recompence of noble and famous actions done by their ancestors, deserved this great title and dignitie." He then enumerates the several orders of men on whom this honour was usually conferred; and adds—"those of the vulgar or common sort are called *carpet knights*, because, for the most part, they receive their honour from the king's hand in the court, and upon *carpets*, and such like ornaments belonging to the king's state and greatnesse; *which howsoever a curious envie may wrest to an ill sense*, yet questionlesse there is no shadow of disgrace belonging unto it, for it is an honour as perfect as any honour whatsoever, and the services and merits for which it is received, as worthy and well deserving both of the king and country, as that which hath wounds and scarres for his witnesse."—*Reed.*

Greene uses the term, *carpet-knights*, in contempt of those of whom he is speaking (The Carde of Fancie, wherein the folly of those *carpet-knights* is deciphered, which guiding their course by the compas of Cupid, either dash their ship against most dangerous rocks, or else attain the haven with pain and perill, 1587); and, in the Downfal of Robert Earl of Huntingdon, 1601, it is employed for the same purpose: "—— soldiers, come away:—This *carpet-knight* sits carping at our scars." In Barret's Alvearie, 1580: "—those which do not exercise themselves with some honest affaires, but serve abhominable and filthy idleness, are, as we use to call them, *carpet-knightes*," B. ante O. Again, among Sir John Harrington's Epigrams, b. iv. Ep. 6, Of Merit and Demerit:—"A knight and valiant servitor of late—Plain'd to a lord and councellor of state,—That captaines in these daies were not regarded,—That only *carpet-knights* were well rewarded." According to Holme's Academy of Armory,—"all such as have studied law, physic, or any other arts and sciences whereby they have become famous and serviceable to the court, city, or state, and thereby have merited honour, worship, or dignity, from the sovereign and fountain of honour; if it be the king's pleasure to knight any such persons, seeing they are not knighted as soldiers, they are not therefore to use the horseman's title or spurs; they are only termed simply *miles et milites*, knights of the carpet or knights of the green cloth, to distinguish them from knights that are dubbed as soldiers in the field; though in these our days they are created or dubbed with the like ceremony as the others are, by the stroak of a naked sword, upon their shoulder, with the words—Rise up Sir T. A. knight."

The term *carpet* seems to have been generally applied to anything or person effeminate. "Nor shall that carpet-boy, Antonio,—Match with my daughter, sweet cheek'd Mellida," Marston's Antonio and Mellida. "Have I liv'd only to be a carpet friend, for pleasure," Valentinian.—"Being better pleased at the report of terrible and fearefull accidents, then at the hearing of smoothe and pleasant *carpet-discourses:* he is exceedingly sensuall, impatient, unquiet, stirring, &c.," Lomatius on Painting by Haydock, 1598. "Can I not touch some upstart *carpet-shield* of Lolio's sonne, that never saw the field?," Hall's Satires. "A carpet-knight, one that ever loves to be in women's chambers," Cotgrave. "There your *carpet knights*,—That never charg'd beyond a mistress' lips,—Are still most keen, and valiant," Massinger's Unnatural Combat. "No carpet-knight, —That spent his youth in groves or pleasant bowers,—Or, stretching on a couch his lazy limbs," Fair Maid of the Inn.

[50] *Hob-nob is his word; give 't, or take 't.*

Hob-nob, or *hab-nab*, that is, habbe or nabbe, have or have not, hit or miss, at a venture, by fair means or foul, at random, at the mercy of chance. "By this, sens we see slouth must breede a scab,—Best sticke to the tone out of hand, *hab or nab*," Heywood's Workes, 1566. "Shot hab or nab at randon," Holinshed, Chron. Ireland, p. 82. See Florio, p. 48; Cotgrave in v. *Conjecturalement*, *Perdu*. "Thus Philautus determined, *hab nab*, to send his letters, flattering himselfe with the successe which he to himselfe fained; and after long musing, he thus began to frame the minister of his love," Lilly's Euphues and his England, 1580. "I put it,—Even to your worship's bitterment *hab nab*—I shall have a chance o' the dice for 't, I hope," Jonson's Tale of a Tub. "As they came in by *hab*, *nab*, so will I bring them in a reckoning at six and at sevens," Heywood's Fair Maid of the West, 1631. "If any me to question call—With pen or sword, *hab nab* 's the word, have at all," Jovial Poems, p. 177. "Then looks 'em o'er to understand 'em,—Although set down *hab-nab*, at random," Butler's Hudibras. In the Character of a Quack Astrologer, 1673, speaking of his almanack, we are told, "He writes of the weather *hab nab*, and as the toy takes him, chequers the year with foul and fair."

"Well! go thy ways: thou art the first man that I ever saw choose to play at *hab-nab* for a wife; at least let 's shuffle the cards again," Master Anthony, 1690. This phrase is presumed to be the origin of the more modern *hob-nob*, a friendly challenge to drink, each person clinking glasses with the other in turn. In the Midland counties, there is a boy's game called "hab-or-nab," or bob-apple —an apple being swung at the end of a string for the eager urchins to snatch at open-mouthed, getting for their pains either a chance bite or a blow in the face, that is, either *habbing* or *nabbing* it.

> Not of Jack Straw, with his rebellious crew,
> That set king, realme, and lawes at *hab* or *nab*,
> Whom London's worthy maior so bravely slew
> With dudgeon dagger's honourable stab.
> *Harington's Elegant and Wittie Epigrams*, 1633.

Yet I wish it to be done, for if any thing in the world recover him, it must be that; and if that do it, it is but *hab nab*, but yet, however, I must put it in practice.—*Brian's Pisse-Prophet*, 1655, p. 56.

> But if in's progress he does chance to hit
> *Hab-nab* on something that may sound like wit,
> Pray take no notice of 't.—*Tatham's Rump*, 1660.

Nay, and I intend to tack a woman for a wife to every one of my lots; some handsome, and some so so; some wise, and some otherwise.—'Tis no matter for their conditions, nor their honesty, for that's *hab-nab*, as if the choice were their own —— I'le take care indeed, that they be water-tite, and wind-tite, and able of body, and that's all I need to care for.—*Love's a Lottery*, 1699.

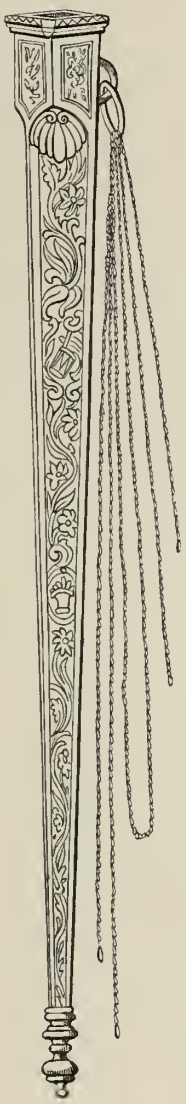
[51] *I have not seen such a firago.*

Virago cannot be properly used here, unless we suppose Sir Toby to mean, I never saw one that had so much the look of woman with the prowess of man.—*Johnson*. The old copy reads—*firago*. A *virago* always means a female warrior, or, in low language, a scold, or turbulent woman. In Heywood's Golden Age, 1611, Jupiter enters "like a nymph or *virago*;" and says, "I may pass for a bona-roba, a rounceval, a *virago*, or a good manly lass." If Shakespeare, who knew Viola to be a woman, though Sir Toby did not, has made no blunder, Dr.

Johnson has supplied the only obvious meaning of the word. *Firago* may, however, be a ludicrous term of Shakespeare's coinage.—*Steevens.* Why may not the meaning be more simple, "I have never seen the most furious woman so obstreperous and violent as he is?" I do not conceive that *firago* was a word of Shakespeare's coinage, but a common corruption for *virago*, like *fagaries* for *vagaries.*—*Malone.* The word *virago* is certainly inapplicable to a man, a blustering, hectoring fellow, as Sir Toby means to represent Viola; for he cannot possibly entertain any suspicion of her sex: but it is no otherwise so, than *Rounceval* is to a woman, meaning a terrible fighting blade; from Ronceval, or Roncesvalles, the famous scene of that fabulous combat with the Saracens.—*Ritson.*

[52] *Rapier, scabbard, and all.*

The scabbard of the ancient rapier was often of a highly ornamental character. The subjoined engravings represent the sides of a valuable example, which, with its chain, is of silver, elaborately enriched by engraving. The original is preserved in the museum of Lord Londesborough.



[53] *And he gives me the stuck-in.*

The *stuck* is a corrupted abbreviation of the *stoccata*, an Italian term in fencing. So, in the Return from Parnassus, 1606: "Here's a fellow, Judicio, that carried the deadly *stock* in his pen." Again, in Marston's Malcontent, 1604: "The close *stock*, O mortal," &c. Again, in Antonio's Revenge, 1602:—"I would pass on him with a mortal *stock*."—*Steevens.* The term also occurs in the Merry Wives of Windsor.

[54] *Nay, if you be an undertaker.*

An undertaker, that is, one who undertakes the business of another, a deputy. This simple meaning of the word seems all that is intended. Tyrwhitt, however, conjectured that Twelfth-Night was written in 1614: grounding his opinion on an allusion, which he thought it contained, to those parliamentary *undertakers* of whom frequent mention is made in the Journals of the House of Commons for that year; who were stigmatized with the invidious name, on account of their having *undertaken* to manage the elections of knights and burgesses in such a manner as to secure a majority in parliament for the court. It is observable that Mr. Ashley, a member of the House of Commons, in one of the debates on this subject, says, "that the rumour concerning these *undertakers* had spread into the

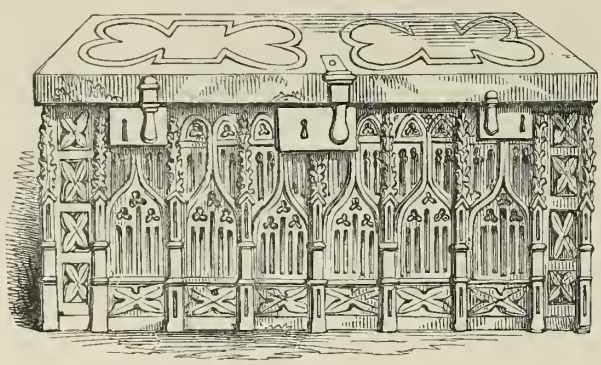
country."—*Malone.* According to a letter dated 1614, "the beginning they spent wholly in the discovery of *undertakers*, without entering into a consideration of any other matter whatever, and wherein their violence continued till such time as Sir Henry Neville, by his advancing of the fact and the manner, gave them satisfaction."

[55] *Though now you have no sea-cap on your head.*

The following note was communicated by Mr. Fairholt,—"The sea-cap of the Shaksperian era appears to have been generally composed of fur, as seen in the left-hand figure, which is taken from Jost Ammon's curious book, De omnibus Illiberalibus sive Mechanicis Artibus, 1574, where it is worn by *Der Schiffman.* The other figure, from a woodcut dated 1582, also exhibits the fur trimming and lining."

[56] *Are empty trunks, o'erflourish'd by the devil.*

In the time of Shakespeare, trunks, which are now deposited in lumber-rooms, or other obscure places, were part of the furniture of apartments in which company was received. I have seen more than one of these, as old as the time of our poet. They were richly ornamented on the tops and sides with scroll-work, emblematical devices, &c. and were elevated on feet. Shakespeare has the same expression in Measure for Measure :—"——your title to him—Doth *flourish* the deceit." —*Steevens.* Again, in his 60th Sonnet :—"Time doth transfix the *flourish* set on youth." So in King Richard II., as quoted in England's Parnassus, 1600,—"The purest treasure mortal times afford—Is spotless reputation ;——that away, —Men are but *gilded trunks*, or painted clay."—*Malone.* "Woe be to you, Scribes and Pharises, hypocrites ; for yee are like unto whited (or, *painted*) tombes, which appeare beautifull outwarde, but are within full of dead men's bones, and of all filthines," Matthew, Genevan version, ed. 1595.



The annexed engraving is from an original sketch by Mr. Fairholt of a very fine specimen of one of the trunks of olden time preserved (1849) in the old Hospital of St. John at Canterbury. It appears to be a work of the fourteenth century.

[57] *So do not I.*

This, I believe, means, I do not yet believe myself, when, from this accident, I gather hope of my brother's life.—*Johnson.*

[58] *I my brother know yet living in my glass.*

I suppose Viola means—"As often as I behold myself in my glass, *I think I* see my brother alive ;" that is, I *acknowledge* that his resemblance *survives* in the reflection of my own figure.—*Steevens.*

Act the Fourth.

SCENE I.—*The Street before* Olivia's *House.*

Enter Sebastian *and* Clown.

Clo. Will you make me believe that I am not sent for you?

Seb. Go to, go to, thou art a foolish fellow;
Let me be clear of thee.

Clo. Well held out, i' faith! No, I do not know you; nor I am not sent to you by my lady, to bid you come speak with her; nor your name is not Master Cesario; nor this is not my nose neither.—Nothing, that is so, is so.

Seb. I pr'ythee, vent thy folly somewhere else; Thou know'st not me.

Clo. Vent my folly![1] he has heard that word of some great man, and now applies it to a fool. Vent my folly! I am afraid this great lubber, the world,[2] will prove a coekney.—I pr'ythee now, ungird thy strangeness, and tell me what I shall vent to my lady; Shall I vent to her that thou art coming?

Seb. I pr'ythee, foolish Greek,[3] depart from me;
There 's money for thee; if you tarry longer,
I shall give worse payment.

Clo. By my troth, thou hast an open hand:—These wise men, that give fools money, get themselves a good report after fourteen years' purehase.[4] [*Aside.*

Enter Sir ANDREW, Sir TOBY, *and* FABIAN.

Sir And. Now, sir, have I met you again? there 's for you. [*Striking* SEBASTIAN.

Seb. Why, there 's for thee, and there, and there: Are all the people mad? [*Beating* Sir ANDREW.

Sir To. Hold, sir, or I 'll throw your dagger o'er the house.

Clo. This will I tell my lady straight: I would not be in some of your coats for two-pence. [*Exit* Clown.

Sir To. Come, on, sir; hold. [*Holding* SEBASTIAN.

Sir And. Nay, let him alone, I 'll go another way to work with him: I 'll have an action of battery against him, if there be any law in Illyria: though I struck him first, yet it 's no matter for that.

Seb. Let go thy hand.

Sir To. Come, sir, I will not let you go. Come, my young soldier, put up your iron: you are well fleshed; come on.

Seb. I will be free from thee. What wouldst thou now? If thou dar'st tempt me further, draw thy sword.

Sir To. What, what? Nay, then I must have an ounce or two of this malapert blood from you. [*Draws.*

Enter OLIVIA.

Oli. Hold, Toby; on thy life, I charge thee, hold.

Sir To. Madam?

Oli. Will it be ever thus? Ungracious wretch,
Fit for the mountains and the barbarous caves,
Where manners ne'er were preach'd! out of my sight!
Be not offended, dear Cesario!—
Rudesby,[5] be gone!—I pr'ythee, gentle friend,
[*Exeunt* Sir TOBY, Sir ANDREW, *and* FABIAN.
Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway
In this uncivil and unjust extent[6]
Against thy peace. Go with me to my house;
And hear thou there how many fruitless pranks
This ruffian hath botch'd up,[7] that thou thereby
May'st smile at this: thou shalt not choose but go;
Do not deny: Beshrew his soul for me,
He started one poor heart of mine in thee.[8]

Seb. What relish is in this? how runs the stream?
Or I am mad, or else this is a dream:—

Let fancy still my sense in Lethe steep;
If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep!

Oli. Nay, come, I pr'ythee: 'Would thou 'dst be rul'd by me!

Seb. Madam, I will.

Oli. O, say so, and so be! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in* Olivia's *House.*

Enter MARIA *and* Clown.

Mar. Nay, I pr'ythee, put on this gown, and this beard; make him believe, thou art Sir Topas the curate;[9] do it quickly: I 'll call Sir Toby the whilst. [*Exit* MARIA.

Clo. Well, I 'll put it on, and I will dissemble myself[10] in 't; and I would I were the first that ever dissembled in such a gown. I am not tall enough[11] to become the function well: nor lean enough to be thought a good student: but to be said, an honest man, and a good housekeeper, goes as fairly, as to say, a careful man, and a great scholar.[12] The competitors enter.[13]

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH *and* MARIA.

Sir To. God bless thee, master parson.

Clo. Bonos dies,[14] sir Toby: for as the old hermit of Prague,[15] that never saw pen and ink, very wittily said to a niece of king Gorboduc,[16] "That, that is, is:"[17] so I, being master parson, am master parson: For what is that, but that? and is, but is?

Sir To. To him, sir Topas.

Clo. What, hoa, I say,—Peace in this prison!

Sir To. The knave counterfeits well; a good knave.

Mal. [*in an inner chamber.*] Who calls there?

Clo. Sir Topas, the curate, who comes to visit Malvolio the lunatic.

Mal. Sir Topas, sir Topas, good sir Topas, go to my lady.

Clo. Out, hyperbolical fiend! how vexest thou this man? talkest thou nothing but of ladies?

Sir To. Well said, master parson.

Mal. Sir Topas, never was man thus wronged: good Sir Topas, do not think I am mad; they have laid me here in hideous darkness.

Clo. Fye, thou dishonest Sathan! I call thee by the most

modest terms: for I am one of those gentle ones, that will use the devil himself with courtesy: Say'st thou, that this house is dark?[18]

Mal. As hell, sir Topas.

Clo. Why, it hath bay-windows,[19] transparent as barricadoes, and the clear-stories[20] toward the south-north are as lustrous as ebony; and yet complainest thou of obstruction?

Mal. I am not mad, sir Topas; I say to you, this house is dark.

Clo. Madman, thou errest: I say, there is no darkness, but ignorance; in which thou art more puzzled, than the Egyptians in their fog.

Mal. I say, this house is as dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as hell; and I say, there was never man thus abused: I am no more mad than you are: make the trial of it in any constant question.[21]

Clo. What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wild-fowl?

Mal. That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird.

Clo. What thinkest thou of his opinion?

Mal. I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve his opinion.

Clo. Fare thee well: Remain thou still in darkness: thou shalt hold the opinion of Pythagoras, ere I will allow of thy wits; and fear to kill a woodcock,[22] lest thou dispossess the soul of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

Mal. Sir Topas, Sir Topas,—

Sir To. My most exquisite Sir Topas!

Clo. Nay, I am for all waters.[23]

Mar. Thou might'st have done this without thy beard and gown; he sees thee not.

Sir To. To him in thine own voice, and bring me word how thou findest him: I would, we were well rid of this knavery. If he may be conveniently delivered, I would he were; for I am now so far in offence with my niece, that I cannot pursue with any safety this sport to the upshot. Come by and by to my chamber. [*Exeunt* SIR TOBY *and* MARIA.

Clo. "Hey Robin, jolly Robin,[24]
Tell me how thy lady does." [*Singing.*

Mal. Fool,—

Clo. "My lady is unkind, perdy."

Mal. Fool,—

Clo. "Alas, why is she so?"

Mal. Fool, I say;—

Clo. "She loves another"—Who calls, ha?

Mal. Good fool, as ever thou wilt deserve well at my hand, help me to a candle, and pen, ink, and paper; as I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for 't.

Clo. Master Malvolio!

Mal. Ay, good fool.

Clo. Alas, sir, how fell you besides your five wits?[25]

Mal. Fool, there was never man so notoriously abused: I am as well in my wits, fool, as thou art.

Clo. But as well? then you are mad, indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool.

Mal. They have here propertied me;[26] keep me in darkness, send ministers to me, asses, and do all they can to face me out of my wits.

Clo. Advise you what you say; the minister is here.—Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wits the heavens restore! endeavour thyself to sleep,[27] and leave thy vain bibble-babble.[28]

Mal. Sir Topas,——

Clo. Maintain no words with him,[29] good fellow.—Who, I, sir? not I, sir. God b' wi' you, good Sir Topas.—Marry, amen.—I will, sir, I will.

Mal. Fool, fool, fool, I say,—

Clo. Alas, sir, be patient. What say you, sir? I am shent for speaking to you.

Mal. Good fool, help me to some light, and some paper; I tell thee, I am as well in my wits as any man in Illyria.

Clo. Well-a-day,—that you were, sir!

Mal. By this hand, I am: Good fool, some ink, paper, and light, and convey what I will set down to my lady; it shall advantage thee more than ever the bearing of letter did.

Clo. I will help you to 't. But tell me true, are you not mad indeed? or do you but counterfeit?[30]

Mal. Believe me, I am not; I tell thee true.

Clo. Nay, I 'll ne'er believe a madman, till I see his brains. I will fetch you light, and paper, and ink.

Mal. Fool, I 'll requite it in the highest degree: I pr'ythee, be gone.

Clo. I am gone, sir,
And anon, sir,
I 'll be with you again.

In a trice,
Like to the old Vice,[31]
Your need to sustain;

Who with dagger of lath,[32]
In his rage and his wrath,
Cries, ah, ha! to the devil:[33]
Like a mad lad,
Pare thy nails, dad,
Adieu, goodman devil.[34] [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—Olivia's *Garden.*

Enter SEBASTIAN.

Seb. This is the air; that is the glorious sun;
This pearl she gave me, I do feel 't, and see 't:
And though 'tis wonder that enwraps me thus,
Yet 'tis not madness. Where 's Antonio, then?
I could not find him at the Elephant:
Yet there he was; and there I found this credit,[35]
That he did range the town to seek me out.
His counsel now might do me golden service;
For though my soul disputes well with my sense,
That this may be some error, but no madness,
Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune
So far exceed all instance, all discourse,
That I am ready to distrust mine eyes,
And wrangle with my reason, that persuades me
To any other trust, but that I am mad,
Or else the lady's mad; yet, if 'twere so,
She could not sway her house, command her followers,
Take, and give back, affairs, and their despatch,
With such a smooth, discreet, and stable bearing,
As, I perceive, she does: there 's something in 't,
That is deceivable. But here the lady comes.

Enter OLIVIA *and a* Priest.

Oli. Blame not this haste of mine: If you mean well,
Now go with me, and with this holy man,
Into the chantry by: there, before him,
And underneath that consecrated roof,

Plight me the full assurance of your faith;
That my most jealous and too doubtful soul
May live at peace: He shall conceal it,
Whiles[36] you are willing it shall come to note,
What time we will our celebration keep
According to my birth.—What do you say?

Seb. I'll follow this good man, and go with you;
And, having sworn truth, ever will be true.

Oli. Then lead the way, good father;—And heavens so shine,[37]
That they may fairly note this act of mine! [*Exeunt.*

Notes to the Fourth Act.

[1] *Vent my folly!*

We have here Shakespeare ridiculing affectations in language. Jonson, in his Volpone, fights by his side in respect of this word: "Pray you what news, sirs, *vents* our climate?"—Act ii. Sc. i.—*Hunter.* In Melvil's Memoirs, p. 198, we have, "My Lord Lindsay *vented* himself that he was one of the number," &c.—*Reed.*

[2] *This great lubber, the world.*

The meaning of this passage appears to be, I am afraid the whole of the large world will be infected with foppery and affectation, in other words, will prove a cockney. "The clown is speaking of *vent* as an affected word; and we should therefore read "this great *lubberly word* will prove a cockney," i. e., will turn out to be cockney language," Douce; but, as Mr. Singer observes, the personification adds to the humour, and was evidently intended.

[3] *Foolish Greek.*

Terms, like Greek or Trojan, were employed in familiar language in a variety of senses which are only to be distinguished by the context. "Foolish Greek," observes Malone, means nothing more than foolish jester; *pergræcor* is translated by Coles, to revel, to play the merry *Greek* or boon companion. "Merry Greek" is a very common expression, and is the name of a character in the play of Ralph Roister Doister. "A rare ingenuous odde merry Greeke, who, as I have heard, hath translated my Piers Pennilesse into the macaronicall tongue," Nash's Have With You to Saffron Walden, 1596. Theobald unnecessarily proposed to alter *Greek* to *geck.*

The host had bene a mad Greeke; mary, he could now speake nothing but English; a goodly fat burger he was, with a belly arching out like a beere-barrell, which made his legges (that were thicke and short, like two piles driven under London-bridge) to stradle halfe as wide as the toppe of Powles, which, upon my knowledge, hath bene burnt twice or thrice.—*Decker's Wonderfull Yeare*, 1603.

[4] *A good report after fourteen years' purchase.*

That is, purchase a good report at a very extravagant price. I can see no

probability in Warburton's imagination, that this is intended as a satire on monopolies, in virtue of which the sense is degraded into an idle quibble.—*Heath.* Man that buys good report, buys a thing only for life: for even a great man's memory would not outlive his body six months, as Hamlet says, unless he builds churches. Now to give such a purchase for such a chattel may be considered as a top-price: but he that buys this of a fool's hands, goes so much above the market that he gives after the rate of fourteen years' purchase.—*Theobald.* I will not give more than according to *fifteen* years' purchase, said a dying usurer to a clergyman who advised him to study for a purchase of the kingdom of heaven.—*Tollet.* It has been alleged, that, as fourteen years' purchase was in our dramatist's time the highest price for land, the clown may mean, it is bought at its utmost value. Sir Josiah Child, in his Discourse on Trade, says, "certainly anno 1621, the current price of lands in England was *twelve* years' purchase; and so I have been assured by many ancient men whom I have questioned particularly as to this matter; and I find it so by purchases made about that time by my own relations and acquaintance." Sir Thomas Culpepper, senior, who wrote in 1621, affirms, "that land was then at *twelve* years' purchase."—*Reed.*

[5] *Rudesby, be gone!*

As he which is ceremonious may be thought to be a dissembler, so he which is not so, may be taken to be a clowne, a *rudesby*, or a contemner of others.—*The Civile Conversation of M. Stephen Guazzo, by Pettie*, 1586.

[6] *In this uncivil and unjust extent.*

Mr. Knight thinks that *extent* may here be used in the sense of *stretch;* as we say, a *stretch* of power or violence. "*Extent* is, in law, a writ of execution, whereby goods are seized for the King. It is therefore taken here for *violence* in general," Johnson.

[7] *This ruffian hath botch'd up.*

Botch'd up is a metaphor taken from the employment of a botcher, who sets patches on old worn-out cloaths. The sense is, how many fruitless pranks this ruffian hath been obliged to make satisfaction for, at the expense of his fortune and reputation. I can see no sense in Warburton's interpretation, swelled or inflamed, from a botch or boil.—*Heath.* A similar expression occurs in Antony and Cleopatra: "——if you'll *patch* a quarrel,—As matter whole, you've not to make it with." Again, in King Henry V.:—"Do *botch* and bungle up damnation."—*Steevens.*

[8] *He started one poor heart of mine in thee.*

I know not whether here be not an ambiguity intended between *heart* and *hart.* The sense, however, is easy enough. "He that offends thee, attacks one of my hearts," or, as the ancients expressed it, "half my heart."—*Johnson.*

Malone observes that *heart*, in our author's time, was frequently written *hart*, and that Shakespeare delights in playing on these words. This is certainly true; yet I am persuaded that no quibble was here intended; but that the equivocal word suggested to the unconscious poet a term which was allied to one of its significations. It is here extremely worthy of the reader's observation, that the poet will be sometimes entangled in the dangers of a petty quibble, or betrayed into the quaint application of a familiar expression by the same association, which on another occasion will supply him with the most poetical ideas, and suggest the most delicate touches of metaphorical imagery.—*Whiter.*

[9] *Thou art sir Topas the curate.*

The title of *sir* was one formerly applied to priests and curates in general;

for this reason: *dominus*, the academical title of a bachelor of arts, was usually rendered by *sir* in English, at the Universities: so that a bachelor, who in the books stood *Dominus* Brown, was in conversation called *Sir* Brown. This was in use in some colleges even in my memory. Therefore, as most clerical persons had taken that first degree, it became usual to style them *sir*.—*Nares*. In Shakespeare's time, and for a long period before, the title was attached to the Christian name, and other explanations of its origin have been given. A good example of the custom is seen in the annexed engraving by Mr. Fairholt of a brass to the memory of Esmound de Burnedissh, in Brundish church, Suffolk, in which he is styled *Sire* and described as Parson of the Church at Caister. It is of the period of Edward III. In the account of the Bridge Wardens of Stratford-on-Avon, March 27th, 5 Edw. VI. occurs, "Item, payd to Parcar and *Syr* Nycholes, ij. *s.* j. *d.*,"MS. "And, instead of a faithfull and painefull teacher, they hire a *Sir John*, who hath better skill in playing at tables, or in keeping a garden, then in God's word," Latimer. "*Sinne*. I pray thee what is thy name? Art thou either vicar or parson?—*Sir Laurence*. Sir Laurence Livingles, without either living or mansion.—*Sinne*. In faith, Sir Laurence, I think you must play the carter, or else you must be a hedge priest, beggers to marie.—*All for Money*. Do not fear, my priest, for wanting of any living; my chaplin thou shalt be, for here I do thee make. A benefice thou shalt have, none shall from thee it take,"—All for Money, 1578. In the will of a Norfolk Clergyman, dated 1579, he calls himself *Sir* George Morley. In the register of the parish, a few years afterwards, he is called "*Mr.* Morley, late Rector." An inventory dated 1608, in MS. in the Council Chamber of Stratford-on-Avon, was taken "by the discretyon of *Syr* Wyllyam Gilbard minister, and Mr. John Sadler." So, in Wily Beguiled: "—— Sir John cannot tend to it at evening prayer; for there comes a company of players to town on Sunday in the afternoon, and Sir John is so good a fellow, that I know he'll scarce leave their company, to say evening prayer." Again: "We'll all go to church together, and so save Sir John a labour."

Nowe ther were too Bachelors of Arte that were too of his chife benefactors; the one of them was *Sir* Thornbury, that after was bishope of Limerike, and he was of Magdalen College; the other was *Sir* Pinckney his cossine of St. Mary Halle.—*Diary of Simon Forman*.

Sir seems to have been a title formerly appropriated to such of the inferior clergy as were only *Readers* of the service, and not admitted to be preachers, and therefore were held in the lowest estimation; as appears from a remarkable passage in Machell's MS. Collections for the History of Westmoreland and Cumberland, in six volumes, folio, preserved in the Dean and Chapter's library at Carlisle. The reverend Thomas Machell, author of the Collections, lived temp. Car. II. Speaking of the little chapel of Martindale in the mountains of Westmoreland and Cumberland, the writer says, "There is little remarkable in or about it, but a

neat chapel-yard, which by the peculiar care of the old Reader, *Sir* Richard, is kept clean, and as neat as a bowling-green. Within the limits of myne own memory all *Readers* in chapels were called *Sirs*, and of old have been writ so; whence, I suppose, such of the laity as received the noble order of knighthood being called *Sirs* too, for distinction sake had *Knight* writ after them; which had been superfluous, if the title *Sir* had been peculiar to them. But now this *Sir* Richard is the only Knight Templar (if I may so call him) that retains the old style, which in other places is much laid aside, and grown out of use."—*Percy*.

The prefix Dominus, *Sir*, is the ancient, and still existing, title of a Bachelor of Arts. In the Buttery, or weekly account books of the present day, at Colleges and Halls of Oxford, the list of bachelors is given as Ds. (*i.e.* Dominus or Sir) Williams; Ds. or Sir Jones: Ds. or Sir Warren, &c., &c. The Masters are entered as Mr. (*i. e.* Magister) A. B. C. D., &c. Both titles are strictly academical; they have no reference to ordination.—*Anon.*

And sundry other Heathen nations had their *priests* instead of princes, as Kings to governe, as Presbiter John is at this present: and to this day the high Courts of Parliament in England do consist by ancient custome of calling to that honorable Court of the Lords spirituall and temporall, understood by the Lords spirituall, the Archbishops and Bishops, as the most ancient invested Barrons, and some of them Earles and others Graces of this land, and therefore alwaies first in place next under our Soveraigne King, Queene, Emperor and Empresse, Lord and Lady, for there is no difference of sexe in Regall Majesty. This being so, and that by the lawes armoriall, civill, and of armes, a *priest* in his place in civill conversation is alwayes before any Esquire, as being *a Knights fellow* by his holy orders: and the third of the three *syrs*, which only were in request of old (no Barron, Vicount, Earle nor Marquesse being then in use) to wit, *Sir* King, *Sir* Knight, and *Sir Priest;* this word *Dominus* in Latine being a nowne substantive common to them all, as *Dominus* meus Rex, *Dominus* meus Joab, *Dominus Sacerdos:* and afterwards when honors began to take their subordination one under another, and titles of princely dignity to be hereditarie to succeeding posterity, which hapned upon the fall of the Romane Empire, then *Dominus* was in Latine applied to all noble and generous harts, even from the King to the meanest *Priest* or temporall person of gentle bloud, coate-armor perfect, and ancetry. But *Sir* in English was restraind to these foure, *Sir* Knight, *Sir Priest*, *Sir* Graduate, and in common speech *Sir* Esquire: so as alwayes since distinction of titles were, *Sir Priest* was ever the second. And, if a *Priest* or Graduate be a Doctor of Divinity or Preacher allowed, then is his place before any ordinary Knight; if higher advanced and authorised, then doth his place allow him a congie with esteeme to be had of him accordingly.—*A Decacordon of Ten Quodlibeticall Questions concerning Religion and State*, &c., *Newly imprinted*, 1602, p. 53.

The question whether priests were formerly knights in consequence of being called *sir*, still remains to be decided. Examples that those of the *lower* class were so called are very numerous: and hence it may be fairly inferred that *they* at least were not knights, nor is there perhaps a single instance of the order of knighthood being conferred upon ecclesiastics of any degree. Having casually, however, met with a note in Dyer's Reports, which seems at first view not only to contain some authority for the custom of *knighting priests* by abbots, in consequence of a charter granted to the abbot of Reading for that purpose, but likewise the opinion of two learned judges, founded thereupon, that priests *were anciently knights*, I have been induced to enter a little more fully upon this discussion, and to examine the validity of those opinions. The extract from Dyer is a marginal note in p. 216. B. in the following words: "Trin. 3 Jac Blanc le Roy Holcraft and Gibbons, cas Popham dit que il ad view un ancient charter grant al Abbot de Reading

per Roy d'Angliterre, *a fair knight*, sur que son conceit fuit que l'Abbot fait, *ecclesiastical persons*, *knights*, d'illonque come a luy le nosmes de Sir John and Sir Will. que est done al ascun Clerks a cest jour fuit derive quel opinion Coke Attorney-General applaud disont que fueront milites cælestes et milites terrestres." It is proper to mention here that all the reports have been diligently searched for this case of Holcraft and Gibbons, in hopes of finding some further illustration, but without success. The charter then above-mentioned appears upon further enquiry to have been the foundation charter of Reading Abbey, and to have been granted by Henry I. in 1125. The words of it referred to by Chief Justice Popham, and upon which he founded his opinion, are as follow: "Nec faciat milites nisi in sacra veste Christi, in qua parvulos suscipere modeste caveat. Maturos autem seu discretos tam *clericos* quam laicos provide suscipiat." This passage is likewise cited by Selden in his notes upon Eadmer, p. 206, and, to illustrate the word *clericos*, he refers to Mathew Paris for an account of a priest called John Gatesdene, who was created a knight by Henry III., but not until after he had resigned all his benefices, as he ought to have done, says the historian, who in another place, relating the disgrace of Peter de Rivallis, Treasurer to Henry III., (see p. 405, edit. 1640,) has clearly shown how incompatible it was that the clergy should bear arms, as the profession of a knight required; and, as a further proof, may be added the well known story related by the same historian, of Richard I. and the warlike Bishop of Beauvais. I conceive that the word *clericos* refers to such of the clergy who should apply for the order of knighthood under the usual restriction of quitting their former profession; and from Selden's note upon the passage, it may be collected that this was his own opinion; or it may possibly allude to those particular knights who were considered as religious or ecclesiastical, such as the knights of the order of St. John of Jerusalem, concerning whom see Ashmole's Order of the Garter, p. 49, 51. With respect to the custom of ecclesiastics conferring the order of knighthood, it certainly prevailed in this country before the conquest, as appears from Ingulphus, and was extremely disliked by the Normans; and therefore at a council held at Westminster in the third year of Henry I. it was ordained, "Ne Abbates faciant milites." See Eadmeri Hist. 68. and Selden's note, p. 207. However, it appears that, notwithstanding this prohibition, which may at the same time serve to show the great improbability that the order of knighthood was conferred *upon* ecclesiastics, some of the ceremonies at the creation of knights still continued to be performed by abbots, as the taking the sword from the altar, &c. which may be seen at large in Selden's Titles of Honour, part ii. chap. v. and Dugd. Warw. 531, and accordingly this charter, which is dated twenty-three years after the council at Westminster, amongst other things directs the abbot, "*Nec faciat milites* nisi in sacra veste Christi," &c. Lord Coke's acquiescence in Popham's opinion is founded upon a similar misconception, and his quaint remark "que fueront milites cælestes et milites terrestres," can only excite a smile. The marginal quotation from Fuller's Church History, b. vi. p. 352, "Moe sirs than knights," certainly means—"that these Sirs were not knights," and Fuller accounts for the title by supposing them ungraduated priests. Before I dismiss this comment upon the opinions of the learned judges, I am bound to observe that Popham's opinion is also referred to, but in a very careless manner, in Godbold's Reports, p. 399, in these words: "Popham once Chief Justice of this court said that he had seen a commission directed unto a bishop to knight all the *parsons* within his diocese, and that was the cause they were called *Sir* John, *Sir* Thomas, and so they continued to be called until the reign of Elizabeth." The idea of knighting all the parsons in a diocese is too ludicrous to need a serious refutation; and the inaccuracy of the assertion, that the title *Sir* lasted till the reign of Elizabeth, thereby implying that it then ceased,

is sufficiently obvious, not only from the words of Popham in the other quotation "que est done al ascuns clerks *cest jour*," but from the proof given by Sir John Hawkins of its existence at a much later period. Having thus, I trust, refuted the opinion that the title of *Sir* was given to priests in consequence of their being *knights*, I shall venture to account for it in another manner. This custom then was most probably borrowed from the French, amongst whom the title *Domnus* is often appropriated to ecclesiastics, more particularly to the Benedictines, Carthusians, and Cistercians. It appears to have been originally a title of honour and respect, and was perhaps, at first, in this kingdom as in France, applied to particular orders, and became afterwards general as well among the secular as the regular clergy. The reason of preferring *Domnus* to *Dominus* was, that the latter belonged to the Supreme Being, and the other was considered as a subordinate title, according to an old verse:—Cœlestem Dominum, terrestrem dicito Domnum. Hence, *Dom*, *Damp*, *Dan*, *Sire*, and, lastly, *Sir;* for authorities are not wanting to show that all these titles were given to ecclesiastics.—*Douce.*

[10] *I will dissemble myself in 't.*

Dissemble, that is, disguise. Shakespeare has here used a Latinism. "*Dissimulo*, to dissemble, to *cloak*, to hide," says Hutton's Dictionary, 1583. And Ovid, speaking of Achilles—"Veste virum longa *dissimulatus* erat."—*Singer.*

[11] *I am not tall enough to become the function well.*

"Not tall enough," perhaps means "not of sufficient height to overlook a pulpit." Dr. Farmer would read *fat* instead of *tall*, the former of these epithets, in his opinion, being referable to the following words—"a good housekeeper."—*Steevens.* It is scarcely necessary to observe that the word *tall* is here used in the common old sense of, courageous, bold. Tyrwhitt suggested to read *pale.*

[12] *A careful man, and a great scholar.*

This refers to what went before: "I am not tall enough to become the function well, nor lean enough to be thought a good student:" it is plain then Shakespeare wrote:—"as to say a *graceful* man," *i. e.*, comely.—*Warburton.* A *careful* man, I believe, means a man who has such a regard for his character, as to intitle him to ordination.—*Steevens.*

[13] *The competitors enter.*

That is, the confederates or associates. The word *competitor* is used in the same sense in Richard III. and in the Two Gentlemen of Verona.—*Mason.*

[14] *Bonos dies.*

That is, good day. The expression, *bonos noches*, a corruption of *buenos noches*, good night, in Spanish, is more common. "Ah, my fine puneks, good night, Franke, frailtie, fraile a Fraile-Hall! Bonus noches, my *ubiquitari*," Marston's Dutch Courtezan. "If he will no die, I sal give him such a drincke, such a potion sall make him give de bonos noches to all de world," Englishmen for my Money. "You that fish for dace and roches,—Carpes or tenches, *bonus noches*," Llewellyn's Men Miracles.

[15] *The old hermit of Prague.*

Not the celebrated heresiarch Jerome of Prague, but another of that name born likewise at Prague, and called *the hermit of Camaldoli* in Tuscany.—*Douce.*

[16] *To a niece of King Gorboduc.*

The opinion of things is the measure of their value, as was wisely said of a neece of King Gorbudukes. Know then, that if another then the coronet had

received this script, he would not perchance have valued it so highly.—*Suckling's Letters*, 1659.

[17] *That, that is, is.*

This is a very humorous banter of the rules established in the schools, that all reasonings are *ex præcognitis et præconcessis*, which lay the foundation of every science in these maxims, "whatsoever is, is; and it is impossible for the same thing to be and not to be;" with much trifling of the like kind.—*Warburton.*

[18] *That this house is dark.*

The word *this*, which is not in the old copies, seems to be essential. Malone thus explains the original text,—"That mansion, in which you are now confined. The Clown gives this pompous appellation to the small room in which Malvolio, we may suppose, was confined, to exasperate him. The word *it* in the Clown's next speech plainly means Malvolio's chamber, and confirms this interpretation." The Clown seems rather to refer to the dark-house or mad-house. A darkened room was sometimes called a dark-house.

A sprite apering to Jhon and him, when they sate upon devision of the lands, in likeness of a bere, and therewith Peter fell out of his wits, and was tyed in a *dark house* and beat out his brains against a post, and Jhon stabed himself all on St. Marks dai.—*MS. Ashmol.* 236.

In the beginning, therefore, of the cure, if neither age, nor state of the bodie, nor time of the yeare do let it, you must cut the veine of the hams or of the ankles, if the inflammation came not after abortion, or great voyding of bloud. Afterward you shall place the sicke in a *darke house*, which is moderately warme, bidding her to be quiet, and prohibiting all moving from her legges.—*Barrough's Method of Physick*, 1624.

[19] *It hath bay-windows.*

A *bay-window*, a large window; probably so called, because it occupied the whole *bay*. It projected outwards, occasionally in a semi-circular form, and hence arose the corrupted expression bow-window. The bay-window, however, was oftener in a rectangular or polygonal form. "Item, payed for makyng of the bay wyndow, iiij.*s.* iiij.*d.*," MS. Accounts, 1442. "Enhaunged all thre with riche and costely clothes of Arras; celyd, whightlymyd, and chekeryd, as the closet was before discryvyd with their goodly bay windowes glasid set out," MS. Account of Henry VII.'s palace at Richmond. "Item, for ij. stoylls and vj. stancons for a bay window," Churchwarden's Accounts of St. Michael, York, 1530. Chaucer, in the Assemblie of Ladies, mentions *bay-windows*. Again, in King Henry the Sixth's Directions for Building the Hall at King's College, Cambridge: "— on every side thereof a *baie-window*." See Minsheu's Dict. in v.: "A *bay-window*, —because it is builded in manner of a baie or rode for shippes, that is, round. L. *Cavæ fenestræ*. G. Une fenestre sort anthors de la maison." Phillips has, "*Bay window*, a term in architecture, a window that boundeth out in a round form." Bay-windows are frequently mentioned in the old dramatists as retiring-places for confidential conversations, and for other purposes.

So, in Cynthia's Revels, by Ben Jonson, 1600: "—— retired myself into a *bay-window*," &c. Again, in Stowe's Chronicle of King Henry IV.:—"As Tho. Montague rested him at a *bay-window*, a gun was levell'd," &c. Again, in Middleton's Women beware Women:

> 'Tis a sweet recreation for a gentlewoman
> To stand in a *bay-window*, and see gallants.

Again, in A Chast Mayd in Cheape-side, by Middleton, 1630, p. 62,—

In troth a match, wench:
We are simply stock't with cloath of tissue, cussions,
To furnish out *bay windows.*

So, in a small black-letter book, entitled, Beware the Cat, 1584, written by Maister Streamer:—"I was lodged in a chamber, which had a faire *bay-window* opening into the garden." So in Heywood the Epigrammatist:

All Newgate windowes, *bay-windows* they be,
All lookers out there stand at *bay* we see.—*Steevens.*

We have the authority of an old dictionary for asserting that a *bay-window* meant also a balcony. In the English part of Coles' Dictionary we find "a bay-window, *menianum;*" and in the Latin, *menianum* is translated a balcony, or gallery.—*Meniana* were called from Menius a Roman, who invented them. See *Festus*, and *Vossius*, Etym. Ling. Lat. Minsheu confirms the interpretation of Coles, translating it L. *Menianum*, I. *Balcone*, G. *Une saillie, ou projet de maison*, T. *Ein arkel*, ob formam; which comes very near to our present expression of *bow*-window. So again, *Balcone, qui balza fuora.* See him both in *bay* and *window.* Thus the word served at times in both senses. Cotgrave adheres to the more common signification, translating *bay-window*, "Grande fenestre de bois, de charpenterie."—*Nares.*

The original of the word *bay*-window is this: the French masons call that aperture in a house which is left for the door or a window a *baie.* Now, in meaning one of these sort of windows called a *bay*-window, the way originally was to leave only a simple aperture in the wall, and the window was made afterwards with planks projected out. Other windows were put in as the house was building. Therefore, to distinguish these two kinds of windows, the first was called a *bay-window.—Anon.*

[20] *And the clear-stories towards the south-north.*

"*Clear-story*, an upper story or row of windows in a Gothic church, tower, or other erection rising clear above the adjoining parts of the building. In churches it appears to have been adopted as a means of obtaining an increase of light in the body of the building, but the windows are not unfrequently so small that they serve this purpose very imperfectly," Parker. This term seems to have been used in a variety of ways for any method of admitting light into the upper parts of a building. It appears from Holme that *clearstory windows* are those which have "no transum or cross-piece in the middle of them to break the same into two lights," the meaning employed by Shakespeare. "Clarestorie wyndowe, *fenestrenula*," Huloet's Abcedarium, 1552. There can be little doubt but that the word was used, in Shakespeare's time, for any narrow bay or section of a window which admitted light over head. Thus, in a document at Stationers' Hall, dated 1602,—"In yche chamber is a chymney and in the Est chamber a glasse wyndowe with ij. clere-storyes." The Clown is bantering Malvolio, and, by way of telling him how very light the room is, says it has not only bay-windows, but excellent lights in the upper part of the room. The reading of ed. 1632, *clear stones*, certainly conveys a sense, but less humorous than the one here adopted. *Cleere stores*, ed. 1623.

Wherupon a iij. thousand werkmen was werkynge iiij. monethes to make it so grete in quantyté, so statly, and all with *clere-story* lyghtys, lyk a lantorne, the roffis garnyshed with sarsnettys and buddys of golde, and borderyd over all the aras over longe to dysturbe the rychnes therof.—*Arnold's Chronicle.*

Bay wyndowes on every syde myxed with *clere stories*, curiously glased; the postes or monyelles of every wyndow was gylte.—*Hall, Henry VIII*, fol. 73.

[21] *Make the trial of it in any constant question.*

Constant, determinate, well-considered. "She knowes me, and this *constant* accident subscribes to 't," History of the Two Maids of More-clacke, 1609.

[22] *And fear to kill a woodcock.*

The Clown mentions a *woodcock* particularly, because that bird was supposed to have very little brains, and therefore was a proper ancestor for a man out of his wits.—*Malone.*

[23] *Nay, I am for all waters.*

I can turn my hand to anything; I can assume any character I please; like a fish, I can swim equally well in all waters. Montaigne, speaking of Aristotle, says that "he hath *an oar in every water*, and meddleth with all things," Florio's translation, 1603. In Florio's Second Fruites, 1591, is an expression more nearly resembling that of the text: "I am a *knight for all saddles.*" In Nashe's Lenten Stuffe, p. 27, we have almost the language of the text: "Hee is first broken to the sea in the herringman's skiffe or cockboate, where having learned *to brooke all waters* and drinke as he can out of a tarrie canne," &c. Another critic explains it a cloak for all kinds of knavery; taken from the Italian proverb, *Tu hai mantillo da ogni acqua.* It appears from a passage in Decker's Honest Whore, 1615, that the Italian proverb had been adopted in English: "O my lord, these *cloaks* are not for *this rain.*"—*Malone.*

According to Heywood, one of the phrases applicable to a drunkard was, "one that can relish all waters," that is, drink anything. It has been conjectured that there is an allusion, in the passage in the text, to the term *water*, as used by jewellers, with a reference to the name *Topaz*, a jewel. Another conjecture is that the proverbial phrase originated from a passage in Isaiah,—"Blessed are ye that sow beside all waters."

[24] *Hey, Robin, jolly Robin.*

The original of this song is preserved in a MS. containing poems by Sir Thomas Wyatt, and is entitled, "The careful Lover complaineth, and the happy Lover counselleth."

A Robyn,—Jolly Robyn,
Tell me how thy leman doeth,—And thou shalt knowe of myn.
My lady is unkyinde, perde.—Alack! why is she so?
She loveth an other better than me:—And yet she will say, no.
Response.—I fynde no such doubleness:—I fynde women true.
My lady loveth me dowtles,—And will change for no newe.
Le Plaintif.—Thou art happy while that doeth last;—But I say, as I fynde,
That woman's love is but a blast,—And torneth with the wynde.
Response.—But if thou wilt avoyde thy harme—Lerne this lesson of me,
At others fieres thy selfe to warme,—And let them warme with the.
Le Plaintif.—Suche folkes can take no harme by love,—That can abide their torn.
But I, alas, can no way prove—In love but lake and morn.

Dr. Farmer suggested that the first verse of this song should be printed as follows,—"Hey, jolly Robin, tell to me—How does thy lady do?—My lady is unkind, perdy.—Alas, why is she so?" According to Mr. Singer, the air to which it was sung is to be found in the Cithern Schoole by Anthony Holborne, 1597. In the Musicall Dreame, composed by Robert Jones, fol. Lond. 1609, is a ballad of Robin Hood, part of the burden of which is,—"Hey jolly Robin." In an old MS. at Edinburgh is a series of fragments worked into a medley, amongst which is the following,—"Jolly Robin, Goe to the greenwood, to thy lemman."

This song seems to be alluded to in the following passage of the Merchandises of Popish Priests, 4to. 1629, sign. F 2:—"There is no one so lively and jolly as St. Mathurine. I can best describe you this arch singer, by such common phrase as we use of him whom we see very lively and pleasantly disposed, we say this, *His head is full of jolly Robbins.*"—*Reed.*

If a citizen come to borrow, my friend, quoth he, you must keepe day; I am glad to helpe young men without harming myselfe: then paying him out the mony, and receiving his assurance, he casts *Jolly Robbins* in his head how to cousin the simple fellow.—*Lodge's Wits Miserie*, 1596, p. 28.

It may be worth notice that in the medieval English tale of King Edward and the Shepherd, MS. Cantab. Ff. v. 48, the Shepherd calls the King, whose real station he is ignorant of, "joly Robyne."

[25] *How fell you besides your five wits?*

There were two series of the "five wits," those which related to the senses, and those which comprehended the intellectual powers. The latter, here alluded to, are given in Hawes's poem called Graunde Amoure, ch. xxiv. edit. 1554; it appears that the *five wits* were—"common wit, imagination, fantasy, estimation, and memory." *Wit* in our author's time, observes Malone, was the general term for the intellectual power. "Frightened out of one's wits" is a vernacular expression, still in common use, the word *wits* being used in the same sense as in the passage in the text. "You speake probably; but me thinkes, though men at that time had been so farre bewitched and distract of their *five wits*, as they could not have knowne a man from a woman," Cooke's Pope Joane, a Dialogue. Shakespeare, in the Sonnets, speaks of the *five wits* as distinct from the *five senses*, meaning, by the former phrase, the intellectual senses. "He ȝef Adam Eve to byne is wyfe,—To helpen hyme he ȝef hyme *is wyttes fyfe*,—To dele the evyll fro the goode,—ȝef he hem wel understode," Castle of Love. "Ac water i-kest another love—Cristneth the man alyve,—Ac hit his sikerest in the heeved—Ther beth the wittes fyve," Poems of William de Shoreham. A symbolical character, called the Five Wits, is introduced into the old moral-play of Every Man, n. d. "And remembre beaute, *v. wyttes*, strength, and discrecion—They all at last do every man forsake," ibid. "Bless thy five wits! Tom's a-cold," Lear.

I comforte the *wyttys five*,—The *tastying*, *smelling*, and *herynge*,—I refresh the *sighte* and *felynge*,—To all creatures alyve.—*Fyve Elements*, an Interlude.

Sensus hominis be the Latin wordes. In Greke it is named *Esthisis anthropon*. In English it is named the sences or the wyttes of man. And there be v. which be to say, hearing, feeling, seeing, smelling, and tasting, and these sences may be thus devided, in naturall, anymall, and ractionall. The naturall sences be in all the members of man the which hath any feeling. The animall sences be the eyes, the tongue, the eares, the smelling, and all thinges perteyning unto an unreasonable beast. The ractional sences consisteth in reason, the which doeth make a man or woman a reasonable beaste, which by reason may revyle unreasonable beastes, and all other thinges being under his dominion. And this is the soule of man, for by reason every man created doeth know his Creatour, which is onely God, that created all thinges of nothinge. Man thus created of God doeth not dyffer from a beast, but that the one is reasonable, which is man, and the other is unreasonable, the which is every beast, foule, fishe, and worme. And for as much as dayly we doe see and have in experience, that the most part of reasonable beastes which is man doeth decay in theyr memory, and be oblivious, necessary it is to knowe the cause, and so consequently to have a remedy.—*Borde's Breviarye of Health*, 1575.

[26] *They have here propertied me.*

They have taken possession of me, as of a man unable to look to himself.—*Johnson.* "I am too high-born to be *propertied*,—To be a secondary at control," King John.

[27] *Endeavour thyself to sleep.*

He did this to this intent, that the whole clergy, in the mean space, might apply themselves to prayer, not doubting but that all his loving subjects would occupy themselves to God's honour, and so endeavour themselves that they may be more ready.—*Heylin, Hist. of the Reform., from an Act passed in Edward VI.'s Reign*, 1548.

The devil, with no less diligence, endeavoureth himself to let and stop our prayers.—*Latimer's Sermons.*

He *endevored himself* to answer the expectation of his people, which hoped for great welth to ensue by his noble and prudent governance.—*Holinshed*, 1577.

It seemeth very requisite, that he doe also some thing more then that which of right apperteincs to him; wherefore hee must not onely *endevour himselfe* diligently to satisfie his owne charge or place, but to imploy himselfe withall in some other things, whereby the prince may make conjecture of the courtiers love, and incessant will to doe him service.—*Blount's Ars Aulica*, 1607.

[28] *And leave thy vain bibble-babble.*

——they are but dyble dable:
I marvell ye can abyd suche byble bable.—*Bale's Kynge Johan*, p. 7.

And though memorie might the nombre have conteind,
Yet was all confused so in such *bibble babble.*
Heywood's Spider and Flie, 1556.

But weare it so or not, I forgive it thee
In all this *bybble-babble* had here this daie.—*Ibid.*

What is logicke but the highe waie to wrangling, contayning in it a world of *bibble-babble?* Neede we anie of your Greeke, Latine, Hebrue, or anie such gibbrige, when wee have the word of God in English?—*An Almond for a Parrat*, n. d.

Goe to, come hether; I will forgive thee, if thou wilt become an honest man, and cast idlenes, slouthfulnes, and thy *bible bable* aside.—*Florio's Second Frutes*, 1591.

When we called for a bible, they fell a laughing at it, and said, "Reach them the bibble-babble, bibble-babble:" it went round in their mouths from one to another, and continued with many other scornings and filthy speeches that we could not bereave them of it.—*More's Discourse*, 1600, ap. Hunter.

For God's sake now give o're your *bibble-babble.*—*Billingsly's Brachy-Martyrologia*, 1657, p. 203.

Thou else would'st have more wit, or shame,
Than thus indifferently to blame,
With thy eternal *bibble babble*,
What 's ill, with what is commendable.
Burlesque upon Burlesque, 1675.

Both perhaps vex'd, but neither able
To rend'r 'emselves intelligible;
So their talk pass'd for *bibble babble.*
Ward's Hudibras Redivivus, Part 5, 1706.

[29] *Maintain no words with him.*

Here the Clown in the dark acts two persons, and counterfeits, by variation of voice, a dialogue between himself and Sir Topas.—*I will, sir, I will,* is spoken after a pause, as if, in the mean time, Sir Topas had whispered.—*Johnson.*

[30] *Are you not mad indeed? or do you but counterfeit?*

If he was not mad, what did he counterfeit by declaring that he was not mad? The fool, who meant to insult him, I think, asks, "are you mad, or do you but counterfeit?" That is, "you look like a madman, you talk like a madman; is your madness real, or have you any secret design in it?" This, to a man in poor Malvolio's state, was a severe taunt.—*Johnson.*

The meaning of this passage appears to me to be this. Malvolio had assured the Clown that he was as well in his senses as any man in Illyria; and the Clown in reply asks him this provoking question: "Is it true that you are really not mad?" that is, that you are really in your right senses, or do you only pretend to be so?—*M. Mason.*

Dr. Johnson, in my apprehension, misinterprets the words, "do you but counterfeit?" They surely mean, "do you but counterfeit *madness*," or, in other words, "assume the appearance of a madman, though not one." Our author ought, I think, to have written either, "—are you *mad* indeed, *or* do you but counterfeit?" or else, "—are you *not* mad indeed, *and* do you but counterfeit?" But I do not suspect any corruption; for the last I have no doubt was what he *meant*, though he has not expressed his meaning accurately. He is often careless in such minute matters.—*Malone.*

The reading may stand, and the sense continue such as it is given in the note. An anonymous correspondent is of a contrary opinion, and thinks the Clown means, —Are you really mad, or pretend to be in your sober senses in order to get out of this confinement?—*Steevens.*

Shakespeare made him talk nonsense in character. The question means, Are you really in your senses, or do you but act as tho' you were? As tho' a mad man could counterfeit a wise man! Absurd, but highly in character!—*Pinkerton.*

[31] *Like to the old Vice.*

"The *vice* was the fool of the old moralities. He was grotesquely dressed in a cap with ass's ears, a long coat, and a dagger of lath. One of his chief employments was to make sport with the devil, leaping on his back and belabouring him with his dagger, till he made him roar. The devil, however, always carried him off in the end. The moral was, that sin, which has the courage to make very merry with the devil, and is allowed by him to take very great liberties, must finally become his prey," Nares. The Vice was generally the personification of a vice or sin, such as Fraud, Covetousness, Vanity, and Iniquity, but sometimes he appeared in another character, as in the play of the Tyde Taryeth no Man, 1576, where "Courage the Vice" is one of the characters. The different characters assumed by the Vice are thus enumerated in Ben Jonson's Devil is an Ass,—

> Prove me but for a fortnight, for a weeke,
> And lend me but a Vice, to carry with me,
> To practice there with any play-fellow,
> And, you will see, there will come more upon't,
> Then you 'll imagine, pretious Chiefe. *Sat.* What Vice?
> What kinde wouldst th' have it of? *Pug.* Why, any *Fraud*,
> Or *Covetousnesse*, or Lady *Vanity*;
> Or old *Iniquity*: I'll call him hither.

To which Iniquity replies in the following speech,—

> What is he, calls upon me, and would seem to lack a Vice?
> Ere his words be halfe spoken, I am with him in a trice;
> Here, there, and every where, as the cat is with the mice:
> True *vetus iniquitas*. Lack'st thou cards, friend, or dice?
> I will teach thee cheat, child, to cog, lye, and swagger,
> And ever and anon, to be drawing forth thy dagger:
> To sweare by Gogs-nownes, like a lusty Juventus,
> In a cloake to thy heele, and a hat like a pent-house.

In this play, Iniquity, the Vice, at the command of Satan, the great Devil, takes up Pug, the less Devil, on his back, to bear him off; and says,

> The *devil* was wont to carry away the *evil*,
> But now the *evil* out-carries the *devil*.

A plain allusion to the usual catastrophe, or, as we now modishly say, denouement, of the old moralities; wherein Death or the Devil, whichever he happened to be called, constantly carried off the Vice, Evil, Fool, Clown, or whatever else the buffoon character might be denominated. Dr. Johnson says the modern Punch in puppet-shews is descended from the Vice or Fool. I am entirely of that opinion; having often, in my childhood, seen the *moralities* of Bartholomew-Fair; with many a hard-fought battle between Punch and the Devil, those doughty heroes of the Smithfield-drama: but I could not help thinking that the Devil had not fair play; for Punch's wife, Joan, used to lend her assistance; and, with a tongue like a larum, and a wooden ladle, scold and buffet the poor Devil most unmercifully.—*Waldron*.

"Light and lascivious poems, which are commonly more commodiously uttered by these buffons or *vices* in playes, then by any other person," Puttenham. Tusser speaks of a person who has, "his face made of brasse like a *vice* in a game," that is, in a play. "*Vices* in playes, enterludes, and such like: such a one as wryeth his mouth, maketh mocks and mowes like an antike," Nomenclator, 1585. "A jeaster or *vice* in a play: he that maketh sport," ibid. "A *vice* in a plaie; a jester; a juggler or merrie conceited fellow," ibid. "Zanit. m. A *Vice* to a tumbler, &c., or in a play," Cotgrave. "There is a neighbour of ours, an honest priest, who was sometimes (simple as he now stands) a *vice* in a play, for want of a better," Plaine Percevall.

[32] *Who with dagger of lath.*

"It was a prety part in the old Church-playes, when the nimble *Vice* would skip up nimbly like a jacke an apes into the devils necke, and ride the devil a course, and belabour him with his woodden dagger, til he made him roare, wherat the people would laugh to see the devil so vice-haunted. This action and passion had som semblance, by reason the devil looked like a patible old Coridon, with a payre of hornes on his head, and a cowes tayle at his breech," Harsnet's Declaration of Popish Impostures, 1603. "Her devils, be sure, be some of those old Vice-haunted, casheer'd, *wooden-beaten* devils, that were wont to frequent the stages, &c. who are so scared with the idea of a *Vice* and a *dagger*, as they durst never since look a paper-Vice in the face," ibid. "*Tatle*. But here is never a fiend to carry him away. Besides, he has never a wooden dagger! I'ld not give a rush for a Vice, that has not a wooden dagger to snap at every body he meetes.—*Mirth*. That was the old way, gossip, when Iniquity came in like Hokos Pokos, in a juglers jerkin with false skirts, like the Knave of Clubs! but now they are attir'd like men and women o' the time, the Vices, male and female!,"

Jonson's Staple of Newes. "Out quickly with his dagger" is a direction applied to the Vice introduced into the play of the Tyde Taryeth no Man, 1576. "Now issued in from the reareward, Madam *Vice*, or olde *Iniquitie*, with a lath dagger painted, according to the fashion of *old Vice* in a comedy,"—Owle's Almanacke, 1618, p. 12.

In some old plays the fool's *dagger* is mentioned, perhaps the same instrument as was carried by the *Vice* or buffoon of the Moralities; and it may be as well to observe in this place that the domestic fool is sometimes, though it is presumed improperly, called the Vice. "That's *fifty* yeeres agone, and *six*,—When every great man had his *Vice* stand by him,—In his long coat, shaking his woodden dagger," Jonson's Devil is an Ass. The dagger of the latter was made of a thin piece of lath; and the use he generally made of it was to belabour the Devil. It appears that in Queen Elizabeth's time the Archbishop of Canterbury's fool had a wooden dagger and coxcomb. In Greene's play of Fryer Bacon, the fool speaks of his dagger. In Beaumont and Fletcher's Noble Gentleman, a person being compared to a fool, it is added that he should wear a garded coat and a *great wooden dagger*. In Chapman's Widow's Tears, an upstart governor is termed "a wooden dagger *gilded* o'er;" and Rabelais has made Panurge give Triboulet the fool a wooden sword.—*Douce.*

"Tis good to please him, yet Ile take no notice of his preferment, but in policie—Will still be grave and serious, lest he thinke—I feare his *wodden dagger*," Bussy D'Ambois. The wooden dagger of the old Vice has survived in its use by the modern character of the Harlequin.

[33] *Cries, ah, ha! to the devil.*

It was wont, when an enterlude was to be acted in a countrey town, the first question that an hob-nailed spectator made before he would pay his penny to goe in, was, *Whether there bee a devile and a foole in the play?* And if the foole get upon the divell's backe, and beate him with his coxcombe till he rore, the play is complete.—*Gee's Foot out of the Snare*, 1624.

Tatle. I would faine see the Foole, gossip; the Foole is the finest man i' the company, they say, and has all the wit: Hee is the very Justice o' Peace o' the play, and can commit whom hee will, and what hee will, errour, absurdity, as the toy takes him, and no man say, blacke is his eye, but laugh at him.—*Mirth.* But they ha' no Foole i' this play, I am afraid, gossip.—*Tatle.* It's a wise play, then.—*Expectation.* They are all fooles, the rather, in that.—*Censure.*—Like enough.—*Tatle.* My husband, (Timothy Tatle, God rest his poore soule) was wont to say, there was no play without a Foole, and a Divell in't; he was for the Divell still, God blesse him. The Divell for his money, would hee say, I would faine see the Divell. And why would you so faine see the Divell? would I say. Because hee has hornes, wife, and may be a cuckold, as well as a Divell, hee would answer: You are e'en such another, husband, quoth I. Was the Divell ever married? where doe you read, the Divell was ever so honorable to commit matrimony; the play will tell us that, sayes hee, wee'll go see't to-morrow, the Devill is an Asse. Hee is an errant learn'd man, that made it, and can write, they say, and I am fouly deceiv'd, but hee can read too.—*Mirth.* I remember it, gossip, I went with you, by the same token Mrs. Trouble Truth diswaded us, and told us, hee was a prophane poet, and all his playes had Divels in them; that he kept schole upon the stage, could conjure there, above the Schole of Westminster, and Doctor Lamb too: not a play he made, but had a Divell in it. And that he would learne us all to make our husbands cuckolds at playes: by another token, that a young married wife i' the company said, shee could finde in her heart to steale thither, and see a little o' the vanity through her masque, and come practice at home.—

Tatle. O, it was, Mistresse.——*Mirth.* Nay, Gossip, I name nobody. It may be 'twas myselfe.—*Expectation.* But was the Divell a proper man, Gossip?—*Mirth.* As fine a gentleman of his inches, as ever I saw trusted to the stage, or anywhere else: and lov'd the common wealth as well as ere a patriot of 'hem all: hee would carry away the Vice on his backe, quicke to Hell, in every play where he came, and reforme abuses.—*Ben Jonson's Staple of Newes.*

[34] *Adieu, goodman devil.*

Pope altered *devil* to *drivel*, in which reading he has been followed by many editors. The two last lines of this song have, I think, been misunderstood. They are not addressed in the first instance to Malvolio, but are quoted by the Clown, as the words, *ah, ha!* are, as the usual address in the old moralities to the Devil. I do not therefore suspect any corruption in the words "goodman *Devil*." We have in the Merry Wives of Windsor: "No *man* means evil but the *devil;*" and in Much Ado About Nothing, "God's a good *man*." The compound, *goodman*, is again used adjectively, and as a word of contempt, in King Lear: "Part," says Edmund to Kent and the Steward.—"With you," replies Kent, "*good-man boy*, if you please." The reason why the Vice exhorts the Devil to pare his nails, is, because the Devil was supposed from choice to keep his nails always unpared, and therefore to pare them was an affront. So, in Camden's Remaines, 1615,—

> I will follow mine own minde and mine old trade;
> Who shall let me? *the divel's nailes are unparde.*—*Malone.*

This last line has neither rhyme nor meaning. I cannot but suspect that the fool translates Malvolio's name, and says:—"Adieu, goodman, *mean-evil*."—*Johnson.*

The name of *Malvolio* seems to have been formed by an accidental transposition in the word, *Malivolo.* I know not whether a part of the preceding line should not be thrown into a question, "pare thy nails, dad?" In Henry V. we again meet with "this roaring devil i' th' old play; every one may *pare his nails* with a wooden dagger."—*Farmer.*

In the old translation of the Menæchmi, 1595, Menæchmus says to Peniculus: "Away, filthie *mad drivell*, away! I will talk no longer with thee." As I cannot suppose the author of this ballad designed that *devil* should be the corresponding rhyme to *devil*, I read *drivel.*—*Steevens.*

I believe, with Johnson, that this is an allusion to Malvolio's *name*, but not in his reading, which destroys the metre. We should read—"Adieu, good *mean-evil*," that is, *good Malvolio*, literally translated.—*M. Mason.*

In eds. 1580 and 1585 of Tusser, Good Husbandry Lessons, No. 40, *devil* of the first edition is written *drevil*,—"as interest or usury playeth the drevil." Again, the same author, in the Points of Huswifery,—"New bread is a drivell; Much crust is an evil." And, once more, the same anthor speaking of courtiers,—

> That Tyburn play, made them away,
> Or beggar's state, as ill to hate;
> By such like evils, I saw such *drivels*—To come to naught.

"*Drivel* or slave, *mediastimus*," Huloet's Abcedarium, 1552. "Millions of years this old *drivel* Cupid lives," Sydney's Arcadia. I have brought these examples into one point of view, as they may assist in determining and explaining the last line of the song in question; the conclusion of which cannot be *devil*, the correspondent line above *certainly* ending with that word: admitting *drivel* therefore instead, if it is applied to Malvolio, it will signify a fool or madman; and if to

the *Devil*, (synonymous, as I have before suggested, to *Death*) a waster and destroyer.—*Waldron.*

[35] *There I found this credit.*

Credit, credible information, any information or intelligence credited to the hands of a second person. Dr. Robertson, speaking of some memorandums included in the letters to Mary Queen of Scots, observes that they were not "the *credit* of the bearer," i. e., points concerning which the Queen had given him verbal instructions, or information. *Credit* therefore might have been the prevalent term for *oral intelligence.* Again, in Whitaker's Vindication of the same Queen, vol. ii. p. 145 :—"these are expressly understood from the makers of the letters themselves, when they produced them at York to be 'the *credit* gifin to the berar.' This mode of referring to the credit of a bearer was no uncommon one in those times." In this sense also it occurs in the fragment of a letter from the Earl of Shrewsbury to Queen Elizabeth, "— and because Mr. Beale hys *credyt* ys with your Majestie to make accompt of hyr ansure, and delyngs the Frenche have had here, I leave all to hys reporte." See also letter xxxiii in the Paston Collection, vol. ii. p. 41, in which *credence* appears to have the same meaning. Again, ibid. p. 331.—*Steevens.*

Theobald proposes to alter *credit* to *credent*, Hanmer to *current*, and Mason to *credited.* Perhaps *credit* is used for the passive participle, a frequent usage in these plays.

[36] *Whiles.*

This is the common old form of *while*, and has here one sense of that word, *until.* "I was faine to tarrie while he was in bed and asleepe," Tarlton's Newes out of Purgatorie, 1590.

[37] *And heavens so shine.*

Alluding perhaps to a superstitious supposition, the memory of which is still preserved in a proverbial saying: "Happy is the bride upon whom the sun shines, and blessed the corpse upon which the rain falls."—*Steevens.*

Act the Fifth.

SCENE.—*The Garden before* Olivia's *House.*

Enter Clown *and* Fabian.

Fab. Now, as thou lovest me, let me see his letter.

Clo. Good master Fabian, grant me another request.

Fab. Any thing.

Clo. Do not desire to see this letter.

Fab. This is, to give a dog, and, in recompense, desire my dog again.

Enter Duke, Viola, *and* Attendants.

Duke. Belong you to the lady Olivia, friends?

Clo. Ay, sir; we are some of her trappings.

Duke. I know thee well; How dost thou, my good fellow?

Clo. Truly, sir, the better for my foes, and the worse for my friends.

Duke. Just the contrary; the better for thy friends.

Clo. No, sir, the worse.

Duke. How can that be?

Clo. Marry, sir, they praise me, and make an ass of me; now my foes tell me plainly, I am an ass: so that by my foes, sir, I profit in the knowledge of myself; and by my friends I am abused: so that, conclusions to be as kisses,[1] if your four negatives make your two affirmatives, why, then the worse for my friends, and the better for my foes.

Duke. Why, this is excellent.

Clo. By my troth, sir, no; though it please you to be one of my friends.

Duke. Thou shalt not be the worse for me; there 's gold.

Clo. But that it would be double-dealing, sir, I would you could make it another.

Duke. O, you give me ill counsel.

Clo. Put your grace in your pocket, sir, for this once, and let your flesh and blood obey it.

Duke. Well, I will be so much a sinner to be a double-dealer; there 's another.

Clo. Primo, secundo, tertio, is a good play; and the old saying is, the third pays for all: the *triplex,* sir, is a good tripping measure;[2] or the bells of St. Bennet,[3] sir, may put you in mind; One, two, three.

Duke. You can fool no more money out of me at this throw:[4] if you will let your lady know, I am here to speak with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty further.

Clo. Marry, sir, lullaby to your bounty,[5] till I come again. I go, sir; but I would not have you to think that my desire of having is the sin of covetousness: but, as you say, sir, let your bounty take a nap, I will awake it anon. [*Exit* Clown.

Enter ANTONIO *and* Officers.

Vio. Here comes the man, sir, that did rescue me.

Duke. That face of his I do remember well;
Yet, when I saw it last, it was besmear'd
As black as Vulcan, in the smoke of war:
A bawbling vessel was he captain of,
For shallow draught, and bulk, unprizable:
With which such scathful[6] grapple did he make
With the most noble bottom of our fleet,
That very envy, and the tongue of loss,
Cry'd fame and honour on him.—What 's the matter?

1 *Off.* Orsino, this is that Antonio,
That took the Phœnix, and her fraught, from Candy;
And this is he, that did the Tiger board,
When your young nephew Titus lost his leg:
Here in the streets, desperate of shame, and state,
In private brabble did we apprehend him.

Vio. He did me kindness, sir; drew on my side;

But, in conclusion, put strange speech upon me,
I know not what 'twas, but distraction.

Duke. Notable pirate! thou salt-water thief!
What foolish boldness brought thee to their mercies,
Whom thou, in terms so bloody, and so dear,[7]
Hast made thine enemies?

Ant. Orsino, noble sir,
Be pleas'd that I shake off these names you give me;
Antonio never yet was thief, or pirate,
Though, I confess, on base and ground enough,[8]
Orsino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither:
That most ungrateful boy there, by your side,
From the rude sea's enrag'd and foamy mouth
Did I redeem; a wreck past hope he was:
His life I gave him, and did thereto add
My love, without retention or restraint,
All his in dedication; for his sake,
Did I expose myself, pure for his love,
Into the danger of this adverse town;
Drew to defend him, when he was beset;
Where being apprehended, his false cunning,—
Not meaning to partake with me in danger,—
Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance,
And grew a twenty-years-removed thing,
While one would wink; denied me mine own purse,
Which I had recommended to his use
Not half an hour before.

Vio. How can this be?

Duke. When came he to this town?

Ant. To-day, my lord; and for three months before,—
No interim, not a minute's vacancy,
Both day and night did we keep company.

Enter OLIVIA *and* Attendants.

Duke. Here comes the countess; now heaven walks on earth.——
But for thee, fellow:—fellow, thy words are madness:
Three months this youth hath tended upon me;
But more of that anon.——Take him aside.

Oli. What would my lord, but that he may not have,
Wherein Olivia may seem serviceable?—
Cesario, you do not keep promise with me.

Vio. Madam?
Duke. Gracious Olivia,——
Oli. What do you say, Cesario?——Good my lord,——
Vio. My lord would speak, my duty hushes me.
Oli. If it be aught to the old tune, my lord,
It is as fat and fulsome[9] to mine ear,
As howling after music.
Duke. Still so cruel?
Oli. Still so constant, lord.
Duke. What! to perverseness? you uncivil lady,
To whose ingrate and unauspicious altars
My soul the faithfull'st offerings hath breath'd out,
That e'er devotion tender'd! What shall I do?
Oli. Even what it please my lord, that shall become him.
Duke. Why should I not, had I the heart to do it,
Like to the Egyptian thief, at point of death,[10]
Kill what I love; a savage jealousy,
That sometime savours nobly?—But hear me this:
Since you to non-regardance cast my faith,
And that I partly know the instrument
That screws me from my true place in your favour,
Live you, the marble-breasted tyrant, still;
But this your minion, whom, I know, you love,
And whom, by heaven I swear, I tender dearly,
Him will I tear out of that cruel eye,
Where he sits crowned in his master's spite.—
Come, boy, with me; my thoughts are ripe in mischief:
I 'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love,
To spite a raven's heart within a dove. [*Going.*
Vio. And I, most jocund, apt, and willingly,
To do you rest, a thousand deaths would die. [*Following.*
Oli. Where goes Cesario?
Vio. After him I love,
More than I love these eyes, more than my life,
More, by all mores, than e'er I shall love wife:
If I do feign, you witnesses above,
Punish my life, for tainting of my love!
Oli. Ah me, detested! how am I beguil'd!
Vio. Who does beguile you? who does do you wrong?
Oli. Hast thou forgot thyself? Is it so long?—
Call forth the holy father. [*Exit an* Attendant.
Duke. Come away. [*To* VIOLA.

Oli. Whither, my lord? Cesario, husband, stay.
Duke. Husband?
Oli. Ay, husband; Can he that deny?
Duke. Her husband, sirrah?
Vio. No, my lord, not I.
Oli. Alas, it is the baseness of thy fear,
That makes thee strangle thy propriety:[11]
Fear not, Cesario, take thy fortunes up;
Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou art
As great as that thou fear'st.—O welcome, father!

Re-enter Attendant *and* Priest.

Father, I charge thee, by thy reverence,
Here to unfold (though lately we intended
To keep in darkness, what occasion now
Reveals before 'tis ripe,) what thou dost know,
Hath newly past between this youth and me.
Priest. A contract of eternal bond of love,[12]
Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands,
Attested by the holy close of lips,
Strengthen'd by interchangement of your rings;[13]
And all the ceremony of this compact
Seal'd in my function, by my testimony:
Since when, my watch hath told me, toward my grave,
I have travelled but two hours.
Duke. O, thou dissembling cub! what wilt thou be,
When time hath sow'd a grizzle on thy case?[14]
Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow,
That thine own trip shall be thine overthrow?
Farewell, and take her; but direct thy feet,
Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.
Vio. My lord, I do protest,—
Oli. O, do not swear;
Hold little faith, though thou hast too much fear.

Enter Sir ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK, *with his head broken.*

Sir And. For the love of God, a surgeon; send one presently to Sir Toby.
Oli. What 's the matter?
Sir And. He has broke my head across, and has given sir Toby a bloody coxcomb too: for the love of God, your help: I had rather than forty pound, I were at home.

Oli. Who has done this, sir Andrew?

Sir And. The count's gentleman, one Cesario: we took him for a coward, but he 's the very devil incardinate.[15]

Duke. My gentleman, Cesario?

Sir And. Odd 's lifelings, here he is:—You broke my head for nothing; and that that I did, I was set on to do 't by sir Toby.

Vio. Why do you speak to me? I never hurt you:
You drew your sword upon me, without cause;
But I bespake you fair, and hurt you not.

Sir And. If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you have hurt me; I think, you set nothing by a bloody coxcomb.

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH, *drunk, led by the* Clown.

Here comes sir Toby halting, you shall hear more: but if he had not been in drink, he would have tickled you othergates than he did.[16]

Duke. How now, gentleman? how is 't with you?

Sir To. That 's all one; he has hurt me, and there 's the end on 't.—Sot, did'st see Dick surgeon, sot?

Clo. O he 's drunk, sir Toby, an hour agone; his eyes were set at eight i' the morning.

Sir To. Then he 's a rogue, and a passy-measures pavin;[17] I hate a drunken rogue.

Oli. Away with him: Who hath made this havoc with them?

Sir And. I 'll help you, sir Toby, because we 'll be dressed together.

Sir To. Will you help—an ass-head,[18] and a coxcomb, and a knave; a thin-faced knave, a gull?[19]

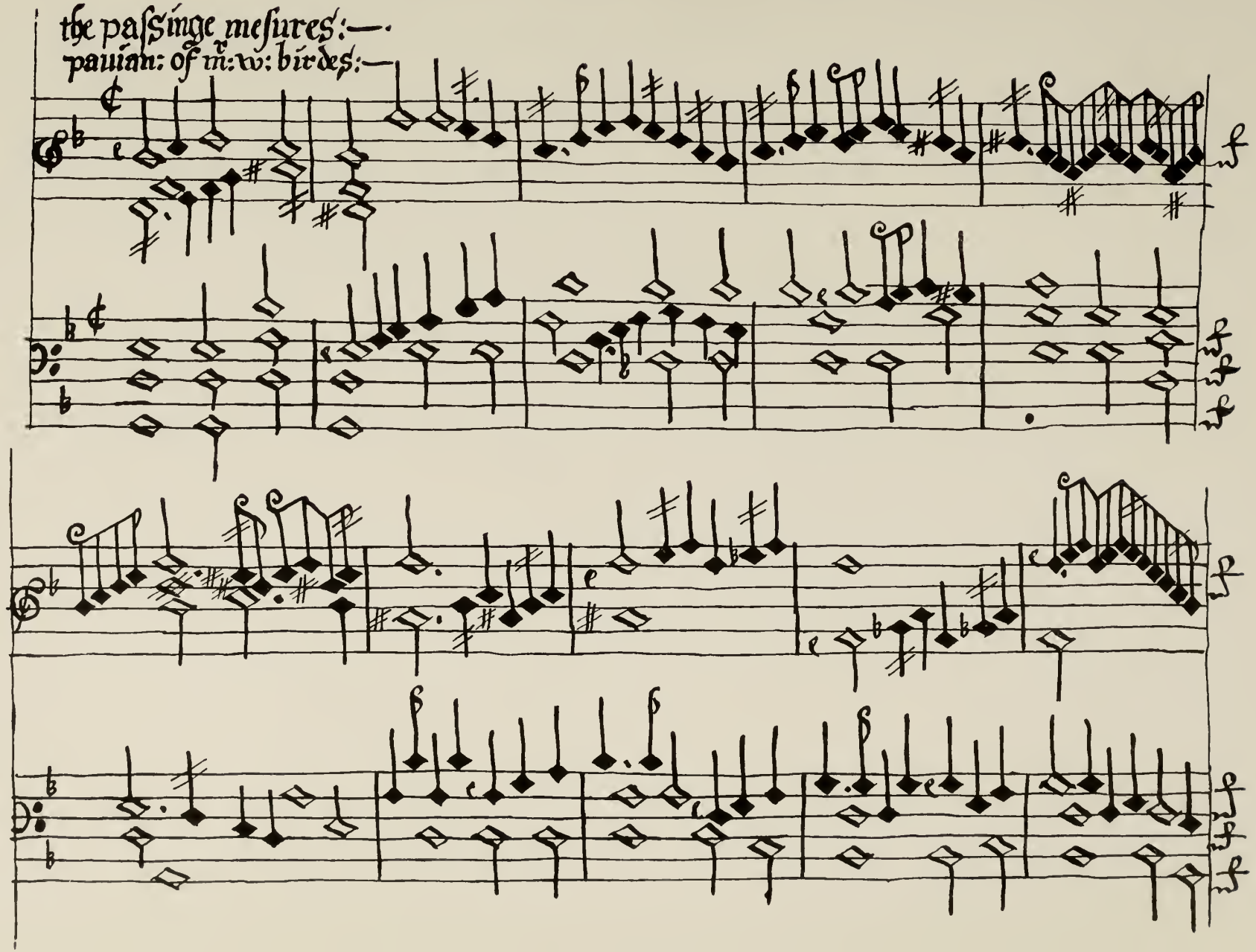
Oli. Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd to.

[*Exeunt* Clown, Sir TOBY, *and* Sir ANDREW.

Enter SEBASTIAN.

Seb. I am sorry, madam, I have hurt your kinsman;
But, had it been the brother of my blood,
I must have done no less, with wit, and safety.—
You throw a strange regard upon me, and
By that I do perceive it hath offended you;
Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows
We made each other but so late ago.

The Music to the Passy-Measures Pavin, from the Manuscript Music-Book of Lady Nevill, dated 1591, now in the Possession of the Earl of Abergavenny.



Duke. One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons;
A natural perspective, that is, and is not.[20]
Seb. Antonio, O my dear Antonio!
How have the hours rack'd and tortur'd me,
Since I have lost thee.
Ant. Sebastian are you?
Seb. Fear'st thou that, Antonio?
Ant. How have you made division of yourself?—
An apple, cleft in two, is not more twin
Than these two creatures. Which is Sebastian?
Oli. Most wonderful!
Seb. Do I stand there? I never had a brother:
Nor can there be that deity in my nature,
Of here and everywhere. I had a sister,
Whom the blind waves and surges have devour'd:—
Of charity,[21] what kin are you to me? [*To* VIOLA.
What countryman? what name? what parentage?
Vio. Of Messaline: Sebastian was my father;
Such a Sebastian was my brother too,
So went he suited to his watery tomb:
If spirits can assume both form and suit,
You come to fright us.
Seb. A spirit I am indeed:
But am in that dimension grossly clad,
Which from the womb I did participate.
Were you a woman, as the rest goes even,
I should my tears let fall upon your cheek,
And say—Thrice welcome, drowned Viola!
Vio. My father had a mole upon his brow.
Seb. And so had mine.
Vio. And died that day when Viola from her birth
Had numbered thirteen years.
Seb. O, that record is lively in my soul!
He finished, indeed, his mortal act,
That day that made my sister thirteen years.
Vio. If nothing lets to make us happy both,
But this my masculine usurp'd attire,
Do not embrace me, till each circumstance
Of place, time, fortune, do cohere, and jump,[22]
That I am Viola: which to confirm,
I 'll bring you to a captain in this town,
Where lie my maiden weeds; by whose gentle help

I was preserv'd, to serve this noble count;
All the occurrence of my fortune since
Hath been between this lady and this lord.

Seb. So comes it, lady, you have been mistook: [*To* VIOLA.
But nature to her bias drew in that.
You would have been contracted to a maid;
Nor are you therein, by my life, deceiv'd,
You are betroth'd both to a maid and man.

Duke. Be not amaz'd; right noble is his blood.—
If this be so, as yet the glass seems true,
I shall have share in this most happy wreck:
Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand times, [*To* VIOLA.
Thou never should'st love woman like to me.

Vio. And all those sayings will I over-swear;
And all those swearings keep as true in soul,
As doth that orbed continent the fires
That sever day from night.

Duke. Give me thy hand;
And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds.

Vio. The captain, that did bring me first on shore,
Hath my maid's garments: he, upon some action,
Is now in durance; at Malvolio's suit,
A gentleman, and follower of my lady's.

Oli. He shall enlarge him: Fetch Malvolio hither:—
And yet, alas, now I remember me,
They say, poor gentleman, he 's much distract.

Re-enter Clown, *with a letter.*

A most extracting frenzy of mine own[23]
From my remembrance clearly banished his.—
How does he, sirrah?

Clo. Truly, madam, he holds Beelzebub at the stave's end,[24] as well as a man in his case may do: he has here writ a letter to you, I should have given it you to-day morning; but as a madman's epistles are no gospels, so it skills not much,[25] when they are delivered.

Oli. Open it, and read it.

Clo. Look then to be well edified, when the fool delivers the madman —"By the Lord, madam,"—

Oli. How now! art thou mad?

Clo. No, madam, I do but read madness: an your ladyship will have it as it ought to be, you must allow vox.[26]

Oli. Pry'thee, read i' thy right wits.

Clo. So I do, madonna, but to read his right wits, is to read thus:[27] therefore perpend, my princess, and give ear.

Oli. Read it you, sirrah. [*To* FABIAN.

Fab. [*Reads.*] "By the Lord, madam, you wrong me, and the world shall know it: though you have put me into darkness, and given your drunken cousin rule over me, yet have I the benefit of my senses as well as your ladyship. I have your own letter that induced me to the semblance I put on; with the which I doubt not but to do myself much right, or you much shame. Think of me as you please. I leave my duty a little unthought of, and speak out of my injury.

"The madly-used MALVOLIO."

Oli. Did he write this?

Clo. Ay, madam.

Duke. This savours not much of distraction.

Oli. See him deliver'd, Fabian; bring him hither.

[*Exit* FABIAN.

My lord, so please you, these things further thought on,
To think me as well a sister as a wife,
One day shall crown the alliance, an 't so please you,[28]
Here at my house, and at my proper cost.

Duke. Madam, I am most apt to embrace your offer.—
Your master quits you [*To* VIOLA]; and for your service done him,
So much against the mettle of your sex,[29]
So far beneath your soft and tender breeding,
And since you call'd me master for so long,
Here is my hand; you shall from this time be
Your master's mistress.

Oli. A sister?—you are she.

Re-enter FABIAN, *with* MALVOLIO.[30]

Duke. Is this the madman?

Oli. Ay, my lord, this same:
How now, Malvolio?

Mal. Madam, you have done me wrong,
Notorious wrong.

Oli. Have I, Malvolio? no.

Mal. Lady, you have. Pray you, peruse that letter:
You must not now deny it is your hand,
Write from it, if you can, in hand, or phrase;

Or say, 'tis not your seal, not your invention:
You can say none of this: Well, grant it then,
And tell me, in the modesty of honour,
Why you have given me such clear lights of favour;
Bade me come smiling, and cross-gartered to you,
To put on yellow stockings, and to frown
Upon Sir Toby, and the lighter people:
And, acting this in an obedient hope,
Why have you suffer'd me to be imprison'd,
Kept in a dark-house, visited by the priest,
And made the most notorious geck,[31] and gull,
That e'er invention play'd on? tell me why.

Oli. Alas, Malvolio, this is not my writing,
Though, I confess, much like the character:
But, out of question, 'tis Maria's hand.
And now I do bethink me, it was she
First told me, thou wast mad; then cam'st in smiling,[32]
And in such forms which here were presuppos'd[33]
Upon thee in the letter. Pr'ythee, be content:
This practice hath most shrewdly pass'd upon thee:
But, when we know the grounds and authors of it,
Thou shalt be both the plaintiff and the judge
Of thine own cause.

Fab. Good madam, hear me speak;
And let no quarrel, nor no brawl to come,
Taint the condition of this present hour,
Which I have wonder'd at. In hope, it shall not,
Most freely I confess, myself, and Toby,
Set this device against Malvolio here,
Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts
We have conceiv'd against him: Maria writ
The letter, at Sir Toby's great importance;[34]
In recompense whereof, he hath married her.
How with a sportful malice it was follow'd,
May rather pluck on laughter than revenge;
If that the injuries be justly weigh'd,
That have on both sides past.

Oli. Alas, poor fool![35] how have they baffled thee!

Clo. Why, "some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrown upon them." I was one, sir, in this interlude; one Sir Topas, sir; but that 's all one: —"By the Lord, fool, I am not mad;"—But do you re-

member? "Madam,[36] why laugh you at such a barren rascal? an you smile not, he 's gagg'd:" And thus the whirligig of Time brings in his revenges.[37]

Mal. I 'll be reveng'd on the whole pack of you. [*Exit.*

Oli. He hath been most notoriously abus'd.

Duke. Pursue him, and entreat him to a peace:—
He hath not told us of the captain yet;
When that is known, and golden time convents,[38]
A solemn combination shall be made
Of our dear souls—Mean time, sweet sister,
We will not part from hence.—Cesario, come;
For so you shall be, while you are a man;
But, when in other habits you are seen,
Orsino's mistress, and his fancy's queen. [*Exeunt.*

EPILOGISTIC SONG, BY THE CLOWN.

When that I was and a little tiny boy,[39]
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.

For when I came to man's estate,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate,[40]
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came, alas! to wive,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
By swaggering could I never thrive,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came unto my bed,[41]
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
With toss-pots still had drunken head,[42]
For the rain it raineth every day.

A great while ago the world begun,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
But that's all one, our play is done,
And we'll strive to please you every day. [*Exit.*

Notes to the Fifth Act.

[1] *Conclusions to be as kisses.*

In other words, conclusions being as kisses; the infinitive mood being sometimes thus used. Heath proposed to alter *to be* to *follow*. Coleridge, in his Literary Remains, explains the Clown's argument thus,—"The humour lies in the whispered 'No!' and the inviting 'Don't!' with which the maiden's kisses are accompanied, and thence compared to negatives, which by repetition constitute an affirmative." So, in Lust's Dominion, the Queen says to the Moor:—"Come, let's kisse.—*Moor.* Away, away.—*Queen.* No, no, sayes, *I;* and *twice away*, sayes *stay*."

> For late with heart most high, with eyes most low,
> I craved the thing which ever she denies;
> She lightning Love, displaying Venus skies,
> Least once should not be heard, Twise said, no, no.
> *Sydney's Astrophel and Stella*, 540.

The sense of which is, so that to make conclusions follow as thick as kisses do often: for this speaker had just made a conclusion, and that properly, from something he had premis'd; and now affects to draw it a second time from premisings that have nothing to do with it, and thrown in only for laughing; and these laughable premises he fetches from a grammatical dogma, that two negatives make an affirmative.—*Capell.*

I imagine the poet wrote:—"So that conclusion to be asked, is," that is, so that the conclusion I have to demand of you is this, if your four, &c. He had in the preceding words been inferring some premisses, and now comes to the conclusion very logically; you grant me, says he, the premisses; I now ask you to grant the conclusion.—*Warburton.*

Though I do not discover much ratiocination in the Clown's discourse, yet, methinks, I can find some glimpse of a meaning in his observation, that the *conclusion is as kisses.* For, says he, *if four negatives make two affirmatives, the conclusion is as kisses:* that is, the conclusion follows by the conjunction of two negatives, which, by *kissing* and embracing, coalesce into one, and make an affirm-

ative. What the *four* negatives are I do not know. I read: "So that conclusions be as kisses."—*Johnson.*

[2] *The triplex, sir, is a good tripping measure.*

Triplet, Perkins MS. The Clown in this play is musical, witness his songs and his tabor, and he uses musical phrases correctly. The "triplex (i. e. tempus triplex) is a good measure" counted like the bells of St. Bennet's, 1, 2, 3. But it is incorrect to say a *triplet* is a measure; it is only part of a measure, and may be part of a measure in Common Time as well as Triple. The substitution, therefore, would convert a proper word to one that is erroneous.—*Singer.*

[3] *Or the bells of Saint Bennet.*

Mason proposes to alter *or* to *as*, but the change seems to be unnecessary. The Clown observes that the *triplex* is a good tripping measure, or, if that be not sufficient, the bells of Saint Bennet may suggest the third, being one, two, three. Although this notice is not a positive anachronism, as a church dedicated to this saint might be supposed in any part of Europe, there can be little doubt but that the poet was thinking of his own country.

In the absence of certain information respecting which of the several churches in London dedicated to St. Bennet was famous for its bells, conjecture points to St. Bennet's, Paul's Wharf, one of the many churches destroyed in the Great Fire, and thus noticed in Stowe's Survey, ed. 1603,—"Then to beginne againe on the North side of Thames Street over against Huntingdon House by Saint Peter's Church and lane called Peter Hill, and so to St. Benet Hude (or Hithe) over against Powles Wharffe, a proper parish Church, which hath the monuments of Sir William Cheiny knight, and Margaret his wife, 1442, buried there, Doctor Caldwell Phisition, Sir Gilbert Dethik, king alias Gartar king at Armes." This conjecture derives some support from the circumstance of the figure of *three* occurring in the field of a token belonging to the sign of the Bell, a house near Paul's Wharf.

[4] *At this throw.*

Throw, in the sense of *time*, is common in early English, but it may be doubted whether this phrase is not equivalent to, at this throw of the dice, at this chance or turn.

> Syr, soche ys Godys myghte,
> That he make may hye lowe,
> And lowe hye, in a lytylle *throwe.—MS. Cantab.* Ff. ii. 38, f. 240.

> Hayle and pulle I schall fulle faste
> To reyse housys, whyle I may laste,
> And so, within a lytell *throw*,
> My mayster gode schall not be know.—*MS. Ashmole* 61.

[5] *Lullaby to your bounty.*

Lullaby is sufficiently unusual as a verb to justify an example. "Sweet sound that all mens sences *lullabieth*," Anthony Copley's Fig for Fortune, 1596, p. 59, ap. Dyce. "Yet by accident the unmannag'd appetite desiring more than reason, it doth dul the quicker spirits, stop the pores of the brain with too many vapors and grosse fumes, makes the head totter, *lullabees* the sences, yea, intoxicates the very soule with a pleasing poyson," The Optick Glasse of Humors, 12mo. Lond., 1639, p. 19. The word *lullaby* in the text may, however, possibly be a substantive, the construction in that case being,—let there be a lullaby to your bounty.

[6] *With which such scathful grapple.*

Scathful, destructive, pernicious; from the Anglo-Saxon. The substantive *scathe*, harm, loss, damage, is very common. A North country proverb says, "One doth the scathe, and another hath the scorn."

> That, god Wilekin, me reweth thi *scathe*,
> Houre Loverd sende the help rathe!—*MS. Digby* 86.
>
> I hi3t the 3isturday seven shyllyng,
> Have brok it wel to thi clothyng,
> Hit wil do the no *skathe*.—*MS. Cantab.* Ff. v. 48, f. 53.
>
> So did they beat, from off their native bounds,
> Spain's mighty fleet with cannons' *scathful* wounds.
> *Niccols' England's Eliza, Mirr. Mag.*, 833.

[7] *In terms so bloody, and so dear.*

"Dear" is here used as in Hamlet, act i. scene 2,—"my *dearest* foe." It is, in its Old-English use, that which excites the strongest feeling of earnestness, whether it be a feeling of love or hate.—*Tooke.*

[8] *On base and ground enough.*

I once thought that these words were transposed at the press, and wished to read:—"Though I confess, and on base ground enough;" but the old copy is right; *base* is here a substantive.—*Malone.*

[9] *It is as fat and fulsome to mine ear.*

Hanmer alters *fat* to *flat*. "Fat and fulsome," implies here the excess of satiety, and, hence, unbearable, absolutely nauseous. So, in Bussy D'Ambois,—

> With one ye cannot fancie: all men know
> You live in court heere by your owne election,
> Frequenting all our solemne sports and triumphs,
> All the most youthfull companie of men;
> And wherefore doe you this? To please your husband?
> 'Tis *grosse and fulsome!* If your husband's pleasure
> Be all your object, and you aime at honour,
> In living close to him, get you from court;
> You may have him at home; these common puttofs
> For common women serve: my honor? husband?

[10] *Like to the Egyptian thief, at point of death.*

In this simile, a particular story is pre-supposed, which ought to be known to show the justness and propriety of the comparison. It is taken from Heliodorus's Æthiopics, to which our author was indebted for the allusion. This *Egyptian thief* was Thyamis, who was a native of Memphis, and at the head of a band of robbers. Theagenes and Chariclea falling into their hands, Thyamis fell desperately in love with the lady, and would have married her. Soon after, a stronger body of robbers coming down upon Thyamis's party, he was in such fears for his mistress, that he had her shut into a cave with his treasure. It was customary with those barbarians, "when they despaired of their own safety, first to make away with those whom they held dear," and desired for companions in the next life. Thyamis, therefore, benetted round with his enemies, raging with love, jealousy, and anger, went to his cave; and calling aloud in the Egyptian tongue, so soon as he heard himself answered towards the cave's mouth by a Grecian, making to the person by the direction of her voice, he caught her by the hair

with his left hand, and, supposing her to be Charielea, with his right hand plunged his sword into her breast.—*Theobald.* There was a translation of Heliodorus by Thomas Underdowne, of which the second edition appeared in 4to., 1587. The first was probably that printed by H. Wykes, without a date.

[11] *That makes thee strangle thy propriety.*

The word *propriety* seems to be here used in the sense of, property in oneself, individuality. Strangle thy propriety, that is, destroy or suppress thy individuality, deny your identity. The verb *strangle* is similarly used in Maebeth.

[12] *A contract of eternal bond of love.*

Malone (Suppl. Shak. 1780) proposed to alter the first *of* to *and*, but the original text is much more in Shakespeare's manner.

I once suspected we should read—A contract *and* eternal, &c. but I now believe the text is right. The meaning is only, A contract, promising love and eternal *union*. So, in A Midsummer Night's Dream :—" The sealing day between my love and me,—For *everlasting bond of fellowship*." In Troilus and Cressida, we have " a bond of air,"—for words that *bind* or *tie* the attention of the hearer to the speaker.—*Malone.*

[13] *Strengthen'd by interchangement of your rings.*

It will be necessary, for the better illustration of these lines, to connect them with what Olivia had said to Sebastian at the end of the preceding act :—" Now go with me, and with this holy man," &c. Now the whole has been hitherto regarded as relating to *an actual marriage* that had been solemnized between the parties; whereas it is manifest that nothing more is meant than a *betrothing*, *affiancing* or *promise of future marriage*, anciently distinguished by the name of *espousals*, a term which was for a long time confounded with *matrimony*, and at length came exclusively to denote it. The form of betrothing at church, in this country, has not been handed down to us in any of its ancient ecclesiastical service books; but it is to be remembered that Shakespeare is here making use of foreign materials, and the ceremony is preserved in a few of the French and Italian rituals. The custom of betrothing appears to have been known in ancient times to almost all the civilized nations among whom marriage was considered as a sacred engagement. Our northern ancestors were well acquainted with it. With them the process was as follows; 1. *Procatio*, or wooing.—2. *Impetratio*, or demanding of the parents or guardian. 3. The conditions of the contract. All these were sealed by joining the right hands, by a certain form of words, and a confirmation before witnesses. The length of time between espousals and marriage was uncertain, and governed by the convenience of the parties: it generally extended to a few months. Sometimes in cases of necessity, such as the parties living in different countries, and where the interference of proxies had been necessary, the time was protracted to three years. The contract of the affiancing party was called *handsaul* (whence our *hansel*) of the agreeing party, *handfastening*. See Thorlacius de Borealium Veterum Matrimonio, 1785, 4to, pp. 33, 42. Vincent de Beauvais, a writer of the 13th century, in his Speculum Historiale, lib. ix. c. 70, has defined *espousals* to be *a contract of future marriage*, made either by a simple promise, by earnest or security given, by a ring, or by an oath. During the same period, and the following centuries, we may trace several other modes of betrothing, some of which it may be worth while to describe more at large.—I. The interchangement of rings.—Thus, in Chaucer's Troilus and Creseide, book 3,—

Sone after this they spake of sondry things
As fill to purpose of this aventure,
And playing, *enterchaungeden her rings*,
Of which I can not tellen no scripture.
But well I wot, a broche of gold and assure,
In which a rubie set was like an herte,
Creseide him yave, and stacke it on his sherte.

When espousals took place at church, rings were also interchanged. According to the ritual of the Greek church, the priest first placed the rings on the fingers of the parties, who afterwards exchanged them. Sometimes the man only gave a ring. In the life of Saint Leobard, who is said to have flourished about the year 580, written by Gregory of Tours, he gives a ring, a kiss, and a pair of shoes to his affianced. The ring and shoes were a symbol of securing the lady's hands and feet in the trammels of conjugal obedience; but the ring of itself was sufficient to confirm the contract. In the Miracles of the Virgin Mary, compiled in the twelfth century by a French monk, there is a story of a young man who, falling in love with an image of the Virgin, inadvertently placed on one of its fingers a ring which he had received from his mistress, accompanying the gift with the most tender language of respect and affection. A miracle instantly took place, and the ring remained immoveable. The young man, greatly alarmed for the consequences of his rashness, consulted his friends, who advised him by all means to devote himself entirely to the service of the Madonna. His love for his former mistress prevailing over their remonstrances, he married her; but on the wedding night the newly-betrothed lady appeared to him, and urged her claim with so many dreadful menaces that the poor man felt himself compelled to abandon his bride, and that very night to retire privately to a hermitage, where he became a monk for the rest of his life. This story has been translated by Le Grand in his entertaining collection of fabliaux, where the ring is called a *marriage ring*: but this is probably a mistake in the translator, as appears from several copies of the above Miracles that have been consulted. The giving of rings was likewise a *pledge of love* in cases where no marriage could possibly happen. In the Lay of Equitan, a married woman and her gallant exchange rings,—"Par lur anels sentresaisirent—Lur *fiaunce* sentrepleviren." In a romance written by Raimond Vidal, a Provençal poet of the thirteenth century, a knight devotes himself to the service of a lady, who promises him a kiss in a year's time when she shall be married. They ratify the contract by an exchange of rings. No instance has occurred where rings were *interchanged* at a *marriage*.—II. The kiss that was mutually given. When this ceremony took place at church, the lady of course withdrew the veil which was usually worn on the occasion; when in private, the drinking of healths generally followed.—III. The joining of hands. This is often alluded to by Shakespeare himself.—IV. The testimony of witnesses. That of the priest alone was generally sufficient, though we often find many other persons attending the ceremony. The words "there before him," and "he shall conceal it," in Olivia's speech, sufficiently demonstrate that betrothing and not marriage is intended; for, in the latter, the presence of the priest alone would not have sufficed. In later times, espousals in the church were often prohibited in France, because instances frequently occurred where the parties, relying on the testimony of the priest, scrupled not to live together as man and wife; which gave rise to much scandal and disorder. Excesses were likewise often committed by the celebration of espousals in taverns and alehouses, and some of the synodal decrees expressly enjoin that the parties shall not get drunk on these occasions. The ceremony, generally speaking, was performed by the priest demanding of the

parties if they had entered into a contract with any other person, or made a vow of chastity or religion; whether they had acted for each other, or for any child they might have had, in the capacity of godfather or godmother, or whether they had committed incontinence with any near relation of the other party; but the latter questions might be dispensed with at the discretion of the priest. Then this oath was administered—"You swear by God and his holy saints herein and by all the saints of Paradise, that you will take this woman whose name is N. to wife within forty days, if holy church will permit." The priest then joined their hands, and said,—"And thus you affiance yourselves;" to which the parties answered,—"Yes, sir." They then received a suitable exhortation on the nature and design of marriage, and an injunction to live piously and chastely until that event should take place. They were not permitted, at least by the church, to reside in the same house, but were nevertheless regarded as man and wife independently of the usual privileges; and this will account for Olivia's calling Cesario "husband;" and when she speaks of "keeping *celebration* according to her birth," it alludes to *future marriage*. This took place in a reasonable time after betrothing, but was seldom protracted in modern times beyond forty days. So in Measure for Measure, Claudio calls Julietta his *wife*, and says he got possession of her bed upon a true *contract*. The duke likewise, in addressing Mariana, who had been *affianced* to Angelo, says, "he is your *husband* on a pre-contract." Before we quit the subject, it may be necessary to observe that betrothing was not an essential preliminary to marriage, but might be dispensed with. The practice in this respect varied in different times and places. The desuetude of espousals in England seems to have given rise to the action at law for damages on breach of promise of marriage.—*Douce.*

[14] *When time hath sow'd a grizzle on thy case.*

Case, skin, external covering; when age hath planted your body with grey hairs. "There are brought also into Scotland out of these ilands great store of sheepes felles, oxe hides, gotes skinnes, and *cases* of martirnes dried in the sunne," Holinshed, Description of Scotland, p. 18. "Blinde I was, to looke for vertue in so vile a case," Brathwait's Strappado for the Divell, 1615. "A stump doth hit him in his pace,—Down comes poor Hob upon his face,—And lamentably tore his case—Among the briers and brambles," Drayton's Nymphidia. "O place! O form!—How often dost thou with thy *case*, thy habit,—Wrench awe from fools," Measure for Measure. "The case of that huge spirit now is cold," Antony and Cleopatra. *Cas'd*, skinned, flayed, occurs in Love's Pilgrimage, the Little French Lawyer, &c., applied to a rabbit, and the skins of hares and rabbits are still termed *cases* in some of the provinces. The word *case*, in the passage in the text, is in one copy of ed. 1623 misprinted *cafe*, whence it has been conjectured that the poet's word was *face;* but the expressions *dissembling cub* and *craft* seem to show that the Duke was alluding allegorically to a fox, and the term *grizzle* is more appropriate when applied to the whole *case*, including the head, than if it were restricted to the face only. The fox's skin was technically termed the case. "And if the lyon's skinne doe faile,—Then with the *foxes case* assaile," Florio's Second Frutes, 1591. "We will make you some sport with the *fox* ere we *case* him," All's Well that Ends Well. See p. 151. "Pray to Heaven that Rowland —Do not believe too far what I said to him!—For yon old fox-case forc'd me; that 's my fear," Woman's Prize. An unnecessary conjecture to change *on thy case* to *upon thee*, for the sake of the rhyme, may just be worth notice.

We held discourse of a perfum'd asse, that being disguis'd with a lions *case*, imagin'd himselfe a lion: I hope that toucht not you. . . . And why not? as well as the asse, stalking in the lion's *case*, beare himselfe like a lion, roaring all the huger beasts out of the forrest?—*Bussy d'Ambois.*

Passo-e-mezzo.

Pavana.

THE PASSY-MEASURE AND PAVAN.

Even so our bodies, though they fall as seede into the ground, are not neglected of God, who regardeth the smallest graine and vilest seede, but shall one day bring them out of the graves, where they were laid, in a far better *case* then they were before.—*Cawdray's Treasurie or Store-house of Similies*, 1600.

So, in Cary's Present State of England, 1626: "Queen Elizabeth asked a knight named Young, how he liked a company of brave ladies? He answered, as I like my silver-haired conies at home: the *cases* are far better than the bodies." —*Malone*. The same story perhaps was not unknown to Burton, who, in his Anatomy of Melancholy, edit. 1632, p. 480, has the following passage: "For generally, as with rich furred conies, their *cases* are farre better than their bodies," &c.—*Steevens*.

Then Betty with a whimpring face,
Return'd these words agen;
I'le put me on a masculine *case*,
And pass for one of your men.
The Faithful Lovers' Farewell, an old ballad.

[15] *He's the very devil incardinate.*

Incardinate, incarnate. "Whether an unusual word, or an intended blunder of the speaker, Sir Andrew Ague-cheek, is not quite clear," Nares. There can, I think, be little doubt that the word in the text is an intentional blunder. Rowe altered it to *incarnate*.

[16] *He would have tickled you othergates than he did.*

Othergates, other ways; the adjunct *gates*, however, generally being an expletive. A corruption of this word occurs in a vernacular Cheshire proverb, "I have *otherguess* fish to fry than snigs (eels) without butter," that is, my time is better employed. *Anothergates* is more common. "His bringing up anothergates marriage," Lilly's Mother Bombie. "When Hudibras, about to enter—Upon anothergates adventure," Butler. "If you are bent to wed, I wish you *anothergets* wife then Socrates had," Howell's Familiar Letters, 1650. "Algier is *anothergets* thing now, than she was then, being I beleeve a hundred degrees stronger by land and sea," ibid.

[17] *And a passy-measures pavin.*

Panyn, ed. 1623; *pavin*, ed. 1632, the latter edition having *after* in the place of *and*, meaning, "after or next to a passy-measures pavin, I hate a drunken rogue." Some critics read *paynim*, that is, a pagan, considering the reading in the first folio is a misprint for that word, the passage thus meaning, a pagan dancer of strange dances; Pope has, "and a past-measure painim;" and Tyrwhitt proposed to read, "*after* a passy-measure *or a* pavin," &c. It should be recollected that Sir Toby is intoxicated, and it was no doubt the author's intention he should here talk nonsense, which is injudiciously attempted to be turned into a regular meaning by the editor of the second folio. Passy-measures, or passing-measures, was a very common corruption of the Italian *passamezzo*, described by Florio, 1598, as "a passameasure in dancing, a cinque pace." The passy-measures pavin was a dance, thus described in an early MS. list of dances,—"*The passinge measure Paryon*,—2 singles and a double forward, and 2 singles syde.—Reprynce back." In the subjoined plate, selected by Mr. Fairholt from Il Ballarino di M. Fabritio Caroso da Sermoneta, 4to. Venet. 1581, is represented figures of a gentleman and lady dancing a passo-e-mezo. The tune to this dance is given in the curious music-book of Lady Nevill, 1591, in the possession of Lord Abergavenny. See the plate at p. 422. The composer was William Bird, or *Birdes*,

as the name is spelt in the MS. The "passinge mesures pavian of Mr. W. Birdes" extends from fol. 92, r°, to 99, v°. At the end is, "Mr. W. Birde:—The galliarde foloweth." This latter is called in the index,—"the galliarde to the same." There are 9 "pavians" in this MS. The 24th article is described in the index —"The passinge mesurs is the nynthe pavian." At the end of the volume is the following note:—"Finished and ended the leventh of September, in the yeare of our Lorde God 1591, and in the 33 yeare of the raigne of our sofferaine ladie Elizabeth by the grace of God queene of Englande, &c., by me, Jo. Baldwine of Windsore." The binding is impressed, "My Ladye Nevells Booke." According to Hawkins, the passamezzo is derived "from *passer*, to walk, and *mezzo*, the middle, or half: a slow dance, differing little from the action of walking. As a galliard consists of five paces or bars in the first strain, and is therefore called a cinque-pace; the *passa mezzo*, which is a diminutive of the galliard, is just half that number, and from that peculiarity takes its name." The passamezzo galliard is mentioned in Ligon's History of Barbadoes, 1657, under the corrupted title of *passame sares* galiard. So, in Middleton's More Dissemblers beside Women:—

> I can dance nothing but ill favourdly
> A strain or two of *passa measures galliard.*

Again, in Lingua,—"Pr'ythee sit still, thou must dance nothing but the passing measures." The Spanish pavin was a great favourite, and is frequently alluded to. "These happy lovers, with a practiz'd pase—For-ward and backward and a-side do trace;—They seem to dance the *Spanish Pavane* right," Du Bartas.—"Sir, I have seen an ass and a mule trot the Spanish *pavin*, with a better grace, I know not how often,"—'Tis Pity She's a Whore. "Your Spanish ruffs are the best—Wear: your Spanish *pavin* the best dance," Jonson. Again, in Decker's Fortunatus, 1600: "La *pavyne* Hispaniola sea vestra musica, y gravidad y majestad." It is also mentioned in Decker's Knights Conjuring, 1607; Blurt Master Constable, 1602; and there is a song in the Banquet of Daintie Conceits, 1588, to "the note of the Spanish Pavin." Voltaire tells us that in the youth of Louis XIV. the French had only Spanish dances, "comme la sarabande, la courante, la *pavane;*" and he says that Louis himself "excellait dans les danses graves, qui convenaient à la majesté de sa figure, et qui ne blessaient pas celle de son rang," Siècle de Louis XIV. The air to the Spanish pavin, arranged by Dr. Bull, is preserved in Queen Elizabeth's Virginal Book.

"The *pavan*, from *pavo* a peacock, is a grave and majestick dance. The method of dancing it was anciently by gentlemen dressed with a cap and sword, by those of the long robe in their gowns, by princes in their mantles, and by ladies in gowns with long trains, the motion whereof in the dance resembled that of a peacock's tail. This dance is supposed to have been invented by the Spaniards, and its figure is given, with the characters for the step, in the Orchesographia of Thoinet Arbeau. Every pavin has its galliard, a lighter kind of air, made out of the former," Hawkins. Others derive the name from *pavane*, a corruption of *paduana*. A dance of that name (*saltatio paduana*) occurs in an old writer, quoted by the annotator on Rabelais, b. v. c. 30. An early notice of the pavin dance occurs in the Boke of the Governour, by Sir Thomas Elyot, 1537: "Instede of these we have now base daunces, bargenettes, *pavyons*, turgions, and roundes." And, in Stephen Gosson's School of Abuse, containing a pleasant Invective against Poets, Pipers, &c. 1579, it is enumerated as follows, among other dances:—"Dumps, *pavins*, galliards, measures, fancyes, or newe streynes." Again, in Ascham,—"These galiardes, *pavanes*, and dances, so nycelye fingered, and so sweetlye tuned."

Moreover, hee is a good dancer, hee danceth verie well, both galiards and

pavins, hee vaultes most nimblie, and capers verie loftilie.—*Florio's Second Frutes*, 1591.

And with that, turning up his mustachoes, and marching as if he would begin a *paven*, he went toward Zelmane.—*Sir P. Sydney's Arcadia*, 1599.

"Pavana, forte a pavienda terra: of paving the ground. Quod in hoc choreæ genere frequentior sit pedum pulsatio," Minsheu. "*The Longe Pavian.*—ij singles, a duble forward; ij singles syde, a duble forward; reprince backe once, ij singles syde, a duble forward, one single backe twyse, ij singles, a double forward, ij singles syde, reprince backe once: ij singles syde, a duble forward, reprince backe twyse," Accounts of Dances, Rawl. MS. A dance called "the quatheren paven" was thus formed,—"to singles, sides and a double forward, to singles, sides, and a double backeward all over four times, and soe end," MS. Harl. 367. In this MS., *to* is apparently written for *two*. Randle Holme, in his Academy of Armory, 1688, folio, book iii. c. 3, speaking of the pavan as a tune, describes it as "the height of composition made only to delight the ear," &c. "A pavan," observes Simpson, in his Compendium of Practical Musick, 1667, "be it of 2, 3, 4, 5, or 6 parts, doth commonly consist of three strains; each strain to be play'd twice over."

"In an old MS. collection of lessons for the virginals, there is one called 'Dr. Bull's *melancholy* pavin.' Tyrwhitt, therefore, is right in supposing that a jovial blade like Sir Toby would be naturally averse to these grave dances, and the dullness of the tunes belonging to them," Douce. "A countrey daunce is but a jigge to a stately paven," Breton's Olde Mans Lesson, 1605.

A *dolefull pavin* is plaid to prepare the change of the scene, which represents a dark prison at great distance.—*The Cruelty of the Spaniards in Peru*, 1658.

Why, I put them upon three several chips in water; then caus'd a musician to play, first, *a grave pavin*, or Almain, at which the black Tarantula onely mov'd; it danc'd to it with a kind of grave motion, much like the benchers at the revels.—*Shadwell's Virtuoso*, 1676.

In illustration of the above remark that every pavin was accompanied by its galliard, it may be mentioned that in Lady Nevill's music-book next to the "First Pavian" is "the galliarde to the same," and so on generally to the "tenth pavian," the "passinge mesurs pavian" being inserted between the eighth and ninth.

It may be mentioned that any one drinking or doing anything in excess was said to pass measure. "In drynkyng he passeth measure," Wilson's Logicke. "He tels how he to Venice once did wander,—Where they doe revell in such *passing-measure*," Coryat's Crudities, 1611.

[18] *Will you help—an ass-head, &c.*

I believe, Sir Toby means to apply all these epithets either to the surgeon or Sebastian; and have pointed the passage accordingly. It has been hitherto printed, "Will you help an ass-head," &c. but why should Sir Toby thus unmercifully abuse himself?—*Malone.*

As I cannot help thinking that Sir Toby, out of humour with himself, means to discharge these reproaches on the officious Sir Andrew, who also needs the surgeon's *help*, I have left the passage as I found it. Malone points it thus: "Will you help? An ass-head," &c.!—*Steevens.*

As Sir Toby is intoxicated, the speech seems to be more humorous and in character with merely a short pause after *help*. Ass-head is an obvious, but not very common, term for a blockhead. "Unlesse they be blynde dastards and *asseheads*, as thys olde dotynge foole was," Yet a Course at the Romyshe Foxe, 1543. "By the ass-head, you shall not," Fair Maid of the Exchange.

[19] *A gull.*

A *gull*, a dupe or fool, was a term recently introduced, which became very common about the year 1600 and afterwards. When sharpers were considered as bird-catchers, a *gull* was their proper prey. In the dramatis personæ to the play of Every Man in his Humour, Master Stephen is styled *a country gull*, and Master Matthew *the town gull*, which is equivalent to the dupe of each place. But a *gull* is most completely defined by J. D. (supposed to be Sir John Davies), in an epigram on the subject, printed about 1596, "of a gull,"—

Oft in my laughing rimes I name a *gull*,
But this new terme will many questions breede,
Therefore at first I will expresse at full,
Who is a true and perfect *gull* indeed:
A *gull* is he, who feares a velvet gowne,
And when a wench is brave, dares not speake to her:
A *gull* is he which traverseth the towne,
And is for marriage knowne a common woer.
A *gull* is he, which while he proudly weares
A silver-hilted rapier by his side,
Indures the lyes, and knockes about the eares,
Whilst in his sheath his sleeping sword doth bide.
A *gull* is he which weares good hansome cloathes,
And stands in presence stroaking up his hayre;
And filles up his unperfect speech with oathes,
But speakes not one wise word throughout the yeare.
But to define a *gull* in termes precise,
A *gull* is he which seemes, and is not wise.

This is exactly what the French term *un fat;* a fellow assuming to be something, without sense to support him.—*Nares.*

In the third, to shunne extremities, and not to be pointed at for miserable avarice, nor yet to be noted for a *gull* and wastefull prodigall; and yet to retaine a penetrant vigilancie, and so without all fraud, to prevent humane and worldly deceits.—*The Passenger of Benvenuto*, 1612.

[20] *A natural perspective, that is, and is not.*

By "a natural perspective," Shakespeare probably means, a simple mirror, such as either a looking-glass or the natural mirror of water and other substances; or, perhaps, a mirror thus made by nature, which really is a reflected substance, but is merely a shadow, when considered in reference to its being a mirror. The notes of the commentators are added:—

A *perspective* seems to be taken for shows exhibited through a glass with such lights as make the pictures appear really protuberant. The Duke therefore says, that nature has here exhibited such a show, where shadows seem realities; where that which *is not* appears like that which *is*.—*Johnson.*

I apprehend this may be explained by a quotation from a book called Humane Industry, 1661, p. 76 and 77: "It is a pretty art that in a pleated paper and table furrowed or indented, men make one picture to represent several faces—that being viewed from one place or standing, did shew the head of a Spaniard, and from another, the head of an ass."—"A picture of a chancellor of France presented to the common beholder a multitude of little faces; but if one did look on it through a *perspective*, there appeared only the single pourtraicture of the chancellor himself." Thus that, which is, is not, or in a different position appears like another thing.—*Tollet.*

The several kinds of perspective glasses that were used in Shakespeare's time, may be found collected together in Scot's Discoverie of Witchcraft, 1584, 4to, book xiii. ch. 19. They cannot be exceeded in number by any modern optician's shop in England. Among these, that alluded to by the Duke is thus described: "There be glasses also wherein one man may see another man's image, and not his own." It is to be observed that a *perspective* formerly meant a *glass* that assisted the sight in any way. "He that reads his own heart without a perspective, reads all the world," Franck's Northern Memoirs.—*Douce.*

It may be worth remarking that the term *natural* had, in Shakespeare's time, a special artistic and technical meaning, which, however, need not be that intended in the passage in the text. "Wherefore in painting any history, it is required that the first thing which you would represent upon a wall or table, be of a competent bignesse, that so all the rest may rateably receave their just proportion. And this first figure is called the naturall: which must bee represented standing, in a manner in the beginning of the ende of the distance taken, from whence whatsoever you would place inwardes towardes the eie, ought to be proportionably diminished, according as the lines or beams shall extend themselves," Lomatius on Painting, by Haydock, 1598.

[21] *Of charity.*

That is, out of charity, tell me, &c. So, in the Taming of the Shrew,—"Now, let him speak, 'tis charity to show," &c.—*Steevens.*

[22] *Do cohere, and jump.*

Jump, that is, to suit, fit, agree. "And, as my rimes jumpe, in scanning thy sence;—So jumpe I with thee in judgements expence," Davies's Scourge of Folly, 1611. "His learning *jumps* just with or falls sometimes short of an atturnies, being onely able to repeate the aforesaid forme to thousand purposes," Stephens' Essayes, 1615. "I wish his deeds and words would *jumpe* together. He hath long tried my patience," Browne's Life and Reigne of Queen Elizabeth, 1634, p. 294.

> Whats'ever be your fortune, let your deeds
> With your affection alwayes *jump;* for by
> Desiring to doe that, which you must needs,
> You'l blunt the sharpnesse of necessity.—*Urchard's Epigrams*, 1646.

Fair Katherine, said the King, thou and I have *jump't* in one opinion, thinking these children fitter for the Court then the countrey.—*History of Jack of Newbury.*

[23] *A most extracting frenzy.*

That is, a frenzy that drew me from all other contemplation; that filled my mind, to the exclusion of every other consideration; that *drew* every object but one *out* of my memory. I formerly supposed that Shakespeare wrote—*distracting;* but have since met with a passage in the Historic of Hamblet, 1608, sig. C 2, that seems to support the reading of the old copy: "— to try if men of great account be *extract* out of their wits."—*Malone.*

So, William de Wyrcester, speaking of King Henry VI. says: "— subito cecidit in gravem infirmitatem capitis, ita quod *extractus* à mente videbatur."—*Steevens.*

The second folio reads *exacting*, which gives an intelligible meaning, but a poorer one than that suggested by the reading of ed. 1623.

[24] *He holds Beelzebub at the stave's end.*

"To hold off, keepe aloofe, as they say, at the *staves ende*," Withals'

Dictionarie, ed. 1608, p. 220. "In that brave resolution, every one with bagge and baggage marcht home, barricadoing their doores and windowes with firbrushes, ferne, and bundles of straw, to keepe out the pestilence at the staves-end," Decker's Wonderfull Yeare, 1603.

[25] *It skills not much.*

It *matters* not much, it is of no importance. Thus in the old phrase book, Hormanni Vulgaria, 1519, "It maketh little matter, or *it skilleth* not whether thou come or not."—*Singer.* "Whatc'er he be, *it skills not much*," Taming of the Shrew.

Now, if some severe censor and precise justicer blame this act or election of theirs in this extremitie of the state, lying thus a bleeding, as one would say, and at point of death, as done unwisely; he will more justly find fault with those seamen, who letting a skilfull pilot go by in blustring winds and rough sea, have committed the helme that should steere and direct the shippe, to any companion or partaker, it *skilled* not who, of their danger.—*Ammianus Marcellinus*, tr. Holland, 1609.

[26] *You must allow vox.*

"The Clown, we may presume, had begun to read the letter in a very loud tone, and probably with extravagant gesticulation. Being reprimanded by his mistress, he justifies himself by saying, If you would have it read in character, as such a *mad* epistle ought to be read, you must permit me to assume a *frantic* tone," Malone. Heath proposed to alter *vox* to *for 't*, and Mason to *oaths*. No alteration can be necessary, the Clown merely using a Latinism. So, in the first edition of Taverner's Bible, 1539, *peace* is uniformly printed *peax*. "The Clown's *vox* is a word in character; he had enter'd upon his reading in a very extravagant manner, and tells his lady who checks him for 't, that *voice* and tone must be granted him, if she'd have it read right," Capell.

> Kyng Edward in hys ryght hym to endowe
> The commens therto have redy every houre:
> The *voyx* of the peuple, the *voix* of Jhesu,
> Who kepe and preserve hym from all langour.
>
> *MS. Bibl. Soc. Antiq.*, 101.

"The Clown begins the letter with an oath, 'by the Lord, Madam.' When Olivia rebukes him for swearing, he says that if she will have it as it was written, she must allow *oaths*, which I suppose to be the right reading, instead of *vox*," M. Mason. This critic appears to misapprehend somewhat the conduct of the dialogue. It is perfectly clear that the Clown commences reading at the word *by*, his previous words merely prefacing his compliance with Olivia's command, and, in action, that he is reading is too apparent to render any other supposition on the part of Olivia at all probable. Malone's explanation is fully supported by the context. The Clown first tells his audience to look how "the fool delivers the madman." In answer to Olivia's remonstrance, he says he really must be allowed voice at discretion, and when she requests him to read in his "right wits," he replies that to read Malvolio's right wits is to read *thus*. If this is not the meaning intended, it can only be presumed that Olivia fancied the Clown was inventing a letter, instead of reading the one in his hand.

[27] *To read his right wits, is to read thus.*

Wits right has been conjectured, but without necessity. To represent his present state of mind, is to read a madman's letter, as I now do, like a madman. —*Johnson.*

[28] *One day shall crown the alliance, an't so please you.*

Alliance on't, old eds. The word *on't*, in this place, is mere nonsense. I doubt not the poet wrote: "—— *an't* so please you.—*Heath.* This is well conjectured; but *on't* may relate to the double character of sister and wife.—*Johnson.* Whether *on't* means *on it*, or *of it*, in either case, the pronoun *it* has no relative. The Duke wishes to marry Olivia, but finding her engaged to Sebastian, consents to marry Viola; and by that means Olivia was to become his sister; she therefore says, that if he thought as well of her for a sister, as he did for a wife, the alliance should be immediately concluded.—*Mason.*

[29] *So much against the mettle of your sex.*

So much against the weak frame and constitution of woman. *Mettle* is used by our author in many other places for *spirit;* and as *spirit* may be either high or low, *mettle* seems here to signify natural *timidity*, or *deficiency of spirit.* Shakespeare has taken the same licence in All's Well that Ends Well:—"'Tis only *title* thou disdain'st in her—," *i. e.*, the *want* of title. Again, in King Richard III.:—"The *forfeit*, sovereign, of my servant's life—," that is, the remission of the forfeit.—*Malone.* Some editors alter *mettle* to *metal.*

[30] *Re-enter Fabian, with Malvolio.*

On the modern stage, Malvolio, in this scene, always enters with some "straw about him;" and such probably has been the invariable custom since the play was first produced. I well remember that, when Twelfth Night was revived at Edinburgh many years ago, Terry, who then acted Malvolio, and acted it much better than any one I have since seen in the part, had "straw about him," on his release from durance.—*Dyce.*

[31] *And made the most notorious geck.*

Geck, a butt, an object of ridicule. So, in the vision at the conclusion of Cymbeline:—"And to become the *geck* and scorn—Of th' other's villainy." Again, in Ane Verie Excellent and Delectabill Treatise intitulit Philotus, &c., 1603:—"Thocht he be auld, my joy, quhat reck,—When he is gane give him ane *geck*,—And take another be the neck." Again:—"The carle that hecht sa weill to treat you,—I think sall get ane *geck*."—*Steevens.* There seems to be another but cognate sense of the word in the two last passages, a taunt or trick. *Gleek*, MS. Dent.

> For money is he that the man must decke,
> And though I have attire both costly and gay,
> Yet unlesse it be new, I shall have but a *geck;*
> Therefore much better for me be away.
>
> *Wapull's Tyde Taryeth no Man*, 1576.

[32] *Then cam'st in smiling.*

That is, "then cam'st *thou* in smiling," the omission of the personal pronoun, and similar condensed forms of expression, being of frequent occurrence in the works of Shakespeare and contemporary dramatists. Theobald reads, "then cam'st *thou* smiling;" and Malone (Supplement, p. 143) proposes to alter *then* to *thou*, "thou cam'st in smiling."

[33] *Which here were presuppos'd upon thee in the letter.*

In other words, you came in smiling and in the forms which were previously invented for you specially in this letter. *Presuppos'd*, supposed beforehand; *upon thee*, with respect to thee. Warburton explains *presuppos'd* by *imposed*, and the Perkins MS. has *preimpos'd.* "*I presuppose*, I suppose one thing before an

other, *je presuppose*, prim. conj. I wolde rather have presupposed that you wold have takyn my partye: *je eusse plus tost presupposé que vous voulsissiez prendre mon party*," Palsgrave, 1530.

[34] *At Sir Toby's great importance.*

Importance, importunity. "Could opportunity have moved, words tempted,—Persuasions took effect, or gifts prevailed,—Beneath my much *importance* she had fallen," Challenge of Beauty.

Who albeit he was aged, yet lustily he saluted her, and to the wine she must, there was no nay. The widow seeing his *importancy*, calls her gossip, and long they walked together. The old man called for wine plenty, and the best cheer in the house; and in hearty manner he bids the widow welcome.—*History of Jack of Newbury.*

[35] *Alas, poor fool!*

The corrector would substitute *soul* for *fool;* but *fool* was much more likely to have been the word used by Olivia. In the Two Gentlemen of Verona, act iv. sc. 4, Julia says of her Proteus: "Alas, poor fool! why do I pity him, that with his very heart despiseth me?" In either case, it is rather an expression of commiseration than contempt.—*Singer.* Compare the use of the same expression in King Lear.

[36] *But do you remember? Madam.*

In the old copy: "But do you remember, madam? *Why*," &c. As the Clown is speaking to Malvolio, and not to Olivia, I think this passage should be regulated thus—"but do you remember?—*Madam, why laugh you*," &c.—*Tyrwhitt.*

[37] *The whirligig of Time brings in his revenges.*

"Whyrlegygge, a chylderyns pley," Pr. Parv. "But as a turning whirli-gig goes round.—Whirls of it self, and good-while after takes—Strength of the strength which the first motion makes," Sylvester's Du Bartas. "Boy, on a whirligig goe play," Cupid's Whirligig. "Round like a *whirligigge* or lenten top,—Or a most plenteous spring, that still doth drop," Taylor's Workes, 1630. "And first, having put off his doublet, his hat, and being in his shirt, as if he meant to play at tennis, he tooke the wheele, and set it on the edge, and turn'd it with one hand like a top or a *whirligig*, then he tooke it by the spoakes, and lifting it up with a mightie stroake, he beate one of the poore wretches leggs in peeces," ibid. A marginal note in George Stuart's Joco-Serious Discourse in two Dialogues between a Northumberland Gentleman and his Tenant, 4to. Lond. 1686, p. 46, describes a whirligig to be "a child's play-tool, turning always round in contrary motions." Adams, in his Sermons, 1614, uses the term in the sense of, whimsy,—"or are not such men rather, sicke of Donatisme? that every novelist with a *whirlegig* in his braine, must broach new opinions, and those made canons, nay sanctions, as sure as if a generall councell had confirmed them."

[38] *And golden time convents.*

Convents, calls, summons us. Steevens proposes to read *consents*, and a MS. corrector *convenes*, in which latter sense the word was frequently used. "The bishops, and others, having a commission under the great seal of England to *convent* the Earl of Essex, and his Countess, before them, sent out their summons, and they made their appearance accordingly," Wilson's History of Great Britain, 1653. Douce explains *convents*, shall serve, agree, be convenient.

[39] *When that I was and a little tiny boy.*

A song at the end of a play is found in dramatic compositions long before the time of Shakespeare. "The same day, being saint Olave's day, was the church holiday in Silver street; and at eight of the clock at night began a stage play of a goodly matter, that continued until xij. at mydnyght, and then they mad an end with a good song," Machyn's Diary, 1557. The tune to the song in the text, as still sung, has been preserved by tradition, but it may be doubted whether it be really the original which was used in Shakespeare's own time. An actor of the last century, named Vernon, used to sing it accompanied by music of his own composition. A song of a similar character, with the same burden, is introduced in King Lear.

[40] *'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate.*

Gainst *knaves and thieves* must evidently be, against *knave and thief.* When I was a boy, my folly and mischievous actions were little regarded; but when I came to manhood, men shut their gates against me, as a knave and a thief. Hanmer rightly reduces the subsequent words, *beds* and *heads*, to the singular number; and a little alteration is still wanting at the beginning of some of the stanzas.—*Farmer.* I have retained the old reading *knaves and thieves;* it seems to me to be more in the style of the Clown, who is much of a philosopher, and is fond of dealing in general observations.—*Boswell.*

[41] *But when I came unto my bed.*

Beds, ed. 1623. "It is said among the folkes heere, that if a man die in his infansy, hee hath onely broke his fast in this world. If in his youth, hee hath left us at dinner. That it is *bedde time with a man at threescore and ten;* and he that lives to a hundred yeeres, hath walked a mile after supper," Overbury's New and Choise Characters, 1615.

[42] *With toss-pots still had drunken head.*

A few early examples of *toss-pot*, an obvious name for a drunkard, may be worth giving. "*Tossepottes*, whooremaisters, dauncers, fydlers, and minstrels, diceplayers and maskers, fencers, theeves, enterlude players, cutpurses, cosiners, maisterlesse servauntes, jugglers, roges, sturdye beggers, counterfaite Egyptians," Northbrooke's Treatise against Dicing, 1577. "Beóne, an aleknight, a tossepot, a good drinker, a great quaffer," Florio. "The Epicurean cormerants, the gusling and tipling tosse-pots, the dainty painting dames, the delicate mincing ladies, the sweet-singing syrens," Rowland's Heavens Glory, 1628. "The Englishman's healths, his hoops, cans, half-cans, gloves, frolicks, and flapdragons, together with the more notorious qualities of the truest tosspots," Decker's Gulls Hornbook. "Toss-pot, stinkard, pander," Ford's Fancies. "Hence wee see how uncomely it is, when enriched with rubies and the pustels of compotation which exposeth such rich-faced and carbuncle-nosed tospots to the mockery of all men," Bulwer's Man Transformed, 1653. Tom Toss-pot was a common nickname for a tapster. A song in Ravenscroft's *Briefe Discourse*, 4to. Lond. 1614, thus commences,—

Tosse the pot, tosse the pot, let us be merry,
And drinke till our cheeks be as red as a cherry.